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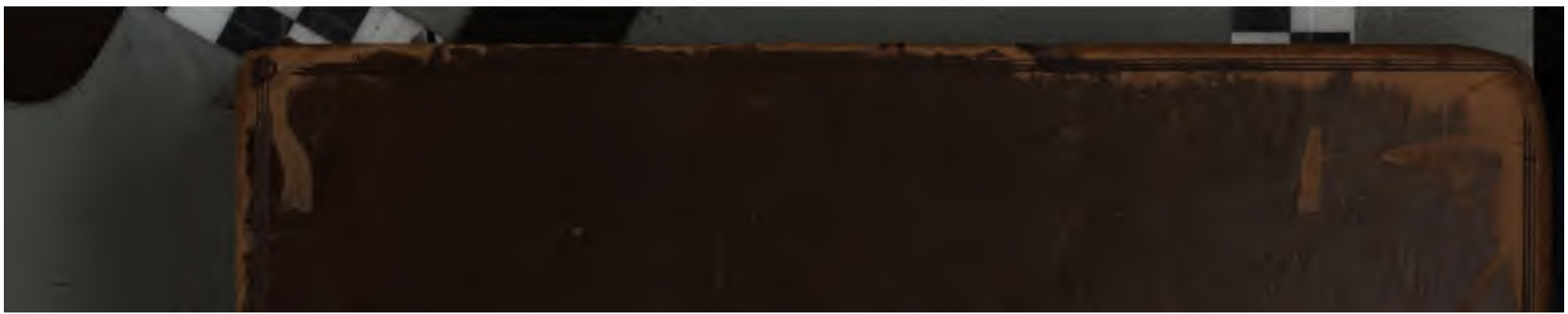

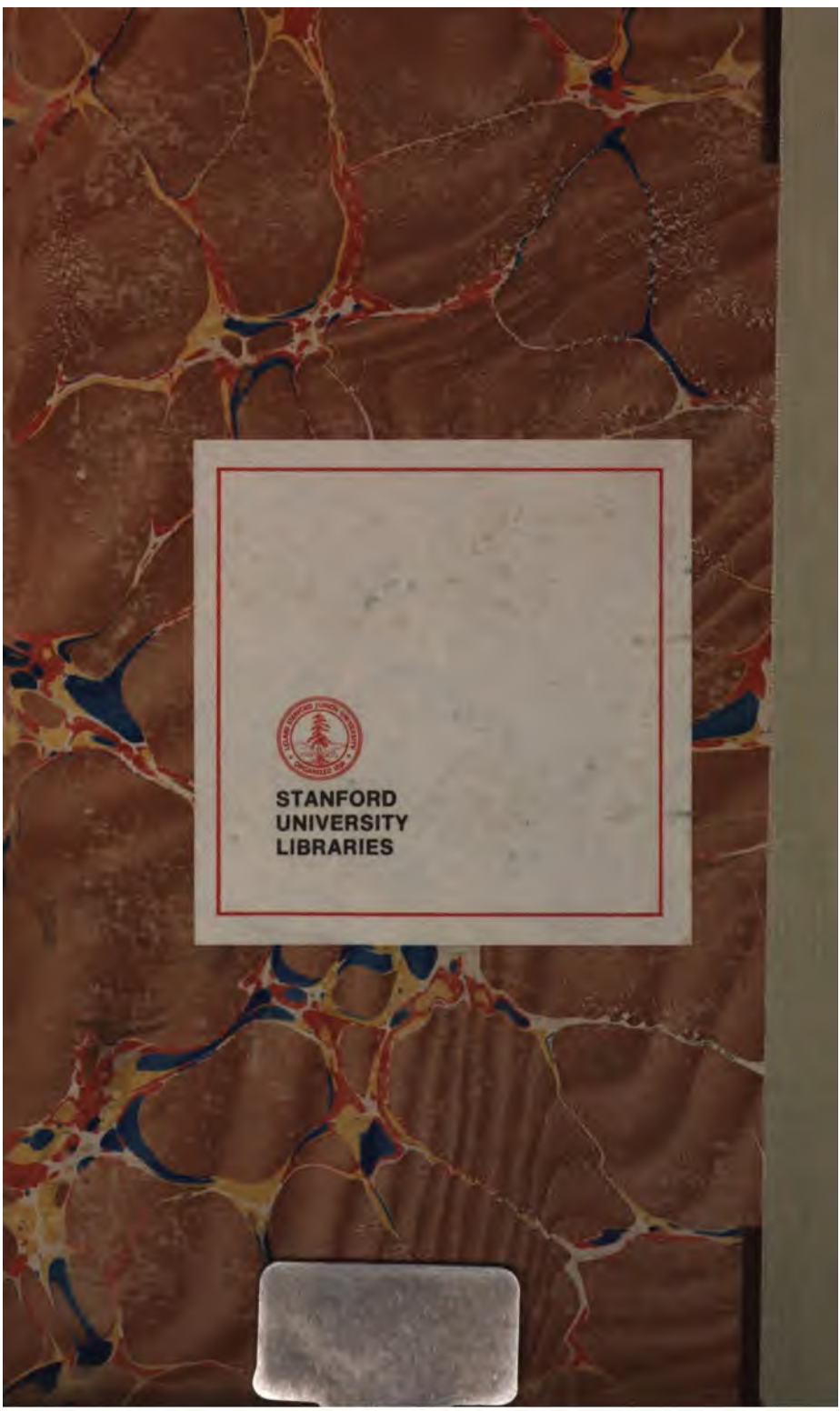
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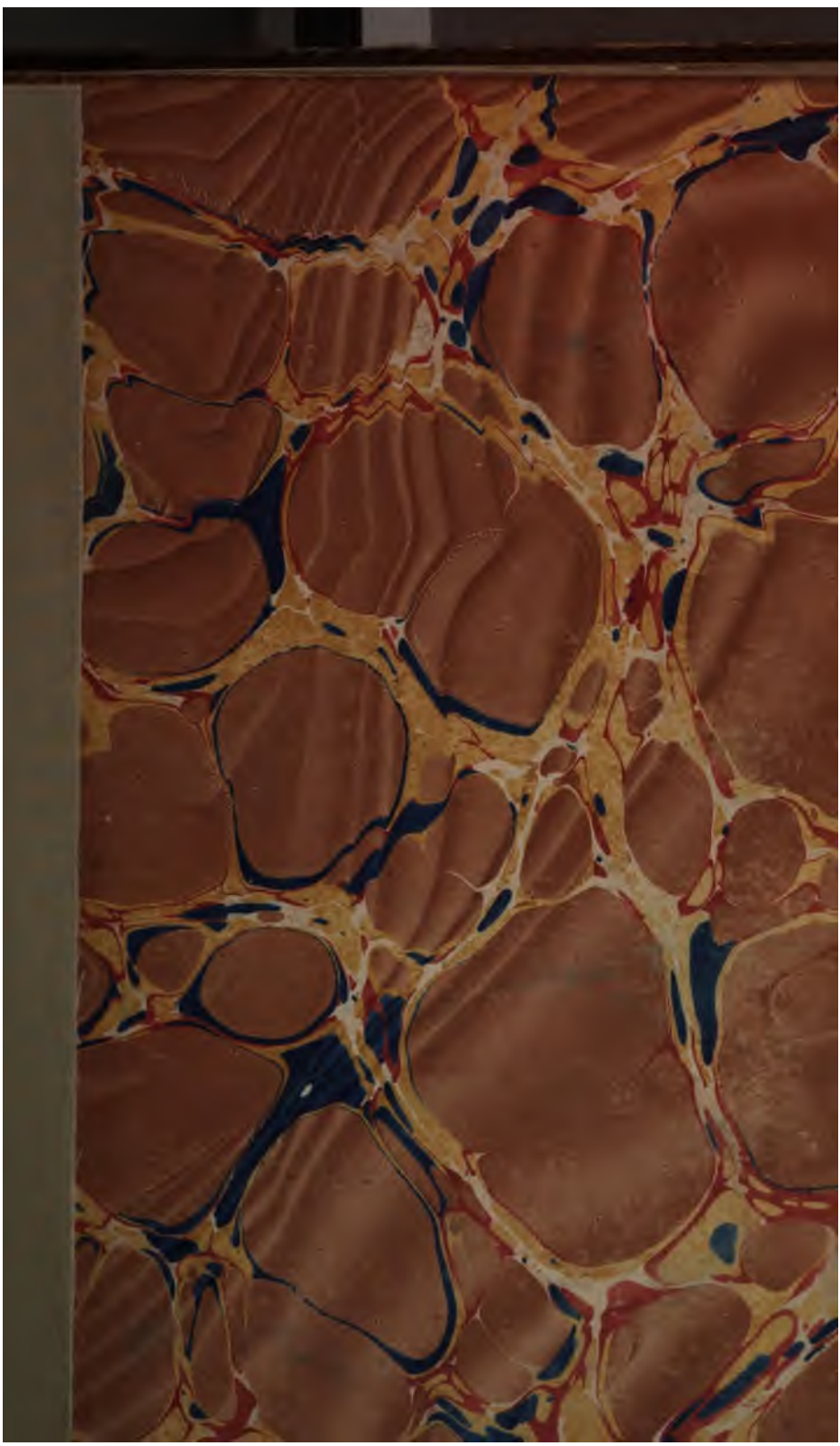

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Napoleon

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1825

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY M. DE BOURRIENNE,

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY.

TO WHICH ARE NOW FIRST ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE HUNDRED DAYS, OF NAPOLEON'S SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH, AND OF HIS RESIDENCE AND DEATH AT ST. HELENA.

WITH

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

FROM ALL THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

"AH! BOURRIENNE, YOU ALSO WILL BE IMMORTAL!" SAID NAPOLEON.—"HOW, SIRE?"—"ARE YOU NOT MY SECRETARY?"

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.

1836.

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WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR OF THE PRESENT EDITION.

In introducing the present new edition of Monsieur de Bourrienne's Memoirs to the public, we are bound, as editors, to say a few words on the subject. Agreeing, however, with Horace Walpole, that it is an impertinent thing for an editor to dwell for any length of time on the merits of his author, we shall touch but lightly on this part of the matter. We are the more ready to abstain, since the great success in England of the former editions of these Memoirs, and the high reputation they have acquired on the European continent, and in every part of the civilized world where the fame of Bonaparte has ever reached, sufficiently establish the merits of M. de Bourrienne as a biographer. These merits seem to us to consist chiefly in an anxious desire to be impartial, to tell the bad as well as the good of a most wonderful man; and in a peculiarly graphic power of relating facts and anecdotes. With this happy faculty Bourrienne would have made the life of almost any active individual interesting; but the subject of which the most favourable circumstances permitted him to treat, was brimful of events and of the most extraordinary facts. The hero of his history was such a being as the world has produced only on the rarest

occasions, and the complete counterpart to whom has, probably, never existed; for there are broad shades of difference between Napoleon and Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne; neither will modern history furnish more exact parallels, since Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, Cromwell, Washington, or Bolivar, bears but a small resemblance to Bonaparte either in character, fortune or extent of enterprise. For fourteen years, to say nothing of his projects in the East, the history of Bonaparte was the history of all Europe!

With the copious materials he possessed, M. de Bourrienne has produced a work, which, for deep interest, excitement and amusement, can scarcely be paralleled by any of the numerous and excellent memoirs for which the literature of France is so justly celebrated.

M. de Bourrienne shows us the hero of Marengo and Austerlitz in his nightgown and slippers—with a *trait-de-plume* he, in a hundred instances, places the real man before us, with all his personal habits and peculiarities of manner, temper, and conversation.

The friendship between Bonaparte and Bourrienne began in boyhood, at the school of Brienne, and their unreserved intimacy continued during all the most brilliant part of Napoleon's career. We have said enough:—the motives for his writing this work, and his competency for the task, will be best explained in M. de Bourrienne's own words, which the reader will find in the Introductory Chapter.

In the preceding English edition of this Work, considerable care was bestowed to increase its usefulness, by means of notes and extracts from the memorialists of St. Helena, and from other French and English writers, civil as well as military, who have treated of the career, or of any part of the career, of the Man of his Age. In the present edition these notes have been considerably increased by facts and anecdotes collected from some of the best writers of Germany, Italy, and Spain, and by information obtained from private sources—that is to say, from honourable individuals who have been actors in, or spectators of some of the remarkable occurrences of the first

twenty years of the nineteeth century, but who have not hitherto published their remarks in any way. Since the completion of the last edition several good works have appeared, both in England and on the continent, that bear on this important subject. These books also have been consulted. The text and the translation have been moreover carefully revised, and many errors and misinterpretations of words and phrases that existed in the last issue of the Work, have been removed.

M. de Bourrienne says little of Napoleon after his first abdication and retirement to Elba in 1814: we have endeavoured to fill up the chasm thus left by following his hero through the remaining seven years of his life, to the "last scenes of all" that ended his "strange, eventful history,"—to his deathbed and alien grave at Saint Helena. A completeness will thus be given to the Work which it did not before possess, and which we hope will, with the other additions and improvements already alluded to, tend to give it a place in every well-selected library, as one of the most satisfactory of all the lives of Napoleon.

In what we have done ourselves, we have been guided by a spirit of impartiality. In common with Bourrienne, we have in many instances ventured to differ from the *ex-parte* statements of Savary (the notorious Duke of Rovigo), the Count Las Cases, and some others of Napoleon's adherents; but, we trust, that we have never been led away by prejudice, and in no single instance have stated controverted facts except on the highest authorities. Englishmen as we are, we are quite ready to allow that during the prosecution of the last tremendous war, *all* the fault did not rest with Bonaparte. Carlo Botta, the great historian of modern Italy, justly observes, that republicans and royalists, emperors, kings, the pope, the ministers in the different cabinets of Europe, and the different generals in the field, all erred, and were often not merely politically and strategetically, but *morally* wrong.

To increase the value of the present edition, which, altogether, ought rather to be looked upon as a new book than as

a reprint, the publisher has enriched it with many portraits, and other embellishments, that exist in no former edition of Bourrienne. In addition to all this, we have inserted authenticated copies of a few of the most remarkable treaties concluded in the course of the war between Bonaparte and the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the other sovereigns or powers that opposed him.

LONDON,
1836.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

My long intimate connexion with Bonaparte, from boyhood, my particular relations with him when general, consul, and emperor, enabled me to see and appreciate all that was projected, and all that was done, during that considerable and momentous period of time. I not only had the opportunity of being present at the conception and the execution of the extraordinary deeds of one of the ablest men nature ever formed, but notwithstanding an almost unceasing application to business, I found means to employ the few moments of leisure which Bonaparte left at my disposal, in making notes, collecting documents, and in recording, for history, facts, respecting which the truth could otherwise with difficulty be ascertained; and more particularly in collecting those ideas, often profound, brilliant, and striking, but always remarkable, to which Bonaparte gave expression in the overflowing frankness of confidential intimacy.

The knowledge that I possessed much important information has exposed me to many inquiries, and wherever I have resided since my retirement from public affairs, half of my time has been spent in replying to questions. The wish to be acquainted with the most minute details of the life of a man formed on an unexampled model, is very natural; and the observation on my replies by those who heard them, always was, "You should publish your memoirs."

I had, certainly, always in view the publication of my memoirs; but, at the same time, I was firmly resolved not to publish them until a period should arrive in which I might tell the truth, and the whole truth. While Napoleon was in the possession of power, I felt it right to resist the urgent applications made to me on this subject, by some persons of the highest distinction. Truth would then have sometimes appeared flattery, and sometimes, also, it might not have been without danger. Afterwards, when the progress of events removed Bonaparte to a far distant island, in the midst of the ocean, silence was imposed on me by other considerations—by considerations of propriety and feeling.

After the death of Bonaparte, at St. Helena, reasons of a different nature retarded the execution of my plan. The tranquillity of a secluded retreat was indispensable, for preparing and putting in order the abundant materials in my possession. I found it also necessary to read a great number of works, in order to rectify important errors, to which the want of authentic documents had induced the authors to give credit. This much desired retreat was found. I had the good fortune to be introduced, through a friend, to the Duchess de Brancas, and that lady invited me to pass some time on one of her estates in Hainault. Received with the most amiable hospitality, I have there enjoyed that tranquillity which could alone have rendered the publication of these volumes practicable.

INTRODUCTION.

The desire of speculating on an illustrious name can alone have given birth to the multitude of publications under the titles of historical memoirs, secret memoirs, and other rhapsodies which have appeared respecting Napoleon. On looking into them it is difficult to determine whether the impudence of the writers, or the simplicity of certain readers, is most astonishing. Yet these rude and ill-digested compilations, filled with absurd anecdotes, fabricated speeches, fictitious crimes or virtues, and disfigured by numerous anachronisms, instead of being consigned to just contempt and speedy oblivion, have been pushed into notice by speculators, and have found zealous partisans and enthusiastic apologists.

The spirit of party has availed itself of every thing in the writings published on Napoleon, capable of supporting, according to the events, its different opinions and pretensions. These writings are either invectives or hymns of glory, in which censure or admiration are lavished without measure; they are full of errors, and are, in fact, a kind of mystification, under the disguise of history.

Posterity certainly will not judge Napoleon as his contemporaries have judged him, in two different ways. In future ages the present vivid and natural recollection of his wonderful triumphs will be much weakened; but, at the same time, the misfortunes which his sixty victories have inflicted on European families, will be forgotten. His wars and his conquests will be estimated solely by their results; his policy, by the utility and duration of his institutions, and by their harmony with the age in which he lived. It will be asked, whether he could not have impressed on the field of history, a less difficult, but deeper path than that of his exploits, and whether he did not prefer the renown which belongs to a great military glory, to the less brilliant, but more durable, reputation of having powerfully contributed to the happiness of mankind.

For a time, I entertained the idea of noticing, one by one, the numerous errors which have been written respecting Napoleon; but I have renounced a task, which would have been too labo-

rious to myself, and very tedious to the reader. I shall, therefore, only correct those which come within the plan of my work, and which are connected with facts, to a more accurate knowledge of which than any other person can possess, I may lay claim. There are men who imagine that nothing done by Napoleon will ever be forgotten; but must not the slow but inevitable influence of time be expected to operate with respect to him? The effect of that influence is, that the most important event of an epoch soon sinks, almost imperceptibly, and almost disregarded, into the immense mass of historical facts. Time, in its progress, diminishes the probability as well as the interest of such an event, as it gradually wears away the most durable monuments.

The greater Napoleon was in the age in which he lived, the more reasonable it is that he should not be estimated lightly. To write his life justly and usefully, information ought to be obtained from all persons who were well acquainted with him in the different stages of his career: we should pause, too, until the passions have passed in review before the judgment. All his deeds, be they, according to the opinion of mankind, good or bad, mean or great, were performed by him with a view to posterity: that was his favourite idol. His irresistible passion for transmitting his name to future ages powerfully animated him, and gave energy to his physical faculties. That transmission was with him the immortality of his soul.

Posterity, for which Napoleon did every thing, has commenced for himself. He, doubtless, will one day have an historian worthy of retracing his actions. Far from aspiring to the immense honour of being his Tacitus, I do not even pretend to write a journal of his life, or to elevate myself to the rank of a biographer.

I shall state, respecting this extraordinary man, whose name alone was a power with which any other can with difficulty be compared, all that I know, have seen and heard, and of which I have preserved numerous notes. With confidence I call him an extraordinary man; for he who was indebted for every thing to himself—who won so many victories—subjugated so many states—obtained absolute power over a great and enlightened nation—scattered crowns among his family—made and unmade kings—who lived to be almost the oldest sovereign in Europe—and who was, without dispute, the most distinguished of his age—certainly was not an ordinary man. But I do not concur in the opinion of that writer who states that all his reign was extraordinary, and, in support of his assertion, cites the battle of Trafalgar. Those who wish to eulogize should not be absurd.

We must not be guilty of self-delusion. Great men, however great they be, have their weaknesses, and are liable to errors and faults. Every one must pay the tribute due to humanity. What can exempt from it? The audience of the world requires,

that he who aspires to act the part of a great man, shall never for a moment forget his character. But so many little things enter into the composition of man, that it is impossible he can be great from morning to night.

I attach only a relative importance to what I am about to lay before the public. I shall give authentic documents. If all persons who have approached Napoleon, at any time and in any place, would candidly record what they saw and heard without passion, the future historian would be rich in materials. It is my wish that he who may undertake the difficult task of writing the history of Napoleon, shall find in my notes information useful to the perfection of his work. There he will at least find truth. I have not the ambition to wish that what I state should be taken as absolute authority; but I hope that it will always be consulted.

I have never before published any thing respecting Napoleon. That malevolence which fastens itself upon men who have the misfortune to be somewhat separated from the crowd has, because there is always more profit in saying ill than good, attributed to me several works on Bonaparte; among others, "Les Mémoires Secrets d'un Homme qui ne l'a pas quitté, par M. B——," and "Mémoires Secrets sur Napoleon Bonaparte," par M. de B——," and "Le Précis Historique sur Napoleon." The initial of my name has served to propagate this error. The incredible ignorance which runs through those memoirs, the absurdities and inconceivable silliness with which they abound, do not permit a man of honour and common sense to allow such wretched rhapsodies to be imputed to him. I declared in 1815, and at later periods, in the French and foreign journals, that I had no hand in those publications, and I here formally repeat this declaration.

But it may be said to me, why should we place more confidence in you, than in those who have written before you?

My reply shall be plain. I enter the lists one of the last. I have read all that my predecessors have published. I am confident that all I state is true. I have no interest in deceiving, no disgrace to fear, no reward to expect. I neither wish to obscure nor embellish his glory. However great Napoleon may have been, was he not also liable to pay his tribute to the weakness of human nature? I speak of Napoleon such as I have seen him, known him, frequently admired, and sometimes blamed him. I state what I saw, heard, wrote, and thought at the time, under each circumstance that occurred. I have not allowed myself to be carried away by the illusions of the imagination, nor to be influenced by friendship or hatred. I shall not insert a single reflection which did not occur to me at the very moment of the event which gave it birth. How many transactions and documents were there over which I could but lament! —how many measures, contrary to my views, to my principles,

and to my character!—while the best intentions were incapable of overcoming difficulties which a most powerful and decided will rendered almost insupportable.

I also wish the future historian to compare what I say with what others have related, or may relate. But it will be necessary for him to attend to dates, circumstances, difference of situation, change of temperament, and age—for age has much influence over man. We do not think and act at fifty, as at twenty-five. By exercising this caution, he will be able to discover the truth, and to establish an opinion for posterity.

The reader must not expect to find in these memoirs an uninterrupted series of all the events which marked the great career of Napoleon; nor details of all those battles, with the recital of which so many eminent men have usefully and ably occupied themselves. I shall say little about whatever I did not see or hear, and which is not supported by official documents. Let every one do as much.

Perhaps I shall succeed in confirming truths which have been doubted, and in correcting errors which have been adopted. If I sometimes differ from the observations and statements of Napoleon at St. Helena, I am far from supposing that those who undertook to be the medium of communication between him and the public have misrepresented what he said. I am well convinced, that none of the writers of St. Helena can be taxed with the slightest deception;—disinterested zeal and nobleness of character are undoubted pledges of their veracity. It appears to me perfectly certain that Napoleon stated, dictated, or corrected, all they have published. Their honour is unquestionable; no one can doubt it. That they wrote what he communicated, must therefore be believed; but it cannot with equal confidence be credited that what he communicated was nothing but the truth. He seems often to have related as a fact what was really only an idea—an idea, too, brought forth at St. Helena, the child of misfortune, and transported by his imagination to Europe in the time of his prosperity. His favourite phrase, which was every moment on his lips, must not be forgotten—"What will history say—what will posterity think?" This passion for leaving behind him a celebrated name is one which belongs to the constitution of the human mind; and with Napoleon its influence was excessive. In his first Italian campaign, he wrote thus to General Clarke:—"That ambition and the occupation of high offices, were not sufficient for his satisfaction and happiness, which he had early placed in the opinion of Europe, and the esteem of posterity." He often observed to me, that with him the opinion of posterity was the real immortality of the soul.

It may easily be conceived that Napoleon wished to give to the documents, which he knew historians would consult, a favourable colour; and to direct, according to his own views, the judgment of posterity on his actions. But it is only by the

impartial comparison of periods, positions, and age, that a well-founded decision will be given. About his fortieth year the physical constitution of Napoleon sustained considerable change; and it may be presumed, that his moral qualities were affected by that change. It is particularly important not to lose sight of the premature decay of his health, which, perhaps, did not permit him always to possess the vigour of memory, otherwise consistent enough with his age. The state of our organization often modifies our recollections, our feelings, our manner of viewing objects, and the impressions we receive. Time changes every thing. All this will be taken into consideration by judicious and thinking men; and for them only do I write.

What M. de Las Casas states Napoleon to have said in May, 1816, on the manner of writing his history, corroborates the opinion I have expressed. It proves that all the facts and observations be communicated or dictated were meant to serve as materials. We learn from the "Memorial," that M. de Las Casas wrote daily, and that the manuscript was read over by Napoleon, who often made corrections with his own hand. The idea of a journal pleased him greatly. He fancied it would be a work of which the world could afford no other example. But there are passages in which the order of events is deranged; in others, facts are misrepresented, and erroneous assertions are made, I apprehend, not altogether involuntarily.

I have paid particular attention to all that has been published by the noble participators of the imperial captivity. Nothing, however, could induce me to change a word in these memoirs, because nothing could take from me my conviction of the truth of what I personally heard and saw. It will be found that Napoleon, in his private conversations, often confirms what I state; but we sometimes differ, and the public must judge between us. However, I must here make one observation.

When Napoleon dictated or related to his friends in St. Helena the facts which they have reported, he was out of the world; he had played his part. Fortune, which, according to his notions, had conferred on him all his power and greatness, had recalled all her gifts before he sank into the tomb. His ruling passion would induce him to think that it was due to his glory to clear up certain facts, which might prove an unfavourable escort, if they accompanied him to posterity. This was always his leading idea. But is there not some ground for suspecting the fidelity of him who writes or dictates his own history? Why might he not impose on a few persons in St. Helena, when he was able to impose on France and Europe, respecting many acts which emanated from him during the long duration of his power? The life of Napoleon would be very unfaithfully written were the author to adopt as true all his bulletins and proclamations, and all the declarations he made at St. Helena. Such a history would frequently be in contradiction

with facts; and such only is that which might be entitled, "The History of Napoleon, written by himself."

I have said thus much, because it is my wish that the principles which have guided me in the composition of these Memoirs, may be understood. I am aware that they will not please every reader; that is a success to which I cannot pretend. Some merit, however, may be allowed me, on account of the labour I have undergone. It has neither been of a slight nor an agreeable kind. I made it a rule to read every thing that has been written respecting Napoleon, and I have had to decipher many of his autograph documents, though no longer so familiar with his scrawl as formerly. I say decipher, because a real cipher might often be much more readily understood than the handwriting of Napoleon. My own notes, too, which were often very hastily made, in the hand I wrote in my youth, have sometimes much embarrassed me.

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CALENDAR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

This calendar was established by a decree of the National Convention, dated October 5, 1793, and began to be used on the 24th of November of the same year, or 4th Frimaire, year II. Each month, which consisted of thirty days, was divided into three parts, and every tenth day called *decadi*, was a holiday. This made for twelve months only 360 days, to which five complementary days were added to complete the period of an ordinary year; of course every fourth, or leap year, required the introduction of a sixth complementary day. The year commenced with the day reckoning from the preceding midnight, on which the autumnal equinox fell at Paris. That day, which corresponded with the 22d of September, was called the 1st Vendémiaire. The era was made to commence from the 22d of September, 1792, which was the epoch of the foundation of the republic. This calendar continued in use until the 10th Nivose, year XIV. or December 31st, 1805, when Bonaparte abolished it, and restored the Gregorian calendar.

NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

AUTUMNAL QUARTER.

		Commencing
Vendémiaire, or	Vintage month	22d of September,
Brumaire	Fog month	23d of October,
Frimaire	Sleet month	22d of November.

WINTER QUARTER.

Nivose	Snow month	23d of December,
Pluviose	Rain month	21st of January,
Ventose	Wind month	20th of February.

SPRING QUARTER.

Germinal	Blossom month	23d of March,
Floréal	Flower month	21st of March,
Prairial	Meadow month	21st of May.

SUMMER QUARTER.

Messidor	Harvest month	20th of June,
Thermidor	Hot month	20th of July,
Fructidor	Fruit month	19th of August.

In reducing dates from this calendar to the Gregorian, allowance must be made for the intercalary day of leap years.

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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

1769—1783.

Authentic date of Bonaparte's birth—His family ruined by the Jesuits—His taste for military amusements—Sham siege at the college of Brienne—The porter's wife and Napoleon—My intimacy with Bonaparte at college—His love for the mathematics, and his dislike of Latin—He defends Paoli and blames his father—He is ridiculed by his comrades—Ignorance of the Monks—Distribution of prizes at Brienne—Madame de Montesson and the Duke of Orleans—Report of M. Keralio on Bonaparte—He leaves Brienne.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769; the old orthography of his name was Buonaparte, but he suppressed the *u* during the first campaign in Italy. His motives for so doing were merely to render the spelling conformable with the pronunciation, and to abridge his signature. He signed Buonaparte even after the famous 13th Vendémiaire.

It has been affirmed that he was born in 1768, and that he represented himself to be a year younger than he really was. But this is untrue. When we were both at the Military College of Brienne, he always told me the 9th of August was his birthday, and as I was born on the 9th of July, 1769, our proximity of age served to strengthen our union and friendship.

The false and absurd charge of Bonaparte having misrepresented his age, is decidedly refuted by a note in the register of M. Berton, sub-principal of the college of Brienne, in which it is stated that M. Napoleon de Buonaparte, Ecuyer, born in the city of Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769, left the Royal Military College of Brienne on the 17th October, 1784.

The stories about his low extraction are alike devoid of foundation. His family was poor, and he was educated at the

public expense, an advantage of which many honourable families availed themselves. A memorial addressed by his father, Charles Buonaparte, to the war minister, states that his fortune had been reduced by the failure of some enterprise in which he had engaged, and by the injustice of the Jesuits, by whom he had been deprived of an inheritance. The object of this memorial was to solicit a sub-lieutenant's commission for Napoleon, who was then fourteen years of age, and to get Lucien entered a pupil of the Military College. The minister wrote on the back of the memorial "Give the usual answer, if there be a vacancy;" and on the margin are these words—"This gentleman has been informed that his request is inadmissible as long as his second son remains at the school of Brienne. Two brothers cannot be placed at the same time in the Military Schools." When Napoleon was fifteen, he was sent to Paris until he should attain the requisite age for entering the army. Lucien was not received into the college of Brienne, at least not until his brother had quitted the military school of Paris.

Bonaparte was undoubtedly a man of good family. I have seen an authentic account of his genealogy, which he obtained from Tuscany. A great deal has been said about the civil dissensions which forced his family to quit Italy and take refuge in Corsica. On this subject I have nothing to state.

Many and various accounts have been given of Bonaparte's youth.* He has been described in terms of enthusiastic praise and exaggerated condemnation. It is ever thus with individuals who by talent or favourable circumstances are raised above their

* The following interesting trait of Napoleon's childhood is derived from the Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes:—"He was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basket full of grapes, figs, and citrons, which had come from the garden of *his uncle the canon*. None but those who were acquainted with the Bonaparte family can form any idea of the enormity of this offence. To eat fruit belonging to the *uncle—the canon*—was infinitely more criminal than to eat grapes and figs which might be claimed by any body else. An inquiry took place. Napoleon denied the fact, and was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he should be forgiven. He protested that he was innocent, but he was not believed. If I recollect rightly, his mother was at the time on a visit to M. de Marbeuf, or some other friend. The result of Napoleon's obstinacy was, that he was kept three whole days upon bread and cheese, and that cheese was not *broccio*. However, he would not cry: he was dull, but not sulky. At length, on the fourth day of his punishment, a little friend of Marianne Bonaparte returned from the country, and, on hearing of Napoleon's disgrace, she confessed that she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he replied, that though he suspected that she was guilty, yet out of consideration to her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he had said nothing. He was then only seven years of age.

"This fact, which would have been nothing extraordinary in any other child, appeared to me worthy of a place among recollections which are connected with the whole life of Napoleon. It is somewhat characteristic of *the man*. I ought to add that the affair was never forgotten by Napoleon. Of this I observed a proof in 1801, at a fête given by Madame Bacciochi (formerly Marianne Bonaparte) at Neuilly, where she resided with Lucien."—*Editor.*

THE REDOUBT AT BRIENNE.

fellow-creatures. Bonaparte himself laughed at all the stories which were got up for the purpose of embellishing or blackening his character in early life. An anonymous publication, entitled the "History of Napoleon Bonaparte, from his Birth to his last Abdication," contains perhaps the greatest collection of false and ridiculous details about his boyhood. Among other things, it is stated that he fortified a garden against the attacks of his comrades, who, a few lines lower down, are described as treating him with *esteem* and *respect*. I remember the circumstances which, probably, gave rise to the fabrication inserted in the work just mentioned; they were as follows:

During the winter of 1783-84, so memorable for heavy falls of snow, Napoleon was greatly at a loss for those retired walks and out-door recreations in which he used to take much delight. He had no alternative but to mingle with his comrades, and for exercise, to walk with them up and down a spacious hall. Napoleon, weary of this monotonous promenade, told his comrades that he thought they might amuse themselves much better with the snow, in the great courtyard, if they would get shovels and make hornworks, dig trenches, raise parapets, cavaliers, &c. "This being done," said he, "we may divide ourselves into platoons, form a siege, and I will undertake to direct the attacks." The proposal, which was received with enthusiasm, was immediately put into execution. This little sham war was carried on for the space of a fortnight, and did not cease until a quantity of gravel and small stones having got mixed with the snow of which we made our bullets, many of the combatants, besiegers as well as besieged, were seriously wounded. I well remember that I was a considerable sufferer from this sort of grapeshot fire.

It is almost unnecessary to contradict the story about the ascent in the balloon. It is now very well known that the hero of that headlong adventure was not young Bonaparte, as has been alleged, but one of his comrades, Dupont de Chambon, who was somewhat mad. Of this his subsequent conduct afforded sufficient proofs.

Bonaparte's mind was directed to objects of a totally different kind. He turned his attention to political science. During some of his vacations he enjoyed the society of the Abbé Raynal, who used to converse with him on government, legislation, commercial relations, &c.

On festival days, when the inhabitants of Brienne were admitted to our amusements, posts were established for the maintenence of order. Nobody was permitted to enter the interior of the building without a card signed by the Principal or Vice-Principal. The rank of officers or sub-officers was conferred according to merit; and Bonaparte one day had the command of a post, when the following little adventure occurred, which affords an instance of his decision of character.

The wife of the porter of the school, who was very well known, because she used to sell milk, fruit, &c., to the pupils, presented herself one Saint Louis day for admittance to the representation of the Death of Cæsar, *corrected*, in which I was to perform the part of Brutus. As the woman had no ticket, and insisted on being admitted without one, some disturbance arose. The serjeant of the post reported the matter to the officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, who in an imperious tone of voice exclaimed: "Send away that woman, who comes here with her camp impudence." This was in 1782.

Bonaparte and I were nine years of age when our friendship commenced. It speedily became very intimate, for there was a certain sympathy of heart between us. I enjoyed this friendship and intimacy until 1784, when he was transferred from the Military College of Brienne to that of Paris. I was one among those of his youthful comrades who could best accommodate themselves to his stern character. His natural reserve, his disposition to meditate on the conquest of Corsica, and the impressions he had received in childhood respecting the misfortunes of his country and his family, led him to seek retirement, and rendered his general demeanour, though in appearance only, somewhat unpleasing. Our equality of age brought us together in the classes of the mathematics and polite literature. His ardent wish to acquire knowledge was remarkable from the very commencement of his studies. When he first came to the college, he spoke only the Corsican dialect, and the Sieur Dupuis, who was Vice-Principal before Father Berton, gave him instructions in the French language. In this he made such rapid progress, that in a short time he commenced the first rudiments of Latin. But in this study he evinced such a repugnance, that at the age of fifteen he was not out of the fourth class. There I left him very speedily; but I could never get before him in the mathematical class, in which he was undoubtedly the cleverest lad at the college. I used sometimes to help him with his Latin themes and versions, in return for the aid he afforded me in the solution of problems, at which he evinced a degree of readiness and facility which perfectly astonished me.

When at Brienne, Bonaparte was remarkable for the dark colour of his complexion (which, subsequently, the climate of France somewhat changed), for his piercing and scrutinizing glance,* and for the style of his conversation both with his

* The Duchess D'Abrantes, speaking of the personal characteristics of Bonaparte in youth and manhood, says, "Saveria told me that Napoleon was never a pretty boy, as Joseph was for example: his head always appeared too large for his body—a defect common to the Bonaparte family. When Napoleon grew up, the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in his eye, especially in the mild expression it assumed in his moments of kindness. His anger, to be sure, was frightful, and though I am no coward, I never could look at him in his fits of rage without

masters and comrades. His conversation almost always bore the appearance of ill-humour, and he was certainly not very amiable. This I attribute to the misfortunes his family had sustained, and the impressions made on his mind by the conquest of his country.

The pupils were invited by turns to dine with Father Berton, the head of the school. One day, it being Bonaparte's turn to enjoy this indulgence, some of the professors, who were at table, designedly made some remarks disrespectful of Paoli, of whom they knew the young Corsican was an enthusiastic admirer. "Paoli," observed Bonaparte, "was a great man; he loved his country; and I will never forgive my father, who was his adjutant, for having concurred in the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortune, and have fallen with him."*

Generally speaking, Bonaparte was not much liked by his comrades at Brienne. He was not social with them, and rarely took part in their amusements. I, however, was almost his constant companion. During play-hours, he used to withdraw to the library, where he read with deep interest works of history, particularly Polybius and Plutarch. He was also fond of Arrianus, but did not care much for Quintus Curtius. I often went off to play with my comrades, and left him by himself in the library.

The temper of the young Corsican was not improved by the irritation he frequently experienced from his comrades, who were fond of ridiculing him about his Christian name, Napoleon, and his country. He often said to me, "I will do these French all the mischief I can:" and when I tried to pacify him, he would say, "But you do not ridicule me, you like me."

Father Patrauld, our mathematical professor, was much attached to Bonaparte. He was justly proud of him as a pupil. The other professors, in whose classes he was not distinguished, took little notice of him. He had no taste for the study of languages, polite literature, or the arts. As there were no indications of his ever becoming a scholar, the pedants of the establishment were inclined to think him stupid. His superior intelligence was, however, sufficiently perceptible, even through

shuddering. Though his smile was captivating, yet the expression of his mouth, when disdainful or angry, could scarcely be seen without terror. But that forehead which seemed formed to bear the crowns of a whole world;—those hands, of which the most coquetish women might have been vain, and whose white skin covered muscles of iron;—in short, of all that personal beauty which distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no traces were discernible in the boy. Saveria spoke truly when she said, that of all the children of Signora Letitia, the Emperor was the one from whom future greatness was least to be prognosticated.—*Editor.*

* Joseph Bonaparte in his "Notes on Bourrienne," asserts that their father remained faithful to Paoli to the last.—*Editor.*

the reserve under which it was veiled. If the monks, to whom the superintendence of the establishment was confided, had understood the organization of his mind—if they had engaged more able mathematical professors—or if we had had any excitement to the study of chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, &c., I am convinced that Bonaparte would have pursued those sciences with all the genius and spirit of investigation which he displayed in a career, more brilliant it is true, but far less useful to mankind. Unfortunately, the monks did not perceive this, and were too poor to pay for good masters. However, after Bonaparte left the college, they found it necessary to engage two professors from Paris, otherwise the college would have fallen to nothing. These two new professors, MM. Durforts, and Despont, finished my education; and I regretted that they did not come sooner. The often repeated assertion, of Bonaparte having received a *careful education* at Brienne, is, therefore, untrue. The monks were incapable of giving it him; and, for my own part, I must confess that the extended information of the present day is, to me, a painful contrast with the limited course of education I received at the Military College. It is only surprising that the establishment should have produced a single able man.

Though Bonaparte had no reason to be satisfied with the treatment he received from his comrades, yet he was above complaining of it; and when he had the supervision of any duty which they infringed, he would rather go to prison than denounce the criminals.

I was one day his accomplice in omitting to enforce a duty which we were appointed to supervise. He prevailed on me to accompany him to prison, where we remained three days. We suffered this sort of punishment several times, but with less severity.

In 1783, the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Montesson visited Brienne; and, for upwards of a month, the magnificent chateau of the Count de Brienne was a Versailles in miniature. The series of brilliant entertainments which were given to the august travellers, made them almost forget the royal magnificence they had left behind them.

The Prince and Madame de Montesson expressed a wish to preside at the distribution of the prizes of our college. Bonaparte and I won the prizes in the class of mathematics, which, as I have already observed, was the branch of study to which he confined his attention, and in which he excelled. When I was called up for the seventh time, Madame de Montesson said to my mother, who had come from Sens, to be present at the distribution, "Pray, Madame, crown your son this time; my hands are weary."

There was an inspector of the military schools, whose business it was to make an annual report on each pupil, whether

educated at the public expense, or paid for by his family. I copied from the report of 1784, a note which was probably obtained surreptitiously from the War Office. I wanted to purchase the manuscript; but Louis Bonaparte bought it. I did not make a copy of the note which related to myself, because I should naturally have felt diffident in making any use of it. It would, however, have served to show how time and circumstances frequently reversed the distinctions which arise at school or college. Judging from the reports of the inspector of military schools, young Bonaparte was not, of all the pupils at Brienne in 1784, the one most calculated to excite prognostics of future greatness and glory.

The note to which I have just alluded, and which was written by M. Keralio, then inspector of the military schools, describes Bonaparte as being remarkable for his application to the mathematics, passable in history and geography, but rather backward in Latin. The inspector concludes by saying, "He will make an excellent seaman, and deserves to be passed to the Military College of Paris."*

Father Berton, however, opposed Bonaparte's removal to Paris, because he had not passed through the fourth Latin class, and the regulations required that he should be in the third. I was informed by the Vice-Principal, that a report relative to Napoleon was sent from the College of Brienne to that of Paris, in which he was described as being *domineering*, *imperious*, and *obstinate*.

I knew Bonaparte well; and I think M. Keralio's report

* Napoleon remained upwards of five years at Brienne, from March, 1779, till the latter end of 1784. In 1783 Field-Marshal the Chevalier Keralio, inspector of the military schools, selected him to pass the year following to the military school at Paris, to which three of the best scholars were annually sent from each of the twelve provincial schools of France. It is curious as well as satisfactory to know the opinion at this time entertained of him by those who were the best qualified to judge. The manuscript collection which belonged to Marshal Segur, then minister at war, contains the following remarks, under the article headed SCHOOL OF BRIENNE: "State of the king's scholars eligible from their age to enter into the service or to pass to the school at Paris; to wit, M. de Buonaparte (Napoleon), born the 15th of August, 1769, in height 4 feet, 10 inches, 10 lines (5 feet 6½ inches English); has finished his fourth season; of a good constitution, health excellent; character mild, honest, and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by his application to the mathematics; understands history and geography tolerably well; is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, or in Latin, in which he has only finished his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor, deserves to be passed on to the school at Paris." His old master, Leguille, professor of history at Paris, boasted, that in a list of the different scholars, he had predicted his pupil's subsequent career. In fact, to the name of Bonaparte the following note is added: "*A Corsican by birth and character—he will do something great, if circumstances favour him.*" Monge was his instructor in geometry, who also entertained a high opinion of him. M. Bauer, his German master, was the only one who saw nothing in him, and was surprised at being told he was undergoing his examination for the artillery.—*Hazlitt.*

of him was exceedingly just, except, perhaps, that he might have said, he was *very well*, as to his progress in history and geography, and *very backward* in Latin; but certainly nothing indicated the probability of his being an *excellent seaman*. He himself had no thought of the navy.

In consequence of M. Keralio's report, Bonaparte was transferred to the Military College of Paris, along with MM. Montarby de Dampierre, de Castres, de Comminges, and de Laugier de Bellecourt, who were all, like him, educated at the public expense, and all, at least, as favourably reported.

What could have induced Sir Walter Scott to say that Bonaparte was the pride of the college, that our mathematical master was exceedingly fond of him, and that the other professors in the different sciences had equal reason to be satisfied with him? What I have above stated, together with the report of M. Keralio, bear evidence of his backwardness in almost every branch of education, except mathematics. Neither was it, as Sir Walter affirms, his precocious progress in mathematics that occasioned him to be removed to Paris. He had attained the proper age, and the report of him was favourable, therefore he was very naturally included among the number of the five who were chosen in 1784.

In a biographical account of Bonaparte, I have read the following anecdote: When he was fourteen years of age, he happened to be at a party where some one pronounced a high eulogium on Vicomte de Turenne, and a lady in company observed that he certainly was a great man; but that she should like him better if he had not burned the palatinate. "What signifies that," replied Bonaparte, "if it was necessary to the object he had in view?"

This is a mere fabrication. Bonaparte was fourteen in the year 1783. He was then at Brienne, where certainly he did not go into company, and least of all, the company of ladies.

CHAPTER II.

1784—1794.*

Bonaparte enters the Military College of Paris—He urges me to embrace the military profession—His report on the state of the Military School of Paris—He obtains a commission—I set off for Vienna—Return to Paris, where I again meet Bonaparte—His singular plans for raising money—Louis XVI. with the red cap on his head—The 10th of August—My departure for Stuttgard—Bonaparte goes to Corsica—My name inscribed on the list of emigrants—Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon—Le Souper de Beaucaire—Napoleon's mission to Genoa—His arrest—His autographical justification—Duroc's first connection with Bonaparte.

BONAPARTE was fifteen years and two months old when he went to the Military College of Paris.† I accompanied him to Nogent sur Seine, whence the coach was to start. We parted with regret, and we did not meet again till the year 1792. Dur-

* *The reader will find at the end of the present volume, an account of the memorable campaigns in Italy, derived from Bonaparte's own statements, and from the narratives of those who were actors in the events.*

† Madame Junot relates some interesting particulars connected with Napoleon's first residence in Paris. "My mother's first care," says she, "on arriving in Paris, was to inquire after Napoleon Bonaparte. He was at that time in the military school at Paris, having quitted Brienne in the September of the preceding year. My uncle Demetrius had met him just after he alighted from the coach which brought him to town; 'And truly,' said my uncle, 'he had the appearance of a fresh importation. I met him in the Palais Royal, where he was gaping and staring with wonder at every thing he saw. He would have been an excellent subject for sharpers, if, indeed, he had had any thing worth taking!' My uncle invited him to dine at his house; for though my uncle was a bachelor, he did not choose to dine at a *traiteur;* the name *restaurateur* was not then introduced. He told my mother that Napoleon was very morose. 'I fear,' added he, 'that that young man has more self-conceit than is suitable to his condition. When he dined with me he began to declaim violently against the luxury of the young men of the military school. After a little he turned the conversation on Mania, and the present education of the young Maniotes, drawing a comparison between it and the ancient Spartan system of education. His observations on this head he told me he intended to imbody in a memorial, to be presented to the minister of war. All this, depend upon it, will bring him under the displeasure of his comrades, and it will be lucky if he escape being run through.'

"A few days afterwards my mother saw Napoleon, and then his irritability was at its height. He would scarcely bear any observations, even if made in his favour, and I am convinced that it is to this uncontrollable irritability that he owed the reputation of having been ill-tempered in his boyhood, and splenetic in his youth.

"My father, who was acquainted with almost all the heads of the military school, obtained leave for him sometimes to come out for recreation. On account

ing these eight years, we maintained an active correspondence: but so little did I anticipate the high destiny which, after his elevation, it was affirmed the wonderful qualities of his boyhood plainly denoted, that I did not preserve one of the letters he wrote to me at that period.

I remember, that in a letter which I received from him about a year after his arrival in Paris, he urged me to keep my promise of entering the army with him. Like him, I had passed through the studies necessary for the artillery service; and in 1787, I went for three months to Metz, in order to join practice with theory. A strange ordinance, which I believe was issued in 1778 by M. de Segur, required that a man should possess four quaterings of nobility, before he could be qualified to serve his king and country as a military officer. My mother went to Paris, taking with her the letters patent of her husband, who died six weeks after my birth. She proved that, in the year 1640, Louis XIII. had, by letters patent, restored the titles of Fauvelet de Villemont, who, in 1586, had kept several provinces of Burgundy subject to the king's authority, at the peril of his life, and the loss of his property; and that his family had occupied the first places in the magistracy since the fourteenth century. All was correct, but it was observed that the letters of nobility had not been registered by the parliament, and to repair this little omission, the sum of twelve thousand francs was demanded. This my mother refused to pay, and there the matter rested.

On his arrival at the military school of Paris, Bonaparte found the establishment on so brilliant and expensive a footing, that he immediately addressed a memorial on the subject to the Vice-Principal of Brienne. He showed that the plan of education was really pernicious, and far from being calculated to fulfil the object which every wise government must have in view. The result of the system, he said, was to inspire the pupils, who were all the sons of poor gentlemen, with a love of ostentation, or rather, with sentiments of vanity and self-

of an accident (a sprain, if I recollect rightly) Napoleon once spent a whole week at our house. To this day, whenever I pass the *quai Conti*, I cannot help looking up at a *mansarde* at the left angle of the house, on the third floor. That was Napoleon's chamber when he paid us a visit, and a neat little room it was. My brother used to occupy the one next to it.

"The two young men were nearly of the same age: my brother perhaps had the advantage of a year or fifteen months. My mother had recommended him to cultivate the friendship of young Bonaparte; but my brother complained how unpleasant it was to find only cold politeness where he expected affection. This repulsiveness on the part of Napoleon was almost offensive, and must have been sensibly felt by my brother, who was not only remarkable for the mildness of his temper and the amenity and grace of his manner, but whose society was courted in the most distinguished circles of Paris on account of his talents. He perceived in Bonaparte a kind of acerbity and bitter irony, of which he long endeavoured to discover the cause. 'I believe,' said Albert one day to my mother, 'that the poor young man feels keenly his dependent situation.'"—*Editor.*

sufficiency: so that, instead of returning happy to the bosom of their families, they were likely to be ashamed of their parents, and to despise their humble homes. Instead of the numerous attendants by whom they were surrounded, their dinners of two courses, and their horses and grooms, he suggested that they should perform little necessary services for themselves, such as brushing their clothes, and cleaning their boots and shoes; that they should eat the coarse bread made for soldiers, &c. Temperance and activity, he added, would render them robust, enable them to bear the severity of different seasons and climates, to brave the fatigues of war, and to inspire the respect and obedience of the soldiers under their command. Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen, and time showed that he never deviated from these principles. Of this the establishment of the military school at Fontainbleau is a decided proof.

As Napoleon was an active observer of every thing passing around him, and pronounced his opinion openly and decidedly, he did not remain long at the military school of Paris. His superiors, who were anxious to get rid of him, hurried the period of his examination, and he obtained the first vacant sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery.

I left Brienne in 1787, and as I could not enter the artillery, I proceeded the following year to Vienna, with a letter of recommendation to M. de Montmorin, soliciting employment in the French embassy, then at the court of Austria.

I remained two months at Vienna, where I had the honour of twice seeing the Emperor Joseph. The impression made upon me by his kind reception, his dignified and elegant manners, and graceful conversation, will never be obliterated from my recollection. After M. de Noailles had initiated me in the first steps of diplomacy, he advised me to go to one of the German universities to study the law of nations and foreign languages. I accordingly repaired to Leipsic

I had scarcely got there when the French revolution broke out. Alas! The reasonable ameliorations which the age demanded, and which right-thinking men desired, were widely different from that total overthrow and destruction of the state, the condemnation of the best of kings, and the long series of crimes which sully the pages of French history.

I spent some time at Leipsic, where I applied myself to the study of the law of nations, and the German and English languages. I afterwards travelled through Prussia and Poland, and passed a part of the winter of 1791 and 1792 at Warsaw, where I was most graciously received by Princess Tysziewicz, niece of Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland, and the sister of Prince Poniatowski. The Princess was very well informed, and was a great admirer of French literature. At her invitation, I passed several evenings in company with the

king, in a circle small enough to approach to something like intimacy. I remember that his Majesty frequently asked me to read the Moniteur; the speeches to which he listened with the greatest pleasure were those of the Girondists. Princess Tyszkiewicz wished to print at Warsaw, at her own expense, a translation I had executed of Kotzebue's "Menschenhass und Reue," to which I gave the title of "L'Inconnu."*

I arrived at Vienna on the 26th of March, 1792, when I was informed of the serious illness of the emperor, Leopold II., who died on the following day. In private companies, and at public places, I heard vague suspicions expressed of his having been poisoned; but the public, who were admitted to the palace to see the body lie in state, were soon convinced of the falsehood of these reports. I went twice to see the mournful spectacle, and I never heard a word which was calculated to confirm the odious suspicion, though the spacious hall in which the remains of the emperor were exposed was constantly thronged with people.

In the month of April, 1792, I returned to Paris, where I again met Bonaparte, and our college intimacy was renewed. I was not very well off, and adversity was hanging heavily on him; his resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty-three, who have little money, and less occupation. Bonaparte was always poorer than I. Every day we conceived some new project or other. We were on the look out for some profitable speculation. At one time he wanted me to join him in renting several houses, then building in the Rue Montholon, to underlet them afterwards. We found the demands of the landlords extravagant—every thing failed. At the same time he was soliciting employment at the war-office, and I at the office of foreign affairs. I was for the moment the luckier of the two.

While we were spending our time in a somewhat vagabond way, the 20th of June arrived. We met by appointment at a restaurateur's in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men. They were all in rags, armed with weapons of every description, and were proceeding hastily towards the Tuileries, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. It was a collection of all that was most vile and abject in the purlieus of Paris. "Let us follow this mob," said Bonaparte. We got the start of them, and took up our station on the terrace of the banks of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes which took place; and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and

* This is the play known on the English stage under the title of "The Stranger."—*Editor.*

indignation which they excited in him. When the King showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob had put on his head, he could no longer repress his indignation. "*Che coglione!*" he loudly exclaimed; "why have they let in all that rabble? Why don't they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon; the rest would then set off fast enough."

When we sat down to dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I was the richer of the two, he spoke of nothing but the scene we had witnessed. He discussed, with great good sense, the causes and consequences of this unrepressed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would ensue. He was not mistaken. The 10th of August soon arrived. I was then at Stuttgard, where I was appointed Secretary of Legation. At St. Helena, Bonaparte said: "On the attack of the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, I hurried to Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, who kept a furniture warehouse at the Carrousel." This is partly correct. My brother was connected with what was termed an *entreprise d'encan national*, where persons intending to quit France received an advance of money, on depositing any effects which they wished to dispose of, and which were sold for them immediately. Bonaparte had some time previously pledged his watch in this way.

After the fatal 10th of August, Bonaparte went to Corsica, and did not return till 1793. Sir Walter Scott says that, after that time, he never saw Corsica again. This is a mistake, as will be shown when I speak of his return from Egypt.*

Having been appointed Secretary of Legation to Stuttgard, I set off for that place on the 2d of August, and I did not again see my ardent young friend until 1795.

He told me that my departure accelerated his for Corsica. We separated, as may be supposed, with but faint hopes of ever meeting again.

By a decree of the 28th of March, 1793, all French agents abroad were ordered to return to France, within three months, under pain of being regarded as emigrants. What I had witnessed before my departure for Stuttgard, the excitation in which I had left the public mind, and the well-known consequences of events of this kind, made me fear that I should be compelled

* Sir Walter appears to have collected his information for the "Life of Napoleon" only from those libels and vulgar stories which gratified his calumnious spirit and national hatred. His work is written with excessive negligence, which, added to its numerous errors, shows how much respect he must have entertained for his readers. It would appear, that his object was to make it the inverse of his novels, where every thing is borrowed from history. I have been assured that Marshal Macdonald having offered to introduce Sir Walter Scott to some generals, who could have furnished him with the most accurate information respecting military events, the glory of which they had shared, Sir Walter replied, "I thank you, but I shall collect my information from popular reports."

to be either an accomplice or a victim in the disastrous scenes which were passing at home. My disobedience of the law placed my name on the list of emigrants.

It has been said of me, in a biographical publication, that "it was as remarkable as it was fortunate for Bourrienne that, *on his return*, he got his name erased from the list of emigrants, on which it had been inscribed during his first journey to Germany. This circumstance has been interpreted in several different ways, which are not all equally favourable to M. de Bourrienne."

I do not understand what favourable interpretations can be put upon a statement entirely false. General Bonaparte repeatedly applied for the erasure of my name, from the month of April, 1797, when I rejoined him at Leoben, to the period of the signature of the treaty of Campo-Formio; but without success. He desired his brother Louis, Berthier, Bernadotte, and others, when he sent them to the directory, to urge my erasure; but in vain. He complained of this inattention to his wishes to Bottot, when he came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor. Bottot, who was secretary to Barras, was astonished that I was not erased, and he made fine promises of what he would do. On his return to France, he wrote to Bonaparte: "Bourrienne is erased." But this was untrue. I was not erased until November, 1797, on the reiterated solicitations of General Bonaparte.

It was during my absence from France that Bonaparte, in the rank of *chef de bataillon*, performed his first campaign, and contributed so powerfully to the retaking of Toulon. Of this period of his life I have no personal knowledge, and, therefore, I shall not speak of it as an eyewitness.* I shall merely relate some facts which fill up the interval between 1793 and 1795, and which I have collected from papers which he himself delivered to me. Among these papers is a little production, entitled "Le Souper de Beaucaire," the copies of which he bought up, at a dear rate, and destroyed, on his attaining the consulate. This little pamphlet contains principles very opposite to those he wished to see established in 1800, a period when extravagant ideas of liberty were no longer the fashion, and when Bonaparte entered upon a system totally the reverse of those republican principles professed in the "Souper de Beaucaire."† It may be remarked, that in all that has come to us from St. Helena, not a word is said of this youthful production. Its character sufficiently explains this silence. In all Bonaparte's writings, posterity

* The reader will find this deficiency supplied by an account of the siege of Toulon, extracted from the "Memoirs of Napoleon," dictated by himself at St. Helena.—See the end of the present chapter.—*Editor.*

† This is not, as Sir Walter says, a dialogue between Marat and a Federalist, but a conversation between a military officer, a native of Nismes, a native of Marseilles, and a manufacturer from Montpellier. The latter, though he takes a share in the conversation, does not say much.

will probably trace the profound politician, rather than the enthusiastic revolutionist.

Some documents relative to Bonaparte's suspension and arrest, by order of the representatives Albitte and Salicetti, serve to place in their true light circumstances which have hitherto been misrepresented. I shall enter into some details of this event, because I have seen it stated that this circumstance of Bonaparte's life has been perverted and misrepresented by every person who has hitherto written about him; and the writer who makes this remark, himself describes the affair incorrectly and vaguely. Others have attributed Bonaparte's misfortune to a military discussion on war, and his connexion with Robespierre the younger.*

It has moreover been said, that Albitte and Salicetti explained to the Committee of Public Safety, the impossibility of their resuming the military operations, unaided by the talents of General Bonaparte. This is mere flattery. The facts are these:

On the 13th of July, 1794 (25th Messidor, year II.), the representatives of the people with the army of Italy, ordered that General Bonaparte should proceed to Genoa, there, conjointly with the French *chargé d'affaires*, to confer on certain subjects with the Genoese government. This mission, together with a list of secret instructions, directing him to examine the fortresses of Genoa and the neighbouring country, show the confidence which Bonaparte, who was then only twenty-five, inspired in men who were deeply interested in making a prudent choice of their agents.

Bonaparte set off for Genoa, and fulfilled his mission. The 9th Thermidor arrived, and the deputies, called Terrorists, were superseded by Albitte and Salicetti. In the disorder which then prevailed, they were either ignorant of the orders given to General Bonaparte, or persons envious of the rising glory of the young general of artillery inspired Albitte and Salicetti with suspicions prejudicial to him. Be this as it may, the two representatives drew up a resolution, ordering that General Bonaparte should be arrested, suspended from his rank, and arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety; and, extraordinary as it may appear, this resolution was founded on that very journey to Genoa which Bonaparte executed by the direction of the representatives of the people.†

* It will presently be seen that all this is erroneous, and that Sir Walter commits another mistake when he says that Bonaparte's connexion with Robespierre was attended with fatal consequences to him, and that his justification consisted in acknowledging that his friends were very different from what he had supposed them to be.

† Madame Junot throws some light on this persecution of Bonaparte by Salicetti. "One motive (I do not mean to say the only one)," remarks this lady, "of the animosity shown by Salicetti to Bonaparte, in the affair of Toulon,

Bonaparte said at St. Helena, that he was a short time imprisoned by order of the representative Laporte; but the order for his arrest was signed by Albitte, Salicetti, and Laporte. Laporte was not probably the most influential of the three, for Bonaparte did not address his remonstrance to him. He was a fortnight under arrest.

Had the circumstance occurred three weeks earlier, and had Bonaparte been arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety, previous to the 9th Thermidor, there is every probability that his career would have been at an end; and we should have seen perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty-five, the man who, during the twenty-five succeeding years, was destined to astonish the world by his vast conceptions, his gigantic projects, his great military genius, his extraordinary good fortune, his faults, reverses, and final misfortunes.

It is worth while to remark, that in the post-Thermidorian resolution just alluded to, no mention is made of Bonaparte's association with Robespierre, the younger. The severity with which he was treated is the more astonishing, since his mission

was, that they were at one time suitors to the same lady. I am not sure whether it was in Corsica or in Paris, but I know for a fact that Bonaparte, in spite of his youth, or perhaps I should rather say on account of his youth, was the favoured lover.

"It was the opinion of my brother, who was secretary to Salicetti, that Bonaparte owed his life to a circumstance which is not very well known. The fact is, that Salicetti received a letter from Bonaparte, the contents of which appeared to make a deep impression on him. Bonaparte's papers had been delivered into Salicetti's hands, who, after an attentive perusal of them, laid them aside, with evident dissatisfaction. He then took them up again, and read them a second time. Salicetti declined my brother's assistance in the examination of the papers, and after a second examination, which was probably as unsatisfactory as the first, he seated himself with a very abstracted air. It would appear that he had seen among the papers some document which concerned himself. Another curious fact is, that the man who had the care of the papers after they were sea'ed up, was an inferior clerk, entirely under the control of Salicetti; and my brother, whose business it was to have charge of the papers, was directed not to touch them. He has often spoken to me of this circumstance, and I mention it here as one of importance to the history of the time. Nothing that relates to a man like Napoleon can be considered useless or trivial.

"What after all was the result of this strange business which might have cost Bonaparte his head?—for had he been taken to Paris and tried by the Committee of Public Safety, there is little doubt that the friend of Robespierre, the younger, would have been condemned by Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois. The result was the acquittal of the accused. This result is the more extraordinary, since it would appear that at that time Salicetti stood in fear of the young general. A compliment is even paid to Bonaparte in the decree, by which he was provisionally restored to liberty. That liberation was said to be granted on the consideration that General Bonaparte might be useful to the republic. This was foresight; but subsequently, when measures were taken which rendered Bonaparte no longer an object of fear, his name was erased from the list of general officers, and it is a curious fact that Cambacérès, who was destined to be his colleague in the consulate, was one of the persons who signed the act of erasure.—*Editor.*

to Genoa was the alleged cause of it. Was there any other charge against him, or had calumny triumphed over the services he had rendered to his country? I have frequently conversed with him on the subject of this adventure, and he invariably assured me, that he had nothing to reproach himself with, and that his defence, which I shall subjoin, contained the pure expression of his sentiments, and the exact truth.

In the following note, which he addressed to Albitte and Salicetti, he makes no mention of Laporte. The copy which I possess is in the handwriting of Junot, with corrections in the general's hand. It exhibits all the characteristics of Napoleon's writing: his short sentences, his abrupt, rather than concise, style, sometimes his elevated ideas, and always his plain, good sense.

TO THE REPRESENTATIVES, ALBITTE AND SALICETTI.

You have suspended me from my rank, put me under arrest, and declared me to be suspected.

Thus I am disgraced before being judged, or judged before being heard.

In a revolutionized state there are two classes, the suspected and the patriots.

When the first are accused, general measures are adopted towards them for the sake of security.

The oppression of the second class is a shock to public liberty. The magistrate cannot condemn, until after the fullest evidence, and a succession of facts, those who leave nothing to arbitrary decision.

To declare a patriot suspected is to deprive him of all that he most highly values, confidence and esteem.

In what class am I placed?

Since the commencement of the revolution, have I not always been attached to its principles?

Have I not always been contending either with domestic enemies or foreign foes?

I sacrificed my home, abandoned my property, and lost every thing for the republic.

I have since served with some distinction at Toulon, and earned a part of the laurels of the army of Italy at the taking of Saorgio, Oneglia, and Tanaro.

On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy, my conduct was that of a man accustomed to look only to principles.

My claim to the title of patriot, therefore, cannot be disputed.

Why, then, am I declared suspected without being heard, and arrested eight days after I heard the news of the tyrant's death?

I am declared suspected, and my papers are sealed.

The reverse of this course ought to have been adopted. My papers should first have been sealed; then I should have been called on for my explanation; and, lastly, declared suspected, if there was reason for coming to such a decision.

It is wished that I should go to Paris with a decree which declares

me suspected. It will naturally be presumed that the representatives did not draw up this decree without accurate information, and I shall be judged with the bias which a man of that class merits.

Though a patriot and an innocent and calumniated man, yet whatever measures may be adopted by the committee, I cannot complain.

If three men declare that I have committed a crime, I cannot complain of the jury who condemns me.

Salicetti, you know me; and I ask whether you have observed any thing in my conduct for the last five years which can afford ground of suspicion?

Albitte, you do not know me; but you have received proof of no fact against me; you have not heard me, and you know how artfully the tongue of calumny sometimes works.

Must I then be confounded with the enemies of my country; and ought the patriots inconsiderately to sacrifice a general who has not been useless to the republic? Ought the representatives to reduce the government to the necessity of being unjust and impolitic?

Hear me; destroy the oppression that overwhelms me, and restore me to the esteem of the patriots.

An hour after, if my enemies wish for my life, let them take it. I have often given proofs how little I value it. Nothing but the thought that I may yet be useful to my country, makes me bear the burden of existence with courage.

It appears that this defence, which is remarkable for its energetic simplicity, produced an effect on Albitte and Salicetti. Inquiries more accurate, and probably more favourable to the general, were instituted; and on the 3d Fructidor (August 20th, 1794), the representatives of the people drew up a decree, stating that, after a careful examination of General Bonaparte's papers, and of the orders he had received relative to his mission to Genoa, they saw nothing to justify any suspicion of his conduct; and that moreover, taking into consideration the advantage that might accrue to the republic from the military talents of the said General Bonaparte, it was resolved that he should be provisionally set at liberty.

Salicetti became the friend and confident of young Bonaparte; but their intimacy did not continue after his elevation.

What is to be thought of the motives for Bonaparte's arrest and provisional liberation, when his innocence and the error that had been committed were acknowledged? The importance of the general's military talents, though no mention is made about the impossibility of dispensing with them, is a pretence for restoring him to that liberty of which he had been unjustly deprived.

It was not at Toulon, as has been stated, that Bonaparte took Duroc into the artillery, and made him his aide-de-camp. The acquaintance was formed at a subsequent period, in Italy. Duroc's cold character, and unexcursive mind, suited Napoleon, whose confidence he enjoyed until his death, and who intrusted him with missions perhaps above his abilities. At

St. Helena, Bonaparte often declared that he was much attached to Duroc. I believe this to be true; but I know that the attachment was not returned. The ingratitude of princes is proverbial. May it not happen that courtiers are sometimes ungrateful?

SIEGE OF TOULON.*

Napoleon, on his arrival, found the head-quarters at Beausset. They were busy making preparations to burn the allied squadrons in the road of Toulon; and the next day the Commandant of the artillery went with the General-in-chief to visit the batteries. What was his surprise to find a battery of six twenty-four pounders planted a quarter of a league from the passes of Ollioules, at three gun-shots from the English vessels, and two from the shore; and all the volunteers of the Côte d'Or and the soldiers of the regiment of Burgundy occupied with heating the balls at all the *bastides!* (country-houses). He did not conceal his astonishment.

The first care of the Commandant of the artillery was to get together a great number of officers in that department, whom the circumstances of the Revolution had removed. At the end of six weeks, he was enabled to assemble, organize, and supply a park of two hundred pieces of artillery. Colonel Gassendi was placed at the head of the arsenal of constructions at Marseilles. The batteries were advanced, and placed on the most advantageous points of the shore; and their effect was such, that some large vessels were dismasted, several smaller ones sunk, and the enemy were forced to abandon that part of the road.

During the time that the preparations for the siege were completing, the army was considerably increased. The Committee of Public Safety sent plans and instructions relative to the conduct of the siege. They had been drawn up in the Committee of Fortifications, by General d'Arçon, of the engineers, an officer of great merit. The chief of battalion, Marescot, and many brigades of engineer officers, arrived. All appeared to be in readiness to commence. A council was called, of which Gasparin, a representative, was president: he was a sensible and well-informed man, who had himself been in the service. The instructions from Paris were read: they detailed at great length the operations necessary to recover Toulon by a regular siege.

The Commandant of artillery, who for the space of a month had been carefully reconnoitring the ground, and had made himself perfectly acquainted with all its localities, proposed the plan of attack which occasioned the reduction of Toulon. He regarded all the propositions of the Committee of Fortifications as totally useless, under the circumstances of the case; and it was his opinion, that a regular siege was not at all necessary. In fact, supposing a position could be gained, which, with from fifteen to twenty mortars, thirty or forty pieces of cannon, and furnaces for red-hot balls, would keep up a fire upon every point of the great and lesser roads, it was evident that the

* From the Memoirs of Napoleon, dictated at St. Helena.

combined squadron would be obliged to abandon them; and the garrison would then be placed in a state of blockade, not being able to communicate with the squadron, which would be forced to stand out to sea. On this hypothesis the Commandant of artillery had laid it down as a principle, that the combined forces would prefer drawing off the garrison, and burning the French vessels and magazines, rather than leave 15 or 20,000 men in the fortress, who sooner or later would be obliged to surrender, without having any thing in their power to destroy, so as to ensure terms of capitulation for themselves.

In a word, he declared that it was not necessary to march against the place at all, but only to occupy the position proposed, and which was to be found at the extreme point of the promontory of Balagnier and l'Eguillette; that he had discovered this position a month before, and had pointed it out to the General-in-chief, assuring him that if he would occupy it with three battalions, he would take Toulon in four days; that the English had become, since he first observed it, so sensible of its importance, that they had disembarked 4000 men there, had cut down all the wood that covered the promontory of Cair, which commanded the whole position, and had employed all the resources of Toulon, even the galley-slaves, in order to intrench themselves there; making it, as they expressed themselves, "a little Gibraltar." But that the point, which a month ago might have been seized and occupied without opposition, now required a serious attack; that it would not be advisable to risk an assault, but to form batteries, mounted with twenty-four pounders and mortars, in order to destroy the epaulments, which were constructed of wood, to break down the palisades, and throw a shower of shells into the interior of the fort; and that then, after a vigorous fire for eight-and-forty hours, the work should be stormed by picked troops. Two days after this fort should be taken, he gave it as his opinion, that Toulon would belong to the Republic. This plan of attack was much discussed; and the engineer officers who were present at the council were of opinion, that the project of the Commandant of artillery was a necessary preliminary to regular sieges, the first principle of all sieges being the establishment of a strict blockade.

From this time there was unanimity of opinion: the enemy constructed two redoubts under the two headlands, one of which immediately commands l'Eguillette and the other Balagnier. These redoubts flanked Little Gibraltar, and played on the two sides of the promontory.

In conformity to the plan adopted, the French raised five or six batteries against Little Gibraltar, and constructed platforms for fifteen mortars. A battery had also been raised of eight twenty-four pounders and four mortars against Fort Malbosquet, the construction of which was a profound secret to the enemy, as the men who were employed on the work were entirely concealed from observation by a plantation of olives. It was intended that this battery should not be unmasked till the moment of marching against Little Gibraltar; but on the 20th of November the Representatives of the People went to inspect it, when they were informed by the cannoneers that it had been completed eight days, and that no use had yet been made of it,

though it was supposed the effect produced by it would be very important. Without further explanation, the Representatives ordered them to open a fire, and accordingly the cannoneers with great joy immediately opened an alternate fire from the battery.

General O'Hara, who commanded the allied army at Toulon, was greatly surprised at the erection of so considerable a battery close to a fort of such importance as Malbosquet, and gave orders that a sortie should be made at break of day. The battery was situated in the centre of the left of the army: the troops in that part consisted of about 6000 men; occupying the line from Fort Rouge to Malbosquet, and so disposed as to prevent all individual communication, though too much scattered to make an effectual resistance in any given point.

An hour before day, General O'Hara sallied out of the garrison with 6000 men; and, meeting with no obstacle, his skirmishers only being engaged, spiked the guns of the battery.

In the mean while, the drums beat the *generale* at head-quarters, and Dugommier with all haste rallied his troops: the Commandant of artillery posted himself on a little headland behind the battery, on which he had previously established a depôt of arms. A communication from this point to the battery had been effected, by means of a boyau which was substituted for the trench. Perceiving from this point that the enemy had formed to the right and left of the battery, he conceived the idea of leading a battalion which was stationed near him through the boyau. By this plan he succeeded in coming out unperceived among the brambles close to the battery, and immediately commenced a brisk fire upon the English, whose surprise was such, that they imagined it was their own troops on the right, who through some mistake were firing on those on the left. General O'Hara hastened towards the French to rectify the supposed mistake, when he was wounded in the hand by a musket-ball, and a sergeant seized and dragged him prisoner into the boyau; the disappearance of the English general was so sudden, that his own troops did not know what had become of him.

In the mean time, Dugommier, with the troops he had rallied, placed himself between the town and the battery: this movement disconcerted the enemy, who forthwith commenced their retreat. They were hotly pursued as far as the gates of the fortress, which they entered in the greatest disorder and without being able to ascertain the fate of their general. Dugommier was slightly wounded in this affair. A battalion of volunteers from the Isere distinguished itself during the day.

General Cartaux had conducted the siege at its commencement; but the Committee of Public Safety had found it necessary to deprive him of the command. This man, originally a painter, had become an adjutant in the Parisian corps; he was afterwards employed in the army; and, having been successful against the Marseillese, the deputies of the Mountains had in the same day obtained him the appointments of Brigadier-general and General of division. He was extremely ignorant, and had nothing military about him; otherwise he was not ill disposed, and committed no excesses at Marseilles on the taking of that city.

General Doppet succeeded Cartaux: he was a Savoyard, a physi-

cian, and an unprincipled man: he was entirely governed by interested motives. He was a decided enemy to all who possessed talent. He had no idea of war, and was any thing but brave. This Doppet, nevertheless, by a singular chance, in forty-eight hours after his arrival had very nearly taken Toulon. A battalion of the Côte d'Or and a battalion of the regiment of Burgundy, being on duty in the trenches before Little Gibraltar, had one of their men taken by a Spanish company on guard at the redoubt: they saw their companion ill-treated and beaten, and at the same time the Spaniards offered them every insult by shouts and indecent gestures. The French, enraged, ran to their arms, commenced a brisk fire, and marched against the redoubt.

The Commandant of the artillery immediately hastened to the General-in-chief, who was ignorant of what was going on. They galloped to the scene of action, and there perceiving how the matter stood, Napoleon persuaded the General to support the attack, with the assurance that it would not be productive of greater loss to advance than to retire. The General, therefore, ordered the different corps of reserve to be put in motion: all were quickly on the alert, and Napoleon marched at their head. Unfortunately, an aide-de-camp was killed by the side of the General-in-chief. Doppet was panic-struck; and ordering the drums in all directions to beat a retreat, recalled his soldiers at the very moment when the grenadiers, having repulsed the skirmishers of the enemy, had reached the gorge of the redoubt, and were about to take it. The troops were highly indignant, and complained that * * * * * and physicians were sent to command them. The Committee of Public Safety recalled Doppet, and at length perceived the necessity of employing a real military man: they accordingly sent Dugommier, an officer who had seen fifty years of service, who was covered with scars, and who was as dauntless as the weapon he wore.

The enemy were every day receiving reinforcements: the public watched with anxiety the direction of the operation of the siege. They could not conceive why every effort should be directed against Little Gibraltar, quite in an opposite direction to the town. "There has not been any thing done yet," it was said all over the country, "but laying siege to a fort which has nothing to do with the permanent fortifications of the place. They will afterwards have to take Malbosquet, and open trenches against the town." All the popular societies made denunciation after denunciation on this subject. Provence complained of the long duration of the siege. A scarcity began to prevail, and increased to such a degree that Freron and Barras, having lost all hopes of the prompt reduction of Toulon, wrote in great alarm from Marseilles to the Convention, to persuade them to take into consideration whether it would not be better that the army should raise the siege and repass the Durance—a manœuvre which had been planned by Francis the First at the time of the invasion of Charles the Fifth. He retired behind the Durance, while the enemy laid Provence waste; and when famine compelled them to retreat, he then attacked them with fresh vigour. The Representatives urged, that, if our troops should evacuate Provence, the English would be obliged to find provisions for its support, and that, after the harvest, offensive operations might be renewed with considerable advantage by

an army complete in itself and invigorated by rest. This measure was, they said, absolutely necessary; for as yet, after four months' operations, Toulon had not even been attacked; and as the enemy were perpetually receiving reinforcements, it was to be apprehended that we should in the end be obliged to do precipitately and in confusion, what at the present moment might be effected with regularity and order. However, in a few days after the letter had been received by the Convention, Toulon was taken. The letter was now disowned by the Representatives as a forgery. This was ill-judged; for it was genuine, and gave a just idea of the opinion that existed at the time of its being written, respecting the issue of the siege, and of the difficulties that prevailed in Provence.

Dugommier determined that a decisive attack should be made upon Little Gibraltar: the Commandant of the artillery accordingly threw seven or 8000 shells into the fort, while 30 twenty-four pounders battered the works.

On the 18th of December, at four in the afternoon, the troops left their camps, and marched towards the village of Seine: the plan was to attack at midnight, in order to avoid the fire of the fort and the intermediate redoubts. At the instant when every thing was ready, the Representatives of the People held a council to deliberate whether the attack should be put in execution or not: it is probable they either feared the issue of it, and were desirous to throw all the responsibility of the affair upon General Dugommier, or they were influenced by the opinion entertained by many officers, who conceived success impossible, chiefly on account of the dreadful weather; the rain was falling in torrents.

Dugommier and the Commandant of artillery ridiculed these fears: two columns were formed, and marched against the enemy.

The allied troops, to avoid the effect of the shells and balls, which showered upon the fort, were accustomed to occupy a station at a small distance in the rear of it. The French had great hopes of reaching the works before them; but the enemy had placed a line of skirmishers in front of the fort, and as the musketry commenced firing at the very foot of the hill, the allied troops hastened to the defence of the fort, whence a very brisk fire was immediately opened. Case-shot showered all around. At length, after a most furious attack, Dugommier, who according to his usual custom headed the leading column, was obliged to give way; and in the utmost despair he cried out, "I am a lost man." Success was indeed every way important in those days, for the want of it usually conducted the unfortunate general to the scaffold.

The fire of the cannonading and musketry continued. Captain Muiron of the artillery, a young man full of bravery and resources, and who was the adjoint of the Commandant of artillery, was detached with a battalion of light infantry, and supported by the second column, which followed them at the distance of a musket-shot. He was perfectly acquainted with the position; and he availed himself so well of the windings of the ascent, that he conducted his troops up the mountain without sustaining any loss. He debouched at the foot of the fort: he rushed through an embrasure: his soldiers followed him—and the fort was taken. The English and Spanish cannoneers

were all killed at their guns, and Muiron himself was dangerously wounded by a thrust from the pike of an English soldier.

As soon as they were masters of the fort, the French immediately turned the cannon against the enemy.

By the time that Dugommier had been three hours in the redoubt, the Representatives of the People came with their drawn swords in their hands to load the troops which occupied it with eulogiums. [This positively contradicts the accounts of that time, which incorrectly state that the Representatives marched at the head of the columns.]

At break of day the French marched on Balagnier and l'Eguillette: the enemy had already evacuated those positions. The twenty-four pounders and the mortars were brought to mount these batteries, whence they hoped to cannonade the combined fleets before noon; but the Commandant of the artillery deemed it impossible to fix them there. They were of stone, and the engineers who had constructed them had committed an error in placing a large tower of masonry just at their entrance, so near the platforms that whatever balls might have struck them would have rebounded on the gunners, besides the splinters and rubbish. They therefore planted pieces of cannon on the heights behind the batteries. They could not open their fire until the next day; but no sooner did Lord Hood, the English admiral, see that the French had possessed themselves of these positions, than he made signal to weigh anchor and get out of the roads.

He then went to Toulon, to make it known that there was not a moment to be lost in getting out to sea directly. The weather was dark and cloudy, and every thing announced the approach of the Libeccio (or south-west) wind, so terrible at this season. The council of the combined forces immediately met; and, after mature deliberation, they unanimously agreed that Toulon was no longer tenable. They accordingly proceeded to take measures as well for the embarkation of the troops, as for burning and sinking such French vessels as they could not carry away with them, and setting fire to the marine establishments: they likewise gave notice to all the inhabitants, that those who wished to leave the place might embark on board the English and Spanish fleets.

When these disastrous tidings were spread abroad, a scene of confusion took place which it would be difficult to describe; any more than the disorder and astonishment of the garrison, and of the unfortunate inhabitants, who, only a few hours before, calculating on the great distance of the besiegers from the place, the slow progress of the siege during four months, and the expected arrival of reinforcements, not only hoped to effect the raising of the siege, but even to become masters of Provence.

In the night, Fort Poné was blown up by the English, and an hour afterwards, a part of the French squadron was set on fire. Nine seventy-four gun ships and four frigates or corvettes became a prey to the flames.

The fire and smoke from the arsenal resembled the eruption of a volcano, and the thirteen vessels which were burning in the road were like so many magnificent displays of fireworks. The masts and forms of the vessels were distinctly marked by the blaze, which lasted many

hours, and formed an unparalleled spectacle. It was a heart-rending sight to the French to see such grand resources, and so much wealth, consumed within so short a period. They feared, at first, that the English would blow up Fort La Malgue, but it appeared that they had not time to do so.

The Commandant of artillery then went to Malbosquet. The fort was already evacuated. He ordered the fieldpieces to sweep the ramparts of the town, and heighten the confusion by throwing shells from the howitzers into the port, until the mortars, which were upon the road with their carriages, could be planted in the batteries, and shells thrown from them in the same direction.

General Lapoype took possession of Fort Pharaon, which was evacuated by the enemy. During all this time the batteries of l'Eguillette and Balagnier kept up an incessant fire on the vessels in the road. Many of the English ships were much damaged, and a great number of transports with troops on board were sunk. The batteries continued their fire all the night, and at break of day the English fleet was seen out at sea. By nine o'clock in the morning a high Libeccio wind got up, and the English ships were forced to put into the Hyeres.

Many thousands of the families of Toulon had followed the English; so that the revolutionary tribunals found but few of the guilty in the place: all the parties most deeply implicated had left it. Nevertheless, above a hundred unfortunate wretches were shot within the first fortnight.

Orders afterwards arrived from the Convention for demolishing the houses of Toulon: the absurdity of this measure did not impede the execution of it, and many houses were pulled down, which were obliged subsequently to be built up again.

During the siege of Toulon, the army of Italy had been attacked on the Var. The Piedmontese had attempted to invade Provence, and got nearly as far as Entrevaux; but being defeated at Gillette, they retreated, and retired within their lines.

The news of the taking of Toulon caused a sensation in Provence and throughout France, the more lively as such success was unexpected and almost unhoped-for. From this event Napoleon's reputation commenced: he was made Brigadier-general of artillery in consequence, and appointed to the command of that department in the Army of Italy. General Dugommier was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Eastern Pyrenees.

CHAPTER III.

1794—1795.

Proposal to send Bonaparte to La Vendée—He is struck off the list of general officers—Salicetti—Joseph's marriage with Mademoiselle Clary—Bonaparte's wish to go to Turkey—Note explaining the plan of his proposed expedition—Madame Bourrienne's character of Bonaparte, and account of her husband's arrest—Constitution of the year III.—The 13th Vendémiaire—Bonaparte appointed second in command of the army of the interior—Eulogium of Bonaparte by Barras, and its consequences—St. Helena manuscript.

General Bonaparte returned to Paris, where I also arrived from Germany shortly after him. Our intimacy was resumed, and he gave me an account of all that had passed in the campaign of the south. He frequently alluded to the persecutions he had suffered, and he delivered to me the packet of papers, noticed in the last chapter, desiring me to communicate their contents to my friends. He was very anxious, he said, to do away with the supposition that he was capable of betraying his country, and, under the pretence of a mission to Genoa, becoming a spy on the interests of France. He loved to talk over his military achievements at Toulon and in Italy. He spoke of his first successes with that feeling of pleasure and gratification which they were naturally calculated to excite in him.

The government wished to send him to La Vendée with the rank of brigadier-general of infantry. Bonaparte rejected this proposition, on two grounds. He thought the scene of action unworthy of his talents, and he regarded his projected removal from the artillery to the infantry as a sort of insult. This last was his most powerful objection, and was the only one he urged officially. In consequence of his refusal to accept the appointment offered him, the Committee of Public Safety decreed that he should be struck off the list of general officers.

Deeply mortified at this unexpected stroke, Bonaparte retired into private life, and found himself doomed to an inactivity very uncongenial with his ardent character. He lodged in the Rue de Mail, near the Place de Victoires, and we recommenced the sort of life we had led in 1792, before his departure for Corsica. It was not without a struggle that he determined to await

patiently the removal of the prejudices which were cherished against him by men in power; and he hoped that, in the perpetual changes which were taking place, those men might be superseded by others more favourable to him. He frequently dined and spent the evening with me and my elder brother; and his pleasant conversation and manners made the hours pass away very agreeably. I called on him almost every morning, and I met at his lodgings several persons who were distinguished at the time; among others, Salicetti, with whom he used to maintain very animated conversations, and who would often solicit a private interview with him. On one occasion, Salicetti paid him three thousand francs, in assignats, as the price of his carriage, which his straightened circumstances obliged him to dispose of.* I could easily perceive that our young friend either was, or wished to be, initiated in some political intrigue; and I moreover suspected, that Salicetti had bound him by an oath not to disclose the plans that were hatching. He became pensive, melancholy, and anxious; and he always looked with impatience for Salicetti's daily visit.† Sometimes, withdrawing his mind from political affairs, he would envy the happiness of his brother Joseph, who had just then married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a rich and respectable merchant of Marseilles. He would often say, "That Joseph is a lucky rogue."

Meanwhile time passed away, and none of his projects succeeded—none of his applications were listened to. He was vexed by the injustice with which he was treated, and tormented by the desire of entering upon some active pursuit. He could not endure the thought of remaining buried in the crowd. He determined to quit France; and the favourite idea, which he never afterwards relinquished, that the east is a fine field for glory, inspired him with the wish to proceed to

* Of Napoleon's poverty at this time, Madame Junot says, "On Bonaparte's return to Paris, after the misfortunes of which he accused Salicetti of being the cause, he was in very destitute circumstances. His family, who were banished from Corsica, found an asylum at Marseilles; and they could not now do for him what they would have done had they been in the country whence they derived their pecuniary resources. From time to time he received remittances of money, and I suspect they came from his excellent brother Joseph, who had then recently married Mademoiselle Clary; but with all his economy, these supplies were insufficient. Bonaparte was therefore in absolute distress. Junot often used to speak of the six months they passed together in Paris at this time. When they took an evening stroll on the Boulevard, which used to be the resort of young men, mounted on fine horses, and displaying all the luxury which they were permitted to show at that time. Bonaparte would declaim against fate, and express his contempt for the dandies with their whiskers and their *oreilles de chien*, who as they rode past were eulogizing in ecstasy, the manner in which Madame Scio sang *paole pafumée, paole panachée*. "And it is on such beings as these," he would say, "that Fortune confers her favours: Grand Dieu! how contemptible is human nature!"—*Editor*.

† Salicetti was implicated in the insurrection of the 20th May, 1795, 1st Prairial, year III., and was obliged to fly to Venice.

Constantinople, and to enter the service of the Grand Signior! What romantic plans, what stupendous projects he conceived! He asked me whether I would go with him? I replied in the negative. I looked upon him as a half-crazy young fellow, who was driven to extravagant enterprises and desperate resolutions by his restless activity of mind, joined to the irritating treatment he had experienced, and, perhaps, it may be added, his want of money. He did not blame me for my refusal to accompany him; and he told me that Junot, Marmont, and some other young officers whom he had known at Toulon, would be willing to follow his fortunes.

He drew up a note, which commenced with the words *Note for . . . .* It was addressed to no one, and was merely a plan. Some days after, he wrote out another, which, however, did not differ very materially from the first, and which he addressed to Aubert and Coni. I made him a fair copy of it, and it was regularly forwarded. It was as follows:

NOTE.

Aubert, Coni } 2500 artillerymen.

At a moment when the Empress of Russia has strengthened her union with the Emperor of Austria, it is the interest of France to do every thing in her power to increase the military power of Turkey.

That power possesses a numerous and brave militia, but is very backward in the scientific part of the art of war.

The organization and the service of the artillery, which, in our modern tactics, so powerfully facilitate the gaining of battles, and on which, almost exclusively, depend the attack and defence of fortresses, are especially the points in which France excels, and in which the Turks are most deficient.

They have several times applied to us for artillery officers, and we have sent them some; but the officers thus sent have not been sufficiently powerful, either in numbers or talent, to produce any important result.

General Bonaparte, who, from his youth, has served in the artillery, of which he was intrusted with the command at the siege of Toulon, and in the two campaigns of Italy, offers his services to proceed to Turkey, with a mission from the French government.

He proposes to take along with him six or seven officers, of different kinds, and who may be, altogether, perfect masters of the military art.

He will have the satisfaction of being useful to his country in this new career, if he succeed in rendering the Turkish power more formidable, by completing the defence of their principal fortresses, and constructing new ones.

This note shows the error of the often-repeated assertion, that he proposed entering the service of the Turks against Austria.

He makes no mention of such a thing; and the two countries were not at war.*

No answer was returned to this note. Turkey remained unaided, and Bonaparte unoccupied. I must confess, that for the failure of this project, at least, I was not sorry. I should have regretted to see a young man, of great promise, and one for whom I cherished a sincere friendship, devote himself to so uncertain a fate. If, however, a clerk of the War Office had but written on the note "*granted*," that little word would probably have changed the fate of Europe.

Bonaparte remained in Paris, forming schemes for the gratification of his ambition, and his desire of making a figure in the world; but obstacles opposed all he attempted.

Women are better judges of character than men. Madame de Bourrienne, knowing the intimacy which subsisted between my young friend and me, observed him very closely. She preserved some notes which she made upon Bonaparte, and the circumstances which struck her as most remarkable, during our early connexion with him. My wife did not entertain so favourable an opinion of him as I did; the warm friendship I cherished for him, probably, blinded me to his faults. I subjoin Madame de Bourrienne's notes, word for word.

On the day after our second return from Germany, which was in May 1795, we met Bonaparte in the Palais Royal, near a shop kept by a man named Girardin. Bonaparte embraced Bourrienne as a friend whom he loved, and was glad to see. We went that evening to the Théâtre Français. The performance consisted of a tragedy, and "Le Sourd, ou l'Auberge pleine." During the latter piece the audience were convulsed with laughter. The part of Dasnières was represented by Batiste the younger, and it was never played better. The bursts of laughter were so loud and frequent, that the actor was several times obliged to stop in the midst of his part. Bonaparte alone (and it struck me as being very extraordinary) was silent, and coldly insensible to the humour which was so irresistibly diverting to every one else. I remarked at this period that his character was reserved, and frequently gloomy. His smile was hypocritical, and often misplaced; and I recollect that a few days after our return, he gave us one of those specimens of savage hilarity which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us, that being before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services that day. The

* The Scottish biographer makes Bonaparte say that it would be strange if a little Corsican should become King of Jerusalem. I never heard any thing drop from him which supports the probability of such a remark, and certainly there is nothing in his note to warrant the inference of his having made

general was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exultation. The moment of the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. He was stationed beside the general, and during an interval when the firing from the town was very strong, Bonaparte called out to him, "Take care, there is a bomb-shell coming!" The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness.

At this time we saw him almost every day. He frequently came to dine with us. As there was a scarcity of bread, and sometimes only two ounces per head daily were distributed in the section, it was customary to request one's guests to bring their own bread, as it could not be procured for money. Bonaparte, and his brother Louis (a mild, agreeable young man, who was the general's aide-de-camp) used to bring with them their ration bread, which was black, and mixed with bran. I was sorry to observe that all this bad bread fell to the share of the poor aide-de-camp, for we provided the general with a finer kind, which was made clandestinely by a pastrycook, from flour which we contrived to smuggle from Sens, where my husband had some farms. Had we been denounced, the affair might have cost us our heads.

We spent six weeks in Paris, and we went frequently with Bonaparte to the theatres, and to the fine concerts given by Garat, in the Rue St. Marc. These were the first brilliant entertainments that took place after the death of Robespierre. There was always something eccentric in Bonaparte's behaviour, for he often slipped away from us without saying a word; and when we were supposing he had left the theatre, we would suddenly discover him in the second or third tier, sitting alone in a box, and looking rather sulky.

Before our departure for Sens, where my husband's family reside, and which was fixed upon for the place of my first accouchement, we looked out for more agreeable apartments than we had in the Rue Grenier, Saint Lazare, which were on a ground floor. Bonaparte used to accompany us and assist us in our researches. At last we took the first floor of a handsome new house, No. 19, Rue de Marais. Bonaparte, who wished to stop in Paris, went to look at a house opposite to ours. He had thoughts of taking it, for himself, his uncle Fesch, now Cardinal Fesch, and a gentleman named Patrauld, formerly one of the masters of the Military School. One day he said, "With that house over there, my friends in it, and a cabriolet, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world."

We soon after left town for Sens. The house was not taken, for other and great affairs were preparing. During the interval between our departure and the fatal day of Vendémiaire, several letters passed between him and his school companion. These letters were of the most amiable and affectionate description. [They have been stolen.] On our return, in November of the same year, every thing was changed. The college friend was now a great personage. He had got the command of Paris in return for the business of Vendémiaire. Instead of a small house in the Rue de Marais, he occupied a splendid

hotel in the Rue des Capucines; the modest cabriolet was converted into a superb equipage, and the man himself was no longer the same. But the friends of his youth were still received when they made their morning calls. They were invited to grand déjeûners, which were sometimes attended by ladies; and, among others, by the beautiful Madame Tallien and her friend, the amiable Madame Beauharnais, to whom Bonaparte had begun to pay attention. He cared little for his friends, and ceased to address them in the style of familiar equality. I shall mention only one instance, that of M. Rey, whose father lost his life in the siege of Lyons, and who, being there himself, was saved as by a miracle. He was a gentle, amiable youth, and devoted to the royal cause. We used to see him daily. He waited on his college comrade; but being unable to bring himself to speak in the tone of distant respect, Bonaparte soon turned his back upon him, and on seeing him again did not speak a word to him. The only thing he did for him was to appoint him to the wretched place of an inspector of provisions, which Rey could not accept. Three years after, he died of a pulmonary affection, regretted by all his friends.

After the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, M. de Bourrienne saw Bonaparte only at distant periods. In the month of February, 1796, my husband was arrested, at seven in the morning, by a party of men, armed with muskets, on the charge of being a returned emigrant. He was torn from his wife and his child, only six months old, being barely allowed time to dress himself. I followed him. They conveyed him to the guard-house of the section, and thence I know not whither. In every place he was treated in a most infamous manner: and, finally, in the evening, they placed him in the lock-up-house of the prefecture of police, which, I believe, is now called the central bureau. There he passed two nights and a day, among men of the lowest description, some of whom were even malefactors. His wife and his friends ran about every where, trying to find somebody to protect him, and, among the rest, Bonaparte was applied to. It was with great difficulty he could be seen. Madame de Bourrienne, accompanied by one of her husband's friends, waited for the Commandant of Paris until midnight, but he *did not come home.* Next morning she returned at an early hour, and found him. She stated what had happened to her husband, whose head was then at stake. He appeared to feel very little for the situation of his friend. However, he determined to write to Merlin, the minister of justice. Madame de Bourrienne carried the letter according to its address. She met the minister as he was coming down stairs, on his way to the Directory. Being in grand costume, he wore a Henri IV. hat, surmounted with a multitude of plumes, a dress which formed a singular contrast with his person. He opened the letter; and whether it was that he cared as little for the general as the cause of M. de Bourrienne's arrest, he replied, that the business was no longer in his hands, and that it was now under the cognizance of the public administrators of the laws. The minister then stepped into his carriage, and the lady was conducted to several offices in his hotel. She passed through them with a broken heart, for she met with none but harsh men, who told her that the prisoner deserved death. From them she learned that on the following day he would be brought before the judge of the peace for

his section, who would decide whether there was ground for putting him on his trial. In fact, this proceeding took place next day. He was conveyed to the house of the judge of the peace for the section of Bondy, Rue Grange-aux-Belles, whose name was Lemaire. His countenance was mild; and though his manner was cold, he had none of the harshness and ferocity common to the government agents of that time. His examination of the charge was long, and he several times shook his head. The moment of decision had arrived, and every thing seemed to indicate that the termination would be to place the prisoner under accusation. At seven o'clock he desired his wife to be called; she hastened to him, and beheld a most heart-rending scene. He was suffering under a hæmorrhage, which had continued since two o'clock, and had interrupted the examination. The judge of the peace, who looked sad, sat with his head resting on his hand. She threw herself at his feet, and implored his clemency. The wife and the two daughters of the judge visited this scene of sorrow, and assisted Madame de Bourrienne in softening him. He was a worthy and feeling man, a good husband and parent. It was evident that he struggled between compassion and duty. He kept looking over the laws on the subject, and, after long researches, said to me, "To-morrow is Décadi, and no proceedings can take place on that day. Find, Madame, two responsible persons, who will answer for the appearance of your husband, and I will permit him to go home with you, accompanied by the two guardians." Next day two friends were found, one of whom was M. Desmaisons, counsellor of the court, who became bail for M. de Bourrienne. He continued under these guardians six months, until a law compelled the persons who were inscribed on the fatal list to remove to the distance of ten leagues from Paris. One of the guardians was a man of straw; the other was a knight of St. Louis. The former was left in the anti-chamber; the latter made, every evening, one of our party at cards. The family of M. de Bourrienne have always felt the warmest gratitude to the judge of the peace and his family. That worthy man saved the life of M. de Bourrienne, who, when he returned from Egypt, and had it in his power to do him some service, hastened to his house; but the good judge was no more!

The letters mentioned in the narrative were at this time stolen from me by the police officers.

Every one was now eager to pay court to a man who had risen from the crowd in consequence of the part he had acted at an extraordinary crisis, and who was spoken of as the future general of the army of Italy. It was expected that he would be gratified, as he really was, by the restoration of some letters which contained the expression of his former very modest wishes, called to recollection his unpleasant situation, his limited ambition, his pretended aversion for public employment, and finally exhibited his intimate relations with those who were, without hestitation, characterized as Emigrants, to be afterwards made the victims of confiscation and death.

The 13th of Vendémiaire (October 5, 1795) was approaching.

The National Convention had been painfully delivered of a new constitution, called, from the epoch of its birth, "the Constitution of Year III." It was adopted on the 22d of August, 1795. The provident legislators did not forget themselves. They stipulated that two-thirds of their body should form part of the new legislature. The party opposed to the Convention hoped, on the contrary, that, by a general election, a majority would be obtained for its opinion. That opinion was against the continuation of power in the hands of men who had already so greatly abused it. The same opinion was also entertained by a great part of the most influential sections of Paris, both as to the possession of property and talent. These sections declared that, in accepting the new constitution, they rejected the decree of the 30th of August, which required the re-election of two-thirds. The Convention, therefore, found itself menaced in what it held most dear—its power, and, accordingly, resorted to measures of defence. A declaration was put forth, stating that the Convention, if attacked, would remove to Chalons-sur-Marne; and the commanders of the armed force were called upon to defend that body.

The 5th of October, the day on which the sections of Paris attacked the Convention, is certainly one which ought to be marked in the wonderful destiny of Bonaparte. With the events of that day were linked, as cause and effect, many great political convulsions of Europe. The blood which flowed ripened the seeds of the youthful general's ambition. It must be admitted that the history of past ages presents few periods full of such extraordinary events as the years included between 1795 and 1815. The man whose name serves, in some measure, as a recapitulation of all these great events, was entitled to believe himself immortal.

Living retired at Sens since the month of July, I only learned what had occasioned the insurrection of the sections from public report and the journals. I cannot, therefore, say what part Bonaparte may have taken in the intrigues which preceded that day. He was officially characterized only as secondary actor in the scene. The account of the affair which was published announces that Barras was, on that very day, commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and Bonaparte second in command. Bonaparte drew up that account. The whole of the manuscript was in his handwriting, and it exhibits all the peculiarity of his style and orthography. He sent me a copy.

Those who read the bulletin of the 13th Vendémiaire, cannot fail to observe the care which Bonaparte took to cast the reproach of shedding the first blood on the men he calls rebels. He made a great point of representing his adversaries as the aggressors. It is certain he long regretted that day. He often told me that he would give years of his life to blot it out from

the page of his history. He was convinced that the people of Paris were dreadfully irritated against him, and he would have been glad if Barras had never made that speech in the Convention, with the part of which, complimentary to himself, he was at the time so well pleased. Barras said, "It is to his able and prompt dispositions that we are indebted for the defence of this assembly, around which he had posted the troops with the greatest skill." This is perfectly true, but it is not always agreeable that every truth should be told. Being out of Paris, and a total stranger to this affair, I know not how far he was indebted for his success to chance, or to his own exertions, in the part assigned to him by the miserable government which then oppressed France. He represented himself only as secondary actor in this sanguinary scene in which Barras made him his associate. He sent to me, as already mentioned, an account of the transaction, written entirely in his own hand, and distinguished by all the peculiarities of his style and orthography.*

"On the 13th," says Bonaparte, "at five o'clock in the morning, the representative of the people, Barras, was appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and General Bonaparte was nominated second in command.

"The artillery for service was still at the camp of Sablons, guarded solely by one hundred and fifty men; the remainder was at Marly with two hundred men. The depot of Meudon was left unprotected. There were at Feuillans, only a few four-pounders without artillery-men, and but 80,000 cartridges. The victualling depots were dispersed throughout Paris. In many sections, the drums beat to arms; the section of the Théâtre Français had advanced posts even as far as the Pont Neuf, which it had barricaded.

"General Barras ordered the artillery to be transported immediately from the camp of Sablons to the Tuileries, and selected the artillery-men from the battalions of the 89th regiment, and from the *gendarmerie*, and placed them at the palace; sent to Meudon 200 men of the police legion whom he brought from Versailles, 50 cavalry, and two companies of veterans; he ordered the property which was at Marly to be conveyed to Meudon; caused cartridges to be brought there, and established a workshop at that place for the manufacture of more. He secured means for the subsistence of the army and of the Convention for many days, independently of the depots which were in the sections.

"General Verdier, who commanded at the Palais National, exhibited great coolness; he was required not to suffer a shot

* Joseph Bonaparte, in a note on this passage, insinuates that the account of the 13th Vendémiaire was never sent to Sens, but was abstracted by Bourrienne, with other documents, from Napoleon's cabinet.—*Editor.*

to be fired till the last extremity. In the mean time, reports reached him from all quarters acquainting him that the sections were assembled in arms, and had formed their columns. He, accordingly, arrayed his troops so as to defend the Convention, and his artillery was in readiness to repulse the rebels. His cannon was planted at Feuillans' to fire down the Rue St. Honoré. Eight-pounders were pointed at every opening, and in the event of any mishap, General Verdier had cannon in reserve to fire in flank upon the column which should have forced a passage. He left in the Carrousel three howitzers (eight-pounders) to batter down the houses, from which the Convention might be fired upon. At four o'clock, the rebel columns marched out from every street to unite their forces. It was necessary to take advantage of this critical moment to attack the insurgents, even had they been regular troops. But the blood about to flow was French; it was therefore for these misguided people, already guilty of rebellion, to imbrue their hands in the blood of their countrymen by striking the first blow.

"At a quarter before five o'clock, the insurgents had formed. The attack was commenced by them on all sides. They were every where routed. French blood was spilled: the crime, as well as the disgrace, fell this day upon the sections.

"Among the dead were every where to be recognised emigrants, landowners, and nobles; the prisoners consisted for the most part of the *chouans* of Charette.

"Nevertheless, the sections did not consider themselves beaten: they took refuge in the church of St. Roch, in the theatre of the republic, and in the Palais Egalité; and every where they were heard furiously exciting the inhabitants to arms. To spare the blood which would have been shed the next day, it was necessary that no time should be given them to rally, but to follow them with vigour, though without incurring fresh hazards. The general ordered Montchoisy, who commanded a reserve at the Place de la Révolution, to form a column with two twelve-pounders, to march by the Boulevard in order to turn the Place Vendôme, to form a junction with the picket stationed at head-quarters, and to return in the same order of column.

"General Brune, with two howitzers, deployed in the streets of St. Nicaise, and St. Honoré. General Cartaux sent two hundred men and a four-pounder of his division, by the Rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre, to deploy in the square of the Palais Egalité. General Bonaparte, who had his horse killed under him, repaired to Feuillans'.

"The columns began to move. St. Roch, and the theatre of the republic, were taken by assault, when the rebels abandoned them, and retreated to the upper part of the Rue de la Loi, and barricaded themselves on all sides. Patrols were sent thither, and several cannon-shots were fired during the night, in order

to destroy their defences, which object was effectually accomplished.

"At daybreak, the general having learned that some students from the St. Geneviève side of the river were marching with two pieces of cannon to succour the rebels, sent a detachment of dragoons in pursuit of them, who seized the cannon and conducted them to the Tuileries. The enfeebled sections, however, still showed a front. They had barricaded the section of Grenelle, and placed their cannon in the principal streets. At nine o'clock, General Beruyer hastened to form his division in battle array in the Place Vendôme, marched with two eight-pounders to the Rue des Vieux-Augustins, and pointed them in the direction of the Section Le Pelletier. General Vachet, with a corps of *tirailleurs*, marched on his right, ready to advance to the Place Victoire. General Brune marched to the Perron, and planted two howitzers at the upper end of the Rue Vivienne. General Duvigier, with his column of six hundred men, and two twelve-pounders, advanced to the streets of St. Roch and Montmartre; but the sections lost courage with the apprehension of seeing their retreat cut off. They evacuated the post, and, at the sight of our soldiers, forgot the honour of the French name which they had to support. The section of Brutus still caused some uneasiness. The wife of a representative had been arrested there. General Duvigier was ordered to proceed along the Boulevard as far as the Rue Poissonnière. Beruyer took up a position at the Place Victoire, and General Bonaparte occupied the Pont-au-Change.

"The Section of Brutus was surrounded, and the troops advanced upon the Place de Grève, where the crowd poured in from the Isle St. Louis, from the Théâtre Français, and from the Palace. Every where the patriots had regained their courage, while the poniards of the emigrants, armed against us, had disappeared. The people universally admitted their error.

"The next day the two sections of Le Pelletier and the Théâtre Français were disarmed."*

* The following history of the famous 13th Vendémiaire, will, no doubt, be interesting to the reader, and will supply M. de Bourrienne's deficiency in this respect.—"The expectations founded on the armies of Europe, on the progress of internal discord, and on the attempt of the Emigrants having failed, recourse was next had to the discontented Sections. It was hoped to bring about the counter-revolution by means of the new Directorial Constitution. This constitution was nevertheless the work of the moderate republican party; but inasmuch as it gave the ascendant to the middle classes, the royalist intriguers indulged confident expectations of entering by their means into the Legislature and the Government. The Convention having suppressed the Jacobins and the Faux-bourgs in order to put an end to anarchy and violence, the *Jeunesse Dorée* thought this a proper time to insult their fellow-citizens as Republicans, and the Sections rose against the Convention to annul its authority now that it was mildly and beneficially exercised, and to restore despotism and the ancient *régime*: upon what principle it is impossible to guess, except that mentioned by Luther, that 'human reason is like a drunken man on horseback—set it up on one side,

The result of this petty civil war brought Bonaparte forward; but the party he defeated at that period never pardoned him for the past, and that which he supported dreaded him in the future. Five years after, he will be found reviving the principles which he combated on the 5th of October, 1795. On being appointed, on the motion of Barras, Lieutenant-general of the Army of the Interior, he established his head-quarters in the Rue Neuve des Capucines. The statement in the "Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène," that after the 13th Brumaire he remained unemployed at Paris, is, therefore, obviously erroneous.

To avoid returning to this "Manuscrit de St. Hélène," which at the period of its appearance attracted more attention than it deserved, and which was very generally attributed to Bonaparte, I shall here say a few words respecting it. I shall briefly repeat what I said in a note when my opinion was asked, under high authority, by a minister of Louis XVIII.

and it is sure to fall over on the other.' Or rather, passion is only satisfied with mischievous extremes—moderation and wisdom appear to be its bane—and reason is the dupe of sophistry and passion.

"The Convention notwithstanding held an even course and was determined to keep it. To avoid the error of the first Constituent Assembly, which had involved France in endless troubles, by the prudery of excluding its members from the subsequent assembly, the Convention decreed the re-election of two-thirds of its members. This prompt and seasonable step, which had for its object to save the country from the return of anarchy or a counter-revolution, excited the greatest possible ferment; the Royalist Committee came to an understanding with the journalists and shopkeepers of Paris; the Fauxbourg St. Germain, hitherto deserted, was filled from day to day with emigrants in the Chouan uniform, who made no secret of their design of restoring absolute power, while the section Lepelletier (or Filles St. Thomas) under the guidance of La Harpe, Lacretelle, and other literary drivellers, at once the accomplices and dupes of the surviving party, declared loudly (in order to arrive by a diversion at the same end) that all power resided in the assembled people. The struggle became more and more furious; the majority of the sections of Paris sided with the section Lepelletier in rejecting the decree of the Convention, who however, on the 1st of Vendémiaire, pronounced both that and the Constitution to have been acceded to by the majority of the primary assemblies throughout France. The Sections had now nothing to do but submit; but as they had farther objects in view, or were led on by those who had, they were by no means disposed to do so. They proceeded to nominate the electors, who were to choose the new members after their own fashion, and to organize an armed force to defend their meetings.

"The Convention, apprized of the coming storm and not inclined tamely to yield to it, collected the troops from the camp of Sablons, delegated its powers to a Committee of five persons, Colombel, Barras, Daunou, Letourneur, and Merlin of Douai, who were charged with the care of the public safety; enrolled a *Battalion of the Patriots of Eighty-nine* (amounting to fifteen or eighteen hundred old revolutionists, who had been objects of persecution to the *réactionnaires* in the southern departments), and on the 11th, at night, sent to dissolve the assembly of electors by force, but they had already adjourned. During the night of the 11th, the decree which dissolved the college of electors and armed the Battalion of Patriots of Eighty-nine, produced the greatest consternation and was represented as a return to the system of terror. The Section Lepelletier did every thing in its power to incite the other Sections to revolt. The Convention, no less alarmed, resolved to give the first blow and bring the affair to a conclusion by disarming the refractory Sections.

No reader intimately acquainted with public affairs can be deceived by the pretended authenticity of this pamphlet. What does it contain? Facts perverted and heaped together without method, and related in an obscure, affected, and ridiculously sententious style. Besides what appears in it, but which is badly placed there, it is impossible not to remark the omission of what should necessarily be there, were Napoleon the author. Some truths are mixed up with an inconceivable mass of falsehoods. Some forms of expression used by Bonaparte are occasionally met with, but they are awkwardly introduced, and often with bad taste.

It has been reported that the pamphlet was written by M. Bertrand, formerly an officer of the army of the Vistula, and a relation of the Count de Simeon, peer of France.

"On the 12th of Vendémiaire at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, General Menou, accompanied by the Representatives of the People, who always attended on such occasions as Commissioners of the Army of the Interior, proceeded with a numerous escort to the place of rendezvous of the Section Lepelletier to put the decree of the Convention in execution. The infantry, cavalry, and artillery were all crowded together in the Rue Vivienne, at the extremity of which stood the Convent of the *Filles St. Thomas*. The Sectionaries occupied the windows of the houses in this street. Several of their battalions drew up in line in the court-yard of the convent, and the military force which General Menou led found itself placed in an embarrassing predicament. The Committee of the Section having designated themselves as a deputation of the Sovereign People in the exercise of their original functions, which the convention had usurped, they refused to obey its orders; and after an hour spent in useless conferences, General Menou and the Commissioners withdrew by a sort of capitulation, without having dissolved or disarmed the meeting. The Section thus victorious declared themselves in permanence; sent deputations to the other Sections, boasting of its success and urgently recommending the measures best calculated to ensure the common triumph. In this manner it prepared for the contest of the 13th of Vendémiaire."—*Hazlitt.*

CHAPTER IV.

1795—1797.

On my return to Paris I meet Bonaparte—His interview with Josephine—My return to Sens—Bonaparte's marriage, and departure from Paris ten days after—Portrait and character of Josephine—Bonaparte's dislike of national property—Letter of General Colli, and Bonaparte's reply—Bonaparte refuses to serve with Kellerman—Marmont's letters—Bonaparte's order to me to join the army—My departure from Sens for Italy—Insurrection of the Venetian States.

After the 13th Vendémiaire, I visited Paris. During the short time I stopped there, I saw Bonaparte less frequently than formerly. I had, however, no reason to attribute this to any thing but the pressure of public business with which he was now occupied. When I did meet him, it was most commonly at breakfast or dinner. One day he called my attention to a young lady who sat opposite to him, and asked what I thought of her. The way in which I answered his question appeared to give him much pleasure. I readily gathered from his conversation, that his union with this young widow would probably assist him in gaining the objects of his ambition. His constantly increasing influence with her had already brought him into contact with the most influential persons of that epoch. He remained in Paris only ten days after his marriage, which took place on the 9th of March 1796.*

* Bonaparte's first interview with Josephine, and the circumstance which gave rise to it, are thus described in the "Memoires de Constant."

"Eugene was not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age when he ventured to introduce himself to General Bonaparte, for the purpose of soliciting his father's sword, of which he understood the general had become possessed. The countenance, air, and frank manner of Eugene, pleased Bonaparte, and he immediately granted him the boon he sought. As soon as the sword was placed in the boy's hands, he burst into tears, and kissed it. This feeling of affection for his father's memory, and the natural manner in which it was evinced, increased the interest of Bonaparte for his young visiter. Madame de Beauharnais, on learning the kind reception which the general had given her son, thought it her duty to call and thank him. Bonaparte was much pleased with Josephine on this first interview, and he returned her visit. The acquaintance thus commenced, speedily led to their marriage."

This anecdote is related in nearly the same terms, in "A Voice from St. Helena."—*Editor.*

Madame Bonaparte possessed personal graces and many good qualities. I am convinced that all who were acquainted with her must have felt bound to speak well of her; to few, indeed, did she ever give cause for complaint. Benevolence was natural to her, but she was not always prudent in its exercise. Hence her protection was often extended to persons who did not deserve it. Her taste for splendour and expense was excessive. This proneness to luxury became a habit which seemed constantly indulged without any motive. What scenes have I not witnessed when the moment for paying the tradesmen's bills arrived! She always kept back one half of their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches, How many tears did she shed which might have been easily spared!

When fortune placed a crown on her head, she told me that the event, extraordinary as it was, had been predicted. It is certain that she put faith in fortune-tellers. I often expressed to her my astonishment, that she should cherish such a belief, and she readily laughed at her own credulity; but notwithstanding, never abandoned it. The event had given importance to the prophecy; but the foresight of the prophetess, said to be an old negress, was not the less a matter of doubt.

Not long before the 13th of Vendémiaire, that day which opened for Bonaparte his immense career, he addressed a letter to me at Sens, in which, after some of his usually friendly expressions, he said, "Look out a small piece of land in your beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will purchase something of the sort, as soon as I can scrape together the money. I wish to retire there; but recollect that I will have nothing to do with national property."

Bonaparte left Paris on the 21st of March, 1796, while I was still with my guardians. He no sooner joined the army than General Colli transmitted to him the following letter, which, with its answer, I think sufficiently interesting to deserve preservation.

GENERAL,

I suppose that you are ignorant of the arrest of one of my officers, named Moulin, the bearer of a flag of truce, who has been detained for some days past at Murseco, contrary to the laws of war, and notwithstanding an immediate demand for his liberation being made by General Count Vidal. His being a French emigrant cannot take from him the rights of a flag of truce, and I again claim him in that character. The courtesy and generosity which I have always experienced from the generals of your nation, induces me to hope that I shall not make this application in vain; and it is with regret that I mention that your chief of brigade, Barthelemy, who ordered the unjust arrest of my flag of truce, having yesterday by the chance of war fallen into my hands, that officer will be dealt with according to the treatment which M. Moulin may receive.

The Empress Josephine

I most sincerely wish that nothing may occur to change the noble and humane conduct which the two nations have hitherto been accustomed to observe towards each other.

(Signed) COLLI.

Ceva, April 17th, 1796.

Bonaparte replied as follows:

GENERAL,

An emigrant is a parricide whom no character can render sacred. The feelings of honour, and the respect due to the French people, were forgotten when M. Moulin was sent as a flag of truce. You know the laws of war: and I therefore do not give credit to the reprisals with which you threaten the chief of brigade, Barthelemy. If, contrary to the laws of war, you authorize such an act of barbarism, all the prisoners taken from you shall be immediately made responsible for it with the most deplorable vengeance, for I entertain for the officers of your nation that esteem which is due to brave warriors.

The Executive Directory, to whom these letters were transmitted, approved the arrest of M. Moulin; but ordered that he should be securely guarded, and not brought to trial in consequence of the character with which he was invested.

About the middle of the year 1796, the Directory proposed to appoint General Kellerman, who commanded the army of the Alps, second in command of the army of Italy.

On the 24th of May, 1796, Bonaparte wrote to Carnot respecting this plan, which was far from being agreeable to him. He said, "Whether I shall be employed here or any where else is indifferent to me: to serve the country, and to merit from posterity a page in our history, is all my ambition. If you join Kellerman and me in command in Italy, you will undo every thing. General Kellerman has more experience than I, and knows how to make war better than I do; but both together, we shall make it badly. I will not willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe."

Numbers of letters from Bonaparte to his wife have been published. I cannot deny their authenticity, nor is it my wish to do so. I will, however, subjoin one which appears to me to differ a little from the rest. It is less remarkable for exaggerated expressions of love, and a singularly ambitious and affected style, than most of the correspondence here alluded to. Bonaparte is announcing the victory of Arcola to Josephine.

Verona, the 29th, noon.*

At length, my adored Josephine, I live again. Death is no longer before me, and glory and honour are still in my breast. The enemy is beaten at Arcola. To-morrow we will repair the blunder of Vaubois, who abandoned Rivoli. In a week Mantua will be ours, and then thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent affection. I shall proceed to Milan as soon as I can: I am

* There is no other date; but the name of Arcola is sufficient.

a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. I will send you their letters as soon as I am joined by my household which is now somewhat dispersed.

We have made five thousand prisoners, and killed at least six thousand of the enemy. Adieu, my adorable Josephine. Think of me often. When you cease to love your Achilles, when your heart grows cool towards him, you will be very cruel, very unjust. But I am sure you will always continue my faithful mistress, as I shall ever remain your fond lover. Death alone can break the union which sympathy, love, and sentiment have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses.

It is impossible for me to avoid occasionally placing myself in the foreground in the course of these Memoirs. I owe it to myself to answer, though indirectly, to certain charges which, on various occasions, have been made against me. Some of the documents which I am about to insert belong, perhaps, less to the history of the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, than to that of his secretary; but I must confess, I wish to show that I was not an intruder, nor yet pursuing, as an obscure intriguer, the path of fortune. I was influenced much more by friendship than by ambition when I took a part on the theatre where the rising glory of the future emperor already shed a lustre on all who were attached to his destiny. It will be seen by the following letters with what confidence I was then honoured; but these letters, dictated by friendship, and not written for history, speak also of our military achievements; and whatever brings to recollection the events of that heroic period, must still be interesting to many.

Head-quarters, at Milan, 29 Prairial, year IV.
(June 8, 1796.)

The general-in-chief has ordered me, my dear Bourrienne, to make known to you the pleasure he experienced on hearing of you, and his ardent desire that you should join us. Take your departure, then, my dear Bourrienne, and arrive quickly. You may be certain of obtaining the testimonies of affection, which are your due, from all who know you; and we much regret that you are not with us, to have a share in our success. The campaign which we have just concluded will be celebrated in the records of history. With less than 30,000 men, in a state of almost complete destitution, it is a fine thing to have, in the course of less than two months, beaten, eight different times, an army of from 65 to 70,000 men, obliged the King of Sardinia to make a humiliating peace, and driven the Austrians from Italy. The last victory, of which you have doubtless had an account, the passage of the Mincio, has closed our labours. There now remain for us the siege of Mantua and the castle of Milan; but these obstacles will not detain us long. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne: I repeat General Bonaparte's request that you should repair hither, and the testimony of his desire to see you. Receive, &c.

MARMONT,
Chief of Brigade, and Aide-de-camp to the general-in-chief.

I was obliged to remain at Sens, soliciting my erasure from the emigrant list, which I did not obtain, however, till 1797, and to put an end to a charge made against me of having fabricated a certificate of residence. Meanwhile, I applied myself to study, and preferred repose to the agitation of camps. For these reasons I did not then accept this friendly invitation, notwithstanding that I was very desirous of seeing my young college friend in the midst of his astonishing triumphs. Ten months after, I received another letter from Marmont, in the following terms:

Head-quarters, Gorizia, 2 Germinal, year V.
(March 22, 1797.)

The general-in-chief, my dear Bourrienne, has ordered me to express to you his wish for your prompt arrival here. We have all along anxiously desired to see you, and look forward with great pleasure to the moment when we shall meet. I join with the general, my dear Bourrienne, in urging you to join the army without loss of time. You will increase a united family, happy to receive you in its bosom. I enclose an order written by the general, which will serve you as a passport. Post it, and arrive immediately. We are on the point of penetrating into Germany. The language is changing already, and in four days we shall hear no more Italian. Prince Charles has been well beaten, and we are pursuing him. If this campaign be fortunate, we may sign a peace, which is so necessary for Europe, in Vienna. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne: reckon for something the zeal of one who is much attached to you.

MARMONT.

Head-quarters, Gorizia, 2 Germinal, year V.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

The citizen Bourrienne is to come to me on receipt of the present order.

BONAPARTE.

The odious manner in which I was then harassed, I know not why, on the part of the government, respecting my certificate of residence, rendered my stay in France not very agreeable. I was even threatened with being put on my trial for having produced a certificate of residence which was alleged to be signed by nine false witnesses. This time, therefore, I resolved without hesitation to set out for the army. General Bonaparte's order, which I registered at the municipality of Sens, answered for a passport, which otherwise would probably have been refused me. I have always felt a strong sense of gratitude for his conduct towards me on this occasion.

Notwithstanding the haste I made to leave Sens, the necessary formalities and precautions detained me some days, and at the moment I was about to depart, I received the following letter:

Head-quarters, Judenburgh, 10 Germinal, year V.
(April 8, 1797.)

The general-in-chief again orders me, my dear Bourrienne, to urge you to come to him quickly. We are in the midst of success and triumphs. The German campaign begins even more brilliantly than did the Italian. You may judge, therefore, what a promise it holds out to us. Come, my dear Bourrienne, immediately—yield to our solicitations—share our pains and pleasures, and you will add to our enjoyments.

I have directed the courier to pass through Sens, that he may deliver this letter to you, and bring me back your answer.

MARMONT.

To the above letter this order was subjoined:

The citizen Fauvelet de Bourrienne is ordered to leave Sens, and repair immediately by post to the head-quarters of the army of Italy.

BONAPARTE.

I arrived at the Venetian territory at the moment when the insurrection against the French was on the point of breaking out. Thousands of peasants were instigated to rise under the pretext of appeasing the troubles of Bergamo and Brescia. I passed through Verona on the 16th of April, the eve of the signature of the preliminaries of Leoben, and of the revolt of Verona. Easter Sunday was the day which the ministers of Jesus Christ selected for preaching "that it was lawful, and even meritorious, to kill Jacobins." *Death to Frenchmen!—Death to Jacobins!* were their rallying cries. At the time, I had not the slightest idea of this state of things, for I had left Sens only on the 11th of April. After stopping two hours at Verona, I proceeded on my journey without being aware of the massacre which threatened that city. When about a league from the town, I was, however, stopped by a party of insurgents, on their way thither, consisting, as I estimated, of about two thousand men. They only desired me to cry *El viva Santo Marco*, an order with which I speedily complied, and passed on. What would have become of me had I been in Verona on the Monday? On that day the bells were rung, while the French were butchered in the hospitals. Every one met in the streets was put to death. The priests headed the assassins, and more than four hundred Frenchmen were thus sacrificed. The forts held out against the Venetians, though they attacked them with fury; but repossession of the town was not obtained until after ten days. On the very day of the insurrection of Verona, some Frenchmen were assassinated between that city and Vicenza, through which I passed on the day before without danger; and scarcely had I passed through Padua, when I

learned that others had been massacred there. Thus the assassinations travelled as rapidly as the post.

I shall say a few words respecting the revolt of the Venetian states, which, in consequence of the difference of political opinions, has been viewed in very contradictory lights.

The last days of Venice were approaching, and a storm had been brewing for more than a year. About the beginning of April the threatening symptoms of a general insurrection appeared. The quarrel commenced when the Austrians entered Peschiera, and some pretext was also afforded by the reception given to *Monsieur*, afterwards Louis XVIII. It was certain that Venice had made military preparations during the siege of Mantua, in 1796. The interests of the aristocracy outweighed the political considerations in our favour. On the 7th of June, 1796, General Bonaparte wrote thus to the Executive Directory:

The Senate of Venice lately sent two judges of their Council here to ascertain definitively how things stand. I repeated my complaints. I spoke to them about the reception given to *Monsieur*. Should it be your plan to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have *expressly prepared* this sort of rupture for you. If your intentions be *more decided*, I think this ground of quarrel ought to be kept up. Let me know what you mean to do, and wait till the favourable moment, which I shall seize according to circumstances; for we must not have to do with all the world at once.

The Directory answered that the moment was not favourable; that it was first necessary to take Mantua, and give Wurmser a sound beating. However, towards the end of the year 1796 the Directory began to give more credit to the sincerity of the professions of neutrality made on the part of Venice. It was resolved therefore to be content with obtaining money and supplies for the army, and to refrain from violating the neutrality. The Directory had not then in reserve, like Bonaparte, the idea of making the dismemberment of Venice serve as a compensation for such of the Austrian possessions as the French republic might retain.

At the period to which these Memoirs are now brought (April, 1796), the expected favourable moment had arrived. The knell of Venice was rung; and Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory on the 30th of April: "I am convinced that the only course to be now taken, is to destroy this ferocious and sanguinary government." On the 3d of May, writing from Palma Nuova, he says: "I see nothing that can be done, but to obliterate the Venetian name from the face of the globe."

Twenty days after this determination to humble the Venetian aristocracy, he wrote to the Directory: "The party at Genoa, which is called the patriotic, has managed very ill. Its follies

and inconsistencies have given the advantage to the aristocrats. Had the patriots remained quiet, but for a fortnight, the aristocracy would have been ruined, and would have died of itself."

Two causes powerfully contributed to hasten the downfal of Venice, after an existence of twelve hundred years. The conquests of the French had propagated the principles of the revolution in Italy. The Archduke of Milan had been deposed; why should not the Doge of Venice also cease to rule? The spirit of the revolution was gradually diffused, and discontent rapidly spread along with it. The difference between the new doctrines and the gloomy institutions of Venice, was sufficiently striking to account for the desire to escape from the latter.

On the other hand, great measures were no longer to be expected from the senate of Venice, for the government was worn out. What ought to be done was certainly discussed, but no decision was adopted. The senate was constantly fluctuating between Austria and France; between a conquered and a conquering power. Accustomed to tremble before Austria, Venice always paid more deference to that power than to France. This unfortunate government hoped to derive advantage from the entrance of the French army into Germany, and its position in the defiles of Carinthia;—that opportunity was to be taken to renew the Sicilian Vespers. The fanatical peasants, among whom money was distributed, every where took up arms. Bonaparte on his part had tolerated a revolutionary apostleship, a measure easily justified. He wished to reinforce his army by an Italian army, and thus to guard against the vengeance and perfidy which had destroyed so many ultramontane armies in preceding wars.

Of all the Italians, the people of Venice were the most hostile to us. Bonaparte wrote to M. Lallemant, the minister of the French republic at Venice, "that all the reports drawn up by the Proveditores of Brescia, Bergamo, and Cremona, which attributed the insurrection to the French, were a series of impostures, the object of which was to justify the perfidy of the senate of Venice in the eyes of Europe."

Towards the end of March, 1797, the government of Venice was in a desperate state. Ottolini, the Podesta of Bergamo, an instrument of tyranny in the hands of the state inquisitors, then harassed the people of Bergamo and Brescia, who, after the reduction of Mantua, wished to be separated from Venice. He drew up, to be sent to the senate, a long report respecting the plans of separation, founded on information given him by a Roman advocate, named Marcelin Serpini, who had come to Bergamo on business connected with the property of the Princess Albani, and who pretended to have gleaned the facts he communicated, in conversation with officers of the French army. The plan of the patriotic party was, to unite the Venetian territories on the main land, with Lombardy, and to form of the

whole one republic. The conduct of Ottolini exasperated the party inimical to Venice, and augmented the prevailing discontent. Having disguised his valet as a peasant, he sent him off to Venice with the report he had drawn up on Serpini's communications, and other information; but this report never reached the inquisitors. The valet was arrested, his despatches taken, and Ottolini fled from Bergamo. This gave a beginning to the general rising of the Venetian States. In fact, the force of circumstances alone brought on the insurrection of those territories against their old insular government. General La Hoz, who commanded the Lombard legion, was the active protector of the revolution, which certainly had its origin more in the progress of the prevailing principles of liberty than in the crooked policy of the senate of Venice. Bonaparte, indeed, in his despatches to the Directory, stated that the senate had instigated the insurrection; but that was not quite correct, and he could not wholly believe his own assertion.

Pending the vacillation of the Venetian senate, Vienna was exciting the population of its states on the continent to rise against the French. The Venetian government had always exhibited an extreme aversion to the French revolution, which had been violently condemned at Venice. Hatred of the French had been constantly excited and encouraged, and religious fanaticism had inflamed many persons of consequence in the country. From the end of 1796 the Venetian senate secretly continued its armaments, and the whole conduct of that government announced intentions, which have been called perfidious, but the only object of which was to defeat intentions still more perfidious. The senate was the irreconcileable enemy of the French republic. Excitement was carried to such a point, that in many places the people complained that they were not permitted to arm against the French. The Austrian generals industriously circulated the most sinister reports respecting the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine, and the position of the French troops of the Tyrol. These impostures, printed in bulletins, were well calculated to instigate the Italians, and especially the Venetians, to rise in mass to exterminate the French, when the victorious army should penetrate into the hereditary states.

The pursuit of the Archduke Charles into the heart of Austria encouraged the hopes which the Venetian senate had conceived, that it would be easy to annihilate the feeble remnant of the French army, as the troops were scattered through the states of Venice on the main land. Wherever the senate had the ascendancy, insurrection was secretly fomented: wherever the influence of the patriots prevailed, ardent efforts were made to unite the Venetian terra firma to the Lombard republic.

Bonaparte skilfully took advantage of the disturbances, and the massacres consequent on them, to adopt towards the senate

the tone of an offended conqueror. He published a declaration that the Venetian government was the most treacherous imaginable. The weakness and cruel hypocrisy of the senate, facilitated the plan he had conceived of making a peace for France at the expense of the Venetian republic. On returning from Leoben, a conqueror and pacificator, he, without ceremony, took possession of Venice, changed the established government, and, master of all the Venetian territory, found himself, in the negotiations of Campo Formio, able to dispose of it as he pleased, as a compensation for the cessions which had been exacted from Austria. After the 19th of May, he wrote to the Directory that one of the objects of his treaty with Venice was to avoid bringing upon us the odium of violating the preliminaries relative to the Venetian territory, and, at the same time, to afford pretexts and to facilitate their execution.

At Campo Formio the fate of this republic was decided. It disappeared from the number of states without effort or noise The silence of its fall astonished imaginations warmed by historical recollections from the brilliant pages of its maritime glory. Its power, however, which had been silently undermined, existed no longer except in the illusion of those recollections. What resistance could it have opposed to the man destined to change the face of Europe?

CHAPTER V.

1797.

Signature of the preliminaries—Fall of Venice—My arrival and reception at Leoben—Bonaparte wishes to pursue his success—The Directory opposes him—He wishes to advance on Vienna—Movement of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse—Bonaparte's dissatisfaction—Arrival at Milan—We take up our residence at Montebello—Napoleon's judgment respecting Dandolo and Melzi—Unopened correspondence answered.

I JOINED Bonaparte at Leoben on the 19th of April, the morning of the signature of the preliminaries of peace. These preliminaries resembled in no respect the definitive treaty of Campo Formio. The still incomplete fall of the state of Venice did not, at that time, present an available prey for partition. All was arranged afterwards. Woe to the small states that come in immediate contact with two colossal empires waging war!

Here terminated my connexion with Bonaparte as a comrade and equal, and those relations with him commenced, in which I saw him suddenly great, powerful, and surrounded with homage and glory. I no longer addressed him as I had been accustomed to do. I appreciated too well his personal importance. His position placed too great a social distance between him and me, not to make me feel the necessity of fashioning my demeanour accordingly. I made with pleasure, and without regret, the easy sacrifice of the style of familiar companionship, and other little privileges. He said, in a loud voice, when I entered the saloon where he was surrounded by the officers who formed his brilliant staff, "I am glad to see you, at last;" but as soon as we were alone, he made me understand that he was pleased with my reserve, and thanked me for it. I was immediately placed at the head of his cabinet. I spoke to him the same evening respecting the insurrection of the Venetian territories; of the dangers which menaced the French, and of those which I had escaped, &c. "Care thou* nothing about it," said he; "those rascals shall pay for it. Their republic has had its day, and is done." This republic was, however, still existing, wealthy and powerful. These words brought to my recollection what I had read in a work by one Gabriel Naudé, who wrote during the

* He used to *tutoyer* me in this familiar manner until his return to Milan.

reign of Louis XIII. for Cardinal de Bagin:—"Do you see Constantinople, which flatters itself with being the seat of a double empire; and Venice, which glories in her stability of a thousand years? *Their day will come.*"

In the first conversation which Bonaparte had with me, I thought I could perceive that he was not very well satisfied with the preliminaries. He would have liked to advance with his army to Vienna. He did not conceal this from me. Before he offered peace to Prince Charles, he wrote to the Directory that he intended to pursue his success; but that for this purpose he reckoned on the co-operation of the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine. The Directory replied, that he must not reckon on a diversion in Germany, and that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were not to pass that river. A resolution so unexpected—a declaration so contrary to what he had constantly solicited, compelled him to terminate his triumphs, and renounce his favourite project of planting the standard of the republic on the ramparts of Vienna, or at least of levying contributions on the suburbs of that capital.

A law of the 23d of August, 1794, forbad the use of any other names than those in the register of births. I wished to conform to this law, which very foolishly interfered with old habits. My eldest brother was living, and I therefore designated myself Fauvelet the younger. This annoyed General Bonaparte. "Such change of name is absolute nonsense," said he. "I have known you for twenty years by the name of Bourrienne. Sign as you still are named, and see what the advocates, with their laws, will do."

On the 20th of April, as Bonaparte was returning to Italy, he was obliged to stop in an island of the Tagliamento, while a torrent passed by, which had been occasioned by a violent storm. A courier appeared on the right bank of the river. He reached the island. Bonaparte read in the despatches of the Directory, that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were in motion; that they were preparing to cross the Rhine, and had commenced hostilities on the very day of the signing of the preliminaries. This information arrived seven days after the Directory had written that "he must not reckon on the co-operation of the armies of Germany." It is impossible to describe the general's emotion on reading these despatches. He had signed the preliminaries only because the government had represented the co-operation of the armies of the Rhine as impracticable at that moment, and shortly afterwards, he was informed that the co-operation was about to take place. The agitation of his mind was so great, that he, for a moment, conceived the idea of passing to the left bank of the Tagliamento, and breaking all engagements, under some pretext or other. He persisted for some time in this resolution, which, however, Berthier and some other generals

successfully opposed. He exclaimed, "What a difference would there have been in the preliminaries, if, indeed, there had been any!" His chagrin, I might almost say, his despair, increased, when, some days after his entry into the Venetian States, he received a letter from Moreau, dated the 23d of April, in which that general informed him, that having passed the Rhine on the 20th, with brilliant success, and taken four thousand prisoners, it would not be long before he joined him. Who, in fact, can say what would have happened, but for the vacillating and distrustful policy of the Directory, which always encouraged low intrigues, and participated in the jealousy excited by the renown of the young conqueror? Because the Directory dreaded his ambition, they sacrificed the glory of our arms and the honour of the nation; for it cannot be doubted, that had the passage of the Rhine, so urgently demanded by Bonaparte, taken place some days sooner, he would have been able, without incurring any risk, to dictate, imperiously, the conditions of peace on the spot; or, if Austria were obstinate, to have gone on to Vienna, and signed it there. Still occupied with this idea, he wrote to the Directory, on the 8th of May: "Since I have received intelligence of the passage of the Rhine, by Hoche and Moreau, I much regret that it did not take place fifteen days sooner; or, at least, that Moreau did not say that he was in a situation to effect it." (He had been informed to the contrary.) What, after this, becomes of the unjust reproach against Bonaparte, of having, through jealousy of Moreau, deprived France of the advantages which a prolonged campaign would have procured her? Bonaparte was too devoted to the glory of France to sacrifice it to jealousy of the glory of any individual.

In traversing the Venetian States, to return to Milan, he often spoke to me of Venice. He always assured me, that he was originally entirely unconnected with the insurrections which had agitated that country; that common sense would show, as his project was to advance upon the Danube, he had no interest in having his rear disturbed by revolts, and his communications interrupted or cut off. "Such an idea," said he, "would be absurd, and could never enter into the mind of a man, to whom even his enemies cannot deny a certain degree of tact." He acknowledged that he was not vexed that matters had turned out as they had done, because he had already taken advantage of these circumstances (in the preliminaries) and hoped to profit still more from them (in the definitive peace). "When I arrive at Milan," said he, "I will occupy myself with Venice." It is, therefore, quite evident to me, that, in reality, the general-in-chief had nothing to do with the Venetian insurrections; that subsequently he was not displeased with them; and that, later still, he derived great advantage from them.

We arrived at Milan on the 5th of May, by way of Leybach,

Trieste, Palma-Nuova, Padua, Verona, and Mantua. Bonaparte soon took up his residence at Montebello, a very fine castle, three leagues from Milan, with a view over the rich and magnificent plains of Lombardy. At Montebello commenced the negotiations for the definitive peace which were terminated at Passeriano. The Marquis di Gallo, the Austrian plenipotentiary, resided half a league from Montebello.

During his residence at Montebello, the general-in-chief made an excursion to the Lake of Como, and to the Lago Maggiore. He visited the Borromean islands in succession, and occupied himself, on his return, with the organization of the towns of Venice, Genoa, and Milan. He sought for men and found none. "Good God," said he, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two, Dandolo and Melzi."

He appreciated them properly. Dandolo was one of the men who, in those revolutionary times, reflected the greatest honour upon Italy. After being a member of the great council of the Cisalpine republic, he exercised the functions of proveditore general in Dalmatia. It is only necessary to mention the name of Dandolo to the Dalmatians to learn from the grateful inhabitants how just, noble, and vigorous his administration was.

The services of Melzi are known. He was chancellor and keeper of the seals of the Italian monarchy, and was created Duke of Lodi.

In those who have seen the world, the truth of Napoleon's reproach excites little astonishment. In a country which, according to biographies and newspapers, abounds with extraordinary men, a woman of much talent* said, "What has most surprised me, since the elevation of my husband has afforded me the opportunity of knowing many persons, and particularly those employed in important affairs, is the universal mediocrity which exists. It surpasses all that the imagination can conceive, and it is observable in all ranks, from the clerk to the minister. Without this experience, I never could have believed my species to be so contemptible."

Who does not remember Oxenstein's remark to his son, who trembled at going so young to the congress of Munster! "Go, my son. You will see by what sort of men the world is governed."

During the time when the preliminaries of Leoben suspended military operations, Napoleon was not so anxious to reply immediately to all letters. He took a fancy to do, not exactly as Cardinal Dubois did, when he threw into the fire all the letters he had received, saying—"There! my correspondents are answered;" but something of the same kind. To satisfy himself that people wrote too much, and lost, in trifling and useless

* Madame Roland.

answers, valuable time, he told me to open only the letters which came by extraordinary couriers, and to leave all the rest for three weeks in the basket. I declare that at the end of that time it was unnecessary to reply to four-fifths of these communications. I will explain how this happened. Some were themselves answers; some were acknowledgments of letters received; others contained requests for favours already granted, but of which intelligence had not been received. Many were filled with complaints respecting provisions, pay, or clothing, and orders had been issued upon all these points before the letters were written. Some generals demanded reinforcements, money, promotion, &c. By not opening their letters, Bonaparte was spared the unpleasing office of refusing. When the general-in-chief compared the very small number of letters which it was necessary to answer with the large number which time alone had answered, he laughed heartily at his whimsical idea. Would not this mode of proceeding be preferable to that of causing letters to be opened by any one who may be employed, and replying to them by a circular to which it is only necessary to attach a date?

During the negotiations which followed the treaty of Leoben, the Directory ordered General Bonaparte to demand the liberty of MM. de la Fayette, Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, detained at Olmutz since 1792, as prisoners of state. The general-in-chief executed this commission with as much pleasure as zeal, but he often met with difficulties which appeared to be insurmountable. It has been very incorrectly stated that these prisoners obtained their liberty by one of the articles of the preliminaries of Leoben. I wrote a great deal on this subject to the dictation of General Bonaparte, and I joined him only on the day after the signature of those preliminaries. It was not till the end of May of the year 1797, that the liberation of these captives was demanded, and they did not obtain their freedom till the end of August. There was no article in the treaty, public or secret, which had reference to them. Neither was it at his own suggestion that Bonaparte demanded the enlargement of the prisoners, but by order of the Directory. To explain why they did not go to France immediately after their liberation from Olmutz, it is necessary to recollect that the events of the 18th Fructidor occurred between the period when the first steps were taken to procure their liberty, and the date of their deliverance. It required all Bonaparte's ascendancy and vigour of character to enable him to succeed in his object at the end of three months. The documents, which will be referred to in the proper place, will show how the prisoners were treated in the fortress of Olmutz; with what noble pride they received their liberty, and how they, to the last, preserved the feeling of independence and dignity which a long and rigid captivity had not been able to subdue.

CHAPTER VI.

1797.

Negotiations with Austria—Bonaparte's dissatisfaction—Letter written to Bonaparte by Sabatier de Castres—Letter of complaint from Bonaparte to the Executive Directory—Note respecting the affairs of Venice and the club of Clichy, written by Bonaparte and circulated in the army—Intercepted letter of the Emperor Francis.

We had arrived at the month of July, and the negotiations were tediously protracted. It was impossible to attribute the embarrassment which was constantly occurring to any thing but the artful policy of Austria. Other affairs occupied Bonaparte. The news from Paris engrossed all his attention. He saw with extreme displeasure the manner in which the influential orators of the councils, and pamphlets written in the same spirit as they spoke, criticised him, his army, his victories, the affairs of Venice, and the national glory. He was quite indignant at the suspicions which it was sought to create respecting his conduct and ulterior views.

Before this period, he received a letter from M. Sabatier de Castres, in which some intrigues against him were revealed. After a long and unimportant preamble, M. Sabatier said:

For yourself alone, general, how is it that after having rescued France from opprobrium, and perhaps preserved her from dissolution, you have still enemies amongst Frenchmen? Glory, as you know, excites envy, as the magnet attracts iron; and envy, you likewise know, hatches intrigues, invents slanders, and excites persecutions. The nation erects statues for you, and the government lays snares.

I have discovered, through a person of my acquaintance who arrived here lately from Basle, that Citizen Delacroix, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has, during these three months past, had a man placed near you, who is instructed to observe you, and to insinuate himself into the confidence of the individuals who surround you, if he cannot succeed in obtaining yours; and that M. Barthelemi, by order of the same minister, sent Baron de Nertia to Milan some weeks back to play a similar part in Madame Bonaparte's circle. I could not obtain any further information respecting the first of these spies, except that he is a man of much talent, knows several languages, and is not a soldier. But my acquaintance, from

whom I obtain this intelligence, knows Nertia personally, and has visited him at Basle, and from himself he learned what I have communicated to you; and further, that he has a pension of twenty thousand livres tournois from the foreign department; that he is married, and that his wife lives with one of the secretaries of Citizen Delacroix. I had already heard it stated that this Baron de Nertia, who sometimes represents himself to be an Italian and sometimes a Frenchman, is a very worthless fellow, the author of some badly written, indecent romances. He, however, it is said, displays much talent in conversation. If he be really a clever man, he is only so much the more dangerous.

Being unable to overcome the interest which your talents and virtues inspire, or the admiration which is your due, I would wish for wings to fly to communicate these details to you. To write to you by post would render me suspected by the government which extends its hospitality to me. Who knows, besides, whether my letter would reach you? My situation no longer permitting me to travel, and yet being desirous to inform you of the espionnage of which you and Madame Bonaparte are the objects, I have had the good fortune to prevail upon a worthy man (M. de Raville) to make a journey to Italy for the purpose of conveying this letter to you. He is an honest gentleman, who has turned merchant to support his wife and two daughters, who have emigrated. Such is his esteem for me, and veneration for you, that although he should not be reimbursed for his expenses, he would, he told me, consider himself amply recompensed by the pleasure of seeing a great man, and by the recollection of a step, or rather of a long journey, which had for its object to serve you.

As for myself, I earnestly desire to prove to you my profound esteem and strong attachment by services more important than that of this communication; and I venture to say, if fate ever place me near you, that I believe I shall be found not altogether incapable of contributing to the maintenance, and even to the augmentation, of the glory with which you have covered yourself. Having arrived at an age when the passions pass in review before the judgment—an observer, as it were, by instinct—possessed of ideas not merely ministerial, but political—attentive to some social relations hitherto overlooked—it would not be difficult for me to offer to the activity of your soul and genius fresh means of astonishing the universe, and of tracing in the field of history a path less troublesome, and more lasting, even than that of your exploits. And, positively, I am able to convince you that it is not only possible, but very easy, to give, irresistibly, a new direction to the social mind, as advantageous to nations as to sovereigns, and to stamp, in a single day, on France, and, by reaction, afterwards on almost all the monarchies of Europe, a form of government more tenacious than any hitherto existing; in fact, invariable, and even indestructible, if any thing human can be so. What will appear to you more extraordinary, and even inconceivable, although nothing is more real and true, is, that I have only to make known my system to see it carried into effect; for (and this circumstance alone may lead you to divine what it is) all armies, from the private soldier to the general-in-chief, would assist in its execution—all would find themselves equally interested in it.

If these assertions appear ridiculous to you, you may at least suspend your judgment respecting their truth, if you condescend to reflect, that before the invention of balloons, a man would have been laughed at, even in the Academy of Sciences, who should have affirmed that any person could sketch, breakfast and dine in the air, and cross the channel otherwise than in a vessel.

I do not know whether you receive the journal entitled "The Spectator of the North." It is the best written and most interesting periodical work I know of. In the last number there are two very long letters concerning you. It is certain that Dumouriez and Rivarol have written them between them. I thought you might feel some curiosity to see how such writers speak of you; I have therefore extracted the two letters, and M. de Raville will give them to you, in case you have not yet seen the number in which they appeared.

I have read in a journal that you had demanded your dismissal, and that you proposed to return to France as soon as the matters connected with the peace should be concluded. Many observations occur to me on this subject; but it would not become me to do any thing which might savour of offering advice: that would be to imitate, in some respects, the savage chief who wished to point out to the sun the course that great luminary ought to pursue. I will content myself with requesting you to consider this long letter only as a slight mark of the extreme interest I feel for you.

I remain, with the greatest respect,
Your very humble and obedient servant,
L. SABATIER DE CASTRES.

Leipsig, May 19, 1797.
At M. Fleischer's, Bookseller, Leipsig.

Bonaparte could not endure to have his conduct predicated; and enraged at seeing his campaigns depreciated, his glory and that of his army disparaged, and intrigues formed against him in the Club of Clichy, he wrote to the Directory the following letter:

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY.

Citizens Directors,

I have just received a copy of the motion of Dumolard (June 23, 1797), which contains the following passage:

"That many of the Council of Ancients have since suggested doubts respecting the causes and the degree of these criminal violations (Venice) of the law of nations, impartial men cannot reproach the legislative body for having extended its belief to declarations so precise, so solemn, and guaranteed with so much earnestness by the executive power."

This motion was printed by order of the assembly. It is evident, then, that the passage is directed against me. I was entitled, after having five times concluded peace, and given a deathblow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live tranquilly under the protection of the first magistrates of the republic. At present I find myself ill-treated, persecuted, and disparaged, by every shameful

means which their policy brings to the aid of persecution. I would have been indifferent to all except that species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the republic endeavour to overwhelm me. After having deserved well of my country by my last act, I am not bound to hear myself accused in a manner as absurd as atrocious. I have not expected, that a manifesto, signed by emigrants, paid by England, should obtain more credit with the Council of Five Hundred, than the evidence of eighty thousand men—than mine! What! we were assassinated by traitors—upwards of four hundred men perished; and the first magistrates of the republic make it a crime to have believed the statement for a moment. Upwards of four hundred Frenchmen were dragged through the streets. They were assassinated before the eyes of the governor of the fort. They were pierced with a thousand blows of stilettos, such as I sent you—and the representatives of the French people cause it to be printed, that if they believed this fact for an instant, they were excusable. I know well there are societies where it is said, "Is this blood, then, so pure?"

If only base men, who are dead to the feeling of patriotism and national glory, had spoken of me thus, I would not have complained. I would have disregarded it; but I have a right to complain of the degradation to which the first magistrates of the republic reduce those who have aggrandized, and carried the French name to so high a pitch of glory. Citizens Directors, I reiterate the demand I made for my dismissal; I wish to live in tranquillity, if the poniards of Clichy will allow me to live. You have employed me in negotiations. I am not very fit to conduct them.

About the same time, he drew up the following note respecting the affairs of Venice, which was printed without the author's name, and circulated through the whole army:

NOTE.

Bonaparte, pausing before the gates of Turin, Parma, Rome, Naples, and Vienna, offering peace when he was sure of obtaining nothing but fresh triumphs—Bonaparte, whose every operation exhibits respect for religion, morality, and old age; who, instead of heaping, as he might have done, dishonour upon the Venetians, and humbling their republic to the earth, loaded her with acts of kindness, and took such great interest in her glory—is this the same Bonaparte who is accused of destroying the venerable government of Venice, and democratizing Genoa, and even of interfering in the affairs of the prudent and worthy people of the Swiss Cantons? Bonaparte had passed the Tagliamento, and entered Germany, when insurrections broke out in the Venetian States; those insurrections were, therefore, opposed to Bonaparte's project: surely, then, he could not favour them. When he was in the heart of Germany, the Venetians massacred more than four hundred French troops, drove their quarters out of Verona, assassinated the unfortunate Laugier, and presented the spectacle of a fanatical party in arms. He returned to Italy; and on his arrival, as the winds cease their agitation at the presence of Neptune, the whole of Italy, which was in commotion, which was in arms, was restored to order.

However, the deputies from Bonaparte drew up different articles, conformable to the situation of the country, and in order to prevent, not a revolution in the government, for the government was defunct, and had died a natural death, but a crisis, and to save the city from convulsion, anarchy, and pillage. Bonaparte spared a division of his army to save Venice from pillage and massacre. All the battalions were in the streets of Venice, the disturbers were put down, and the pillage discontinued. Property and trade were preserved, when General Baraguey d'Hilliers entered Venice with his division. Bonaparte, as usual, spared blood, and was the protector of Venice. Whilst the French troops remained they conducted themselves peaceably, and only interfered to support the provisional government.

Bonaparte could not say to the deputies of Venice, who came to ask his protection and assistance against the populace, who wished to plunder them, "I cannot meddle with your affairs." He could not say this, for Venice, and all its territories, had really formed the theatre of war; and, being in the rear of the army of Italy, the republic of Venice was really under the jurisdiction of that army. The rights of war confer upon a general the powers of supreme police over the countries which are the seat of war. As the great Frederick said, "There are no neutrals where there is war." Ignorant advocates and babblers have asked, in the Club of Clichy, why we occupy the territory of Venice. These declaimers should learn war, and they would know, that the Adige, the Brenta, and the Tagliamento, where we have been fighting for two years, are within the Venetian States. But, gentlemen of Clichy, we are at no loss to perceive your meaning. You reproach the army of Italy for having surmounted all difficulties—for subduing all Italy—for having twice passed the Alps—for having marched on Vienna, and obliged Austria to acknowledge the republic that you, men of Clichy, would destroy. You accuse Bonaparte, I see clearly, for having brought about peace. But I know you, and I speak in the name of eighty thousand soldiers. The time is gone when base advocates and wretched declaimers could induce soldiers to revolt. If, however, you compel them, the soldiers of the army of Italy will soon appear at the Barrier of Clichy, with their general. But woe to you, if they do!

Bonaparte having arrived at Palma-Nuova, issued a manifesto, on the 2d of May, 1797. Arrived at Mestre, where he posted his troops, the government sent three deputies to him, with a decree of the Great Council, without Bonaparte having solicited it, and without his having thought of making any change in the government of that country. The governor of Venice was an old man, ninety-nine years of age, confined by illness to his apartment. Every one felt the necessity of renovating this government of twelve hundred years existence, and to simplify its machinery, in order to preserve its independence, honour, and glory. It was necessary to deliberate, first, on the manner of renovating the government; secondly, on the means of atoning for the massacre of the French, the iniquity of which every one was sensible of.

Bonaparte, after having received the deputation at Mestre, told them, that in order to obtain satisfaction for the assassination of his brethren in arms, he wished the Great Council to arrest the inquisi-

tors. He afterwards granted them an armistice, and appointed Milan as the place of conference. The deputies arrived at Milan on the ..... A negotiation commenced to re-establish harmony between the governments. However, anarchy, with all its horrors, afflicted the city of Venice. Ten thousand slaves threatened to pillage the shops. Bonaparte acquiesced in the proposition submitted by the deputies, who promised to verify the loss which had been sustained by pillage.

Bonaparte also addressed a manifesto to the Doge, which appeared in all the public papers. It contained fifteen articles of complaint, and was followed by a decree ordering the French minister to leave Venice, the Venetian agents to leave Lombardy, and the Lion of St. Mark to be pulled down in all the continental territories of Venice.

The general-in-chief now openly manifested his resolution of acting the soldier, and marching on Paris; and this disposition, which was well known in the army, was soon communicated to Vienna. At this period, a letter from the Emperor Francis II. to his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was intercepted by Bonaparte. I instantly translated this letter, which proved to him that Francis II. was acquainted with his project. He likewise saw with pleasure the assurances which the emperor gave his brother of his love of peace, as well as the wavering of the imperial resolves, and the incertitude respecting the fate of the Italian princes, which the emperor easily perceived to depend on Bonaparte. The emperor's letter was as follows:

My dear Brother,

I punctually received your kind letter, containing a description of your unhappy and delicate situation. You may be assured that I perceive it as clearly as you do yourself; and I pity you the more, because, in truth, I do know not what advice to give you. You are, like me, the victim of the former inactivity of the princes of Italy, who ought, at once, to have acted with all their united forces, while I still possessed Mantua. If Bonaparte's project be, as I learn, to establish republics in Italy, this is likely to end in spreading republicanism over the whole country. I have already commenced negotiations for peace, and the preliminaries are ratified. If the French observe them as strictly as I do, and will do, then your situation will be improved; but already the French are beginning to disregard them. The principal problem which remains to be solved, is, whether the French Directory approve of Bonaparte's proceedings, and whether the latter, as appears by some papers distributed through his army, is not disposed to revolt against his country, which also seems to be probable, from his severe conduct towards Switzerland, notwithstanding the assurances of the Directory, that he had been ordered to leave the country untouched. If this should be the case, new and innumerable difficulties may arise. Under these circumstances, I can, at present, advise nothing; for, as to myself, it is only time and the circumstances of the moment which can point out how I am to act.

As to what you mention respecting Spanocchi, all I can say is, that he is at your service. I can only recommend him to you as what he has always been reported to be, that is, an honest and able man, and such he has proved in all the transactions I have had with him. I cannot inform you how he has conducted himself since he has been amongst the French, because I have no longer any communication with the Milanese. The best way to know him certainly, would be to obtain information, if you can, of his conduct in these times.

There is nothing new here. We are all well: but the heat is extraordinary. Always retain your friendship and love for me. Make my complements to your wife, and believe me ever.

Your best friend and brother,

FRANCIS.

Hetzendorf, July 20, 1797.

CHAPTER VII.

1797.

M. Dunan—His true name—He writes against the army of Italy—Indignation of Bonaparte—Note dictated by the General—A second note of Bonaparte.

BONAPARTE, who was much vexed at the manner in which the envious and the hostile spoke of his campaigns in Italy, was not displeased at the opportunity which a most severe attack on his conduct and plans by one Dunan afforded for a reply. The proper name of Dunan was Duverne de Presle; and he was afterwards suspected to be the man who, under the name of Thebau, was the accomplice of Brottier, La Ville Heurnois, and the Chevalier Despommelles, my maternal uncle. He was of the royalist party, and had assumed several names. Dunan, the one he at this time bore, belonged to a grocer of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, in whose house he resided. Duverne de Presle (for this, as has been said, was his right name) had been condemned to transportation on September 4, 1797; but he escaped the execution of the sentence.

In publishing this note, dictated by the general-in-chief, I feel confident that it is calculated to give gratification, not only to the soldiers who have survived those glorious campaigns, but to all persons who may wish to compare Bonaparte in 1797, and Napoleon in 1817:

M. Dunan has then discovered that the army of Italy has not done enough. It should have advanced out of the lists in which it fought in Italy. Indeed! It would seem that M. Dunan uses a map on a very small scale. He ought to leave (so M. Dunan speaks of Bonaparte) the castle of Milan besieged; Mantua under blockade—he ought to leave behind him the King of Naples—the Pope—that immense country which he has just conquered—and advance, like the leg of a pair of compasses, into Germany. Good M. Dunan, let us reason the point—let us try to understand one another.

It was wrong, you say, to concentrate the whole army for the purpose of besieging Mantua! The question rests on a matter of fact, of which you have been erroneously informed. Not a single man was employed in the siege of Mantua more than was necessary for its

blockade. It was besieged by the artillery taken in the fortresses belonging to Modena, in the neighbourhood of Mantua. The army of observation took the line best calculated to cover the blockade. Some strong columns were sent to Bologna, Ferrara, and Leghorn. Different powers were thus menaced, and obliged to make peace; and the English were driven from Leghorn, and, by a counterblow, from the Mediterranean.

Returning with that promptitude which characterizes the army of Italy, the French troops arrived upon the Adige in time to receive Wurmser and his grand army. What could you have wished them to have done better? Ought Germany to have been invaded? But then it would be necessary to abandon Italy, and expose that fine country to an insurrection, to a successful sortie from Mantua, to hostile corps from the Frioul. Ought the Tyrol to have been merely traversed in order to return again? Doubtless!

The Tyrol, which, on your map, covers only three or four inches, is an extremely mountainous country, inhabited by a warlike people, and having forty leagues of impracticable defiles, through the midst of which passes the great chain of the Alps, which forms the true boundary of Germany and Italy.

Moreau was still beyond the Rhine, and Jourdan upon the Sieg. But I try in vain to make you understand me. You do not even understand yourself. This article, like the rest of your work, is an assemblage of false and ill-conceived ideas. That is not surprising; for you talk of a business of which you know nothing. The professor of philosophy, who harangued Hannibal, I forget where, pretended also to be a great warrior.

You believe, then, that if Cæsar, Turenne, Montecuculi, and Frederick the Great, were to revisit the earth, they would become your scholars! The perfection or the system, of modern warfare, consists, as you pretend, in throwing one corps to the right, another to the left; leaving the enemy in the centre, and even in placing one's self behind a line of fortified places. Were these principles taught to our youth, the science of war would be thrown back four hundred years: and if any one should act upon them, and have to do with an active enemy, possessing the slightest knowledge of military stratagems, he would beat one of your corps and cut off the retreat of the other.

The retreat of Moreau is not so much admired by connoisseurs exactly on its own account, but because of the defective plan of the campaign.

Whether the people allow to Bonaparte the possession of some courage, and the spirit which belongs to the age of thirty, or whether they call him a braggart, a player at hazard, or a schoolboy, his glory will remain for the judgment of posterity: it consists in the esteem of his brothers in arms, and even of his enemies; in the grand results which he has obtained; and, finally, in the foresight which made him censure, from the first hour, the whole plan of the operations of the Rhine, as well as the expedition to Ireland.

The army of Italy, in this campaign, has overthrown the Sardinian army, inured to arms by forty years of warfare, and the army of Beaulieu, which was so strong that the Court of Vienna had no doubt of

its being able to recover the territory of Nice. The army of Wurmser arrived from the Rhine, with twenty thousand select troops; which circumstance allowed Moreau to repass the Rhine, and Hoche to advance upon the Maine. If Wurmser was reinforced, he was not the stronger for it, and, after a march as daring as it was judicious, which alone would serve to make this brave army immortal, he found himself closely blockaded with his head-quarters in Mantua.

Alvinzi, reinforced by all the divisions of Poland, of Silesia, of Hungary, and also by a detachment from the Rhine, presented himself; but, after several days of manœuvres, he was annihilated at Arcola. Our retreat from the Rhine allowed the enemy to send fresh reinforcements to the Tyrol. The spirit of fanaticism being excited in Hungary and Austria by the noblesse, the priests and their partisans, those countries voluntarily poured forth their recruits, to double the force of our enemies, and thereby increased the laurels of the brave soldiers of the army of Italy, by the battles of Rivoli and La Favorite, and, some days after, by the taking of Mantua, Bergamo, and Treviso.

A few days after, Bonaparte, still exasperated at the Parisian declamations on his conduct, dictated to me a second note in the following terms:

What is there so ridiculous or so improbable which the inhabitants of a great city may not be made to believe? or rather, what interest can men of talent have to endeavour to obscure the national glory?

It has been stated and restated, every where, that the army of Italy was ruined, and that Bonaparte himself would have increased the number of the prisoners of Olmutz, had he not luckily concluded peace. Bonaparte entered Germany on three points at once; by the Tyrol, Carinthia, and Carniola. In thus dividing his forces, he had no fear of being any where too weak, for the enemy's forces were disposed in a similar manner. He was, besides, obliged to make his attack in that way, in order to reserve to himself a retreat, and to make sure of being able to cover his magazines and depots.

But when the enemy, routed in all quarters, had abandoned his magazines, twenty-four thousand prisoners and sixty pieces of cannon;—when Bonaparte was in possession of Trieste, Gorizia, Clagenfurth, and Brixen, he perceived that he might be attacked in his turn; that the enemy, who had fled far behind the mountains, to rally, might conceal his movements, and, falling upon the different divisions of the army of Italy, beat them in detail. The general-in-chief, therefore, took good care not to march his divisions from the Tyrol to Inspruck, but ordered them to come to Carinthia. He also directed on Carinthia the division which had been in Carniola, in place of sending it to Istria, as a less skilful general might have done. Instead of doing that, he caused Clagenfurth to be fortified, and placed his depots there.

By these means, instead of three communications, he had but one; instead of having to keep down the Tyrolese, a people naturally stubborn and restless, he abandoned them, and had no longer any thing to fear from them. Thus, instead of the army of Italy occupying

a line of eighty leagues, he concentrated it upon a single point, which threatened at once Vienna, Hungary, and Bavaria. General Kerpen, who had collected together at Inspruck his division, so often beaten, believing that General Joubert intended to march against him, no sooner learned that this general was proceeding to Carinthia by the Drawe, than he returned into the Tyrol. General Quasdanowich, who had hastened to the defence of Hungary, being informed that the French army was concentrated in Carinthia, marched rapidly on Trieste. Thus, while Bonaparte had collected his whole army on a single point, in the heart of the Austrian hereditary states, having the power to direct his movements wherever he pleased, Prince Charles had the main body of his army divided between Salzburgh and Vienna, and weakened by detachments to the Tyrol and Carniola. It was in these circumstances that the enemy asked an armistice. Some days after, the preliminaries of peace were signed. Those preliminaries saved Vienna, and, perhaps, the existence of the house of Austria.

The revolt of the Venetians was powerless, and repressed before the army returned to Italy. Indeed, General Kilmaine possessed, for the preservation of Italy, numerous garrisons in all the fortified places and castles; two Polish legions, two Lombard legions, and the whole of General Victor's division, which came from Rome. All the castles of Verona, Porto-Legnago, Peschiera, and Palma-Nuova, were in the power of the army of Italy, and in a state of defence. A part of the Venetian States was in revolt. The enemy, it is said, might attack Italy by the Tyrol—as if Peschiera, Mantua, and all Italy, in which there were very considerable forces, could be attacked by detachments. But the enemy might take Trieste. That would have required fresh detachments, and there was so little interest in preserving Trieste, that the general had never kept there more than one hundred cavalry, and had ordered General Friant, with whom he had left a regiment of hussars, and twelve hundred infantry, to retire, in case of attack, upon Gorizia and Palma-Nuova; and from reinforcing the garrison of the latter place, to join him in person at Clagenfurth.

It may be said, that Prince Charles always fell into the snares which were constantly laid for him by General Bonaparte; and that, from the battle of the Tagliamento to the time of General Landon's appearance in the Tyrol, the whole of his movements were a series of errors, being all ill combined, or conformable to the snares laid by his enemy. With an inferior army, the art of war consists in always having more forces than the enemy on the point where the enemy is attacked, or where he attacks. But this art is not to be learned from books, nor even by experience. It is a tact which properly constitutes the genius of war.

CHAPTER VIII.

1797.

Unfounded reports—Carnot—Capitulation of Mantua—General Clarke—The Directory yields to Bonaparte—Berthier—Arrival of Eugene Beauharnais at Milan—Count de Launay d'Entraigues—His interview with Bonaparte—His examination—Seizure of his papers—Copy of one describing a conversation between him and Count de Montgaillard.

WHILE Bonaparte was thus expressing his opinion on his campaigns, and the injustice with which they had been criticised, it was generally believed that Carnot dictated to him from a closet in the Luxembourg all the plans of his operations, and that Berthier was at his right hand, without whom, notwithstanding Carnot's plans, which were often mere romances, he would have been greatly embarrassed. This twofold misrepresentation was very current for some time; and, notwithstanding it was contrary to the evidence of facts, it met with much credence, particularly abroad. There was, however, no foundation for the opinion. Let us render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's due. Bonaparte was a creator in the art of war, and no imitator. That no man was superior to him in that art, is incontestable. At the commencement of the glorious campaign in Italy, the Directory certainly sent out instructions to him; but he always followed his own plans, and continually wrote back that all would be lost if movements conceived at a distance from the scene of action were to be blindly executed. He also offered to resign. At length the Directory perceived the impossibility of prescribing operations of war according to the view of persons in Paris; and when I became the secretary of the general-in-chief, I saw a despatch of the Directory, dated May, 1796, committing the whole plan of the campaign to his judgment; and assuredly there was not a single operation or movement which did not originate with him. Carnot was obliged to yield to his firmness. When the Directory, towards the end of 1796, felt disposed to treat for peace, General Clarke, appointed to conclude the armistice, was authorized, in case Mantua should not be taken before the negotiation was brought to a close, to propose leaving the blockade in *statu quo*. Had such a condition been adopted, it would doubtless have been stipu-

lated that the Emperor of Austria should be allowed to provision the garrison and inhabitants of the city day by day. Bonaparte, convinced that an armistice without Mantua would by no means conduce to peace, earnestly opposed such a condition. He carried his point; Mantua capitulated, and the result is well known. Yet he was not blind to the hazards of war; while preparing, during the blockade, an assault on Mantua, he wrote thus to the Directory: "A bold stroke of this nature depends absolutely for success on a dog or a goose. It is all a question of surprise."

Bonaparte was exceedingly sensitive to the rumours which reached him respecting Carnot and Berthier. He one day said to me, "What gross stupidity is this? It is very well to say to a general, 'Depart for Italy, gain battles, and sign a peace at Vienna;' but the execution—that is not so easy. I never followed the plans which the Directory sent me. Too many circumstances occur on the spot to modify them. The movement of a single corps of the enemy's army may confound a whole plan arranged by the fireside. Only fools can believe such stuff. As for Berthier, since you have been with me, you see what he is—he is a blockhead. Yet it is he who does all; it is he who gathers a great part of the glory of the army of Italy." I told him that this erroneous opinion could not last long; that each person would be allowed his merit, and that at least posterity would judge rightly. This observation seemed to please him.

Berthier was a man full of honour, courage, and probity, and exceedingly regular in the performance of his duties. Bonaparte's attachment to him arose more from habit than liking. Berthier did not concede with affability, and refused with harshness. His abrupt, egotistic, and unpleasing manners, did not, however, create him many enemies, but, at the same time, did not make him many friends. In consequence of our frequent intercourse, he had contracted the friendly practice of speaking to me in the second person singular; but he never wrote to me in that style. He was perfectly acquainted with the disposition of all the corps, and could name their commanders and their respective forces. In fact, he was an excellent head of the staff of an army; but that is all the praise that can be given, and indeed he wished for no greater. He had such entire confidence in Bonaparte, and looked up to him with so much admiration, that he never could have presumed to oppose his plans, or give any advice. Berthier's talent was very limited, and of a peculiar nature; his character was one of extreme weakness. Bonaparte's friendship for him, and the frequency of his name in the bulletins and official despatches, have unduly elevated his reputation. Bonaparte, giving his opinion to the Directory, respecting the generals employed in his army, said, "Berthier has talents, activity,

courage, character—all in his favour." This was in 1796. He then made an eagle of him; at St. Helena he called him a goose. He should neither have raised him so high, nor sunk him so low. Berthier neither merited the one nor the other.

Bonaparte was a man of habit; he was much attached to all the people about him, and did not like new faces. Berthier loved him. He despatched his orders well, and that enabled him to pass off with his small portion of talent.

It was about this time that young Beauharnais came to Milan. He was seventeen years old. He had lived in Paris with his mother since the departure of Bonaparte. On his arrival, he immediately entered the service, as aide-de-camp to the general-in-chief, who felt for him an affection, which was justified by his good qualities.

Count de Launay d'Entraigues, well known in the French revolution, held a diplomatic post at Venice, when that city was threatened by the French. Aware of his being considered the agent of all the machinations then existing against France, and especially against the army of Italy, he endeavoured to escape; but the town being surrounded, he was seized, together with all his papers. The apparently frank manners of the count pleased Bonaparte, who treated him with indulgence. His papers were restored, with the exception of three relating to political subjects. The count afterwards fled to Switzerland, and ungratefully represented himself as having been oppressed by Bonaparte. His false statements have induced many writers to make of him an heroic victim. He was assassinated in 1802, by his own servant.

I kept a copy of one of his most interesting papers. It has been much spoken of, and Fauche-Borel has, I believe, denied its authenticity and the truth of its contents. The manner in which it fell into the hands of the general-in-chief—the importance attached to it by Entraigues—the differences I have observed between the manuscript I copied, and versions which I have since read, and the knowledge of its authenticity, having myself transcribed it from the handwriting of the count, who, in my presence, vouched for the truth of the facts it details—all these circumstances induce me to insert it here, and compel me to doubt that it was, as Fauche-Borel asserted, a fabrication.

This manuscript is entitled, "My Conversation with Count de Montgaillard, on the 4th of December, 1799, from Six in the Afternoon till Midnight, in the presence of the Abbé Dumontel."

[On my copy are written the words, "Extracts from this conversation, made by me, from the original." I omitted what I thought unimportant, and transcribed only the most interesting passages.]

Montgaillard spoke of the revolutionary government; of what

created it, and caused its duration. After speaking of the Committee of Public Safety, he adds—

" I have only named these four persons of the committee, because they were the only ones concerned with assassination. The others directed their attention to different objects. Carnot, among the rest, was occupied with military affairs.

" He exerted his talent to make Europe tremble; and while Robespierre exercised a tyranny unexampled in the records of the world, Carnot announced to Europe, that the genius of evil reigned on the earth, and that Heaven awarded victory to crime.

" Barrère is a sort of undefinable creature; a sort of coffee-house wit. He used to go every day, after leaving the committee, to visit a woman, with whom Champanetz lived. He would stay with her till midnight, and would frequently say, ' To-morrow we shall get rid of fifteen, twenty, or thirty of them.' When the woman expressed her horror of these murders, he exclaimed, ' *We must oil the wheels of the revolution ;*' and, laughing, departed."

Montgaillard then spoke of his escape, of his flight to England, of his return to France, of his second departure, and finally of his arrival at Bale, in August, 1795. He then said—

" I had previously had a communication with the Danish minister. He asked me what I thought of the coalition ? and when I replied only by general observations, he added, ' *I will tell you frankly : I look upon these coalesced kings as thieves, who pick pockets on their way to the gallows.*'

" The Prince de Condé called me to Mülheim, and knowing the connexions I had had in France, proposed that I should sound General Pichegru, whose head-quarters were at Altkirch, and where he then was, surrounded by four representatives of the Convention.

" I immediately went to Neufchatel, taking with me four or five hundred louis. I cast my eyes on Fauche-Borel, the king's printer at Neufchatel, and also yours and mine, as the instrument by which to make the first overture, and I selected, as his colleague, M. Courant, a native of Neufchatel.

" I persuaded them to undertake the business; I loaded them with instructions and passports. They were foreigners: so I furnished them with all the necessary documents to enable them to travel in France as foreign merchants, and purchasers of national property. I commended them to God, and went to Bale to wait for news from them.

" On the 13th of August, Fauche and Courant set out for the head-quarters at Altkirch.

" They remained there eight days without finding an opportunity to speak to Pichegru, who was surrounded by representatives and generals. Pichegru observed them, and seeing them continually wheresoever he went, he conjectured that they had something to say to him, and he called out in a loud voice, while passing them, ' *I am going to Huningen.*'

" Fauche contrived to throw himself in his way at the end of a corridor. Pichegru observed him, and fixed his eyes upon him, and although it rained in torrents, he said aloud, ' *I am going to dine at the château of Madame Salomon.*' This château was three leagues from Huningen, and Madame Salomon was Pichegru's mistress.

" Fauche set off directly to the château, and begged to speak with General Pichegru. He told the general that, being in the possession of some of J. J. Rousseau's manuscripts, he wished to publish them, and dedicate them to him.

" ' Very good,' said Pichegru ; ' but I should like to read them first; for J. J. Rousseau professed principles of liberty, in which I do not concur, and with which I should not like to have my name connected.'—' But,' said Fauche, ' I have something else to speak to you about.'—' What is it, and on whose behalf?'—' On behalf of the Prince de Condé.'—' Be silent, then, and follow me.'

" He conducted Fauche alone into a retired cabinet, and said to him, ' Explain yourself; what does Monseigneur the Prince de Condé wish to communicate to me?' Fauche was embarrassed, and stammered out something unintelligible. ' Compose yourself,' said Pichegru ; ' my sentiments are the same as the Prince de Condé's. What does he desire of me?'—Fauche, encouraged by these words, replied, ' The Prince wishes to join you. He is confident in you, and wishes to connect himself with you.'

" ' These are vague and unmeaning words,' observed Pichegru. ' All this amounts to nothing. Go back, and ask for written instructions, and return in three days to my head-quarters, at Altkirch. You will find me alone precisely at six o'clock in the evening.'

" Fauche immediately departed, arrived at Bale, hastened to me, and joyfully informed me of all that had passed. I spent the night in writing a letter to General Pichegru. The Prince de Condé, who was invested with all the powers of Louis XVIII., except that of granting the cordon-bleu, had, by a note in his own handwriting, deputed to me all his powers, to enable me to maintain a negotiation with General Pichegru.

" I therefore wrote to the general, stating, in the outset, every thing that was calculated to awaken in him that noble sentiment of pride, which is the instinct of great minds ; and after pointing out to him the vast good it was in his power to effect, I spoke of the gratitude of the king, and the benefit he would confer on his country by restoring royalty. I told him that his majesty would make him a marshal of France, and governor of Alsace, as no one could better govern the province than he, who had so valiantly defended it. I added, that he would have the cordon-rouge—the Château de Chambord, with its park, and twelve pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians—a million of ready money—two hundred thousand livres per annum—and a hotel in Paris;—that the town of Arbois, Pichegru's native place, should bear his name, and be exempt from all taxation for twenty-five years;—that a pension of two hundred thousand livres would be granted to him, with half reversion to his wife, and fifty thousand livres to his heirs for ever, until the extinction of his family. Such were the offers, made in the name of the king, to General Pichegru. (Then followed the boons to be granted to the officers and soldiers, an amnesty to the people, &c.) I added, that the Prince de Condé desired that he would proclaim the king in the camps, surrender the city of Huningen to him, and join him for the purpose of marching on Paris."

Pichegru, having read the letter with great attention, said to Fauche, " This is all very well; but who is this M. de Mont-

gaillard who talks of being thus authorized? I neither know him nor his signature. Is he the author?"—"Yes," replied Fauche. "But," said Pichegru, "I must, before making any negotiation on my part, be assured that the Prince de Condé, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, approves of all that has been written in his name by M. de Montgaillard. Return directly to M. de Montgaillard, and tell him to communicate my answer to the prince."

Fauche immediately departed, leaving M. Courant with Pichegru. He arrived at Bale at nine o'clock in the evening. I set off directly for Milheim, the Prince de Condé's head-quarters, and arrived there at half-past twelve. The prince was in bed, but I awoke him. He made me sit down by his bedside, and our conference then commenced.

After having informed the prince of the state of affairs, all that remained was to prevail on him to write to General Pichegru, to confirm the truth of what had been stated in his name. This matter, which appeared so simple, and so little liable to objection, occupied the whole night. The prince, as brave a man as can possibly be, has inherited nothing from the great Condé but his undaunted courage. In other respects, he is the most insignificant of men; without resources of mind, or decision of character; surrounded by men of mediocrity, and even baseness; and though he knows them well, he suffers himself to be governed by them.

It required nine hours of hard exertion to get him to write to General Pichegru a letter of nine lines. 1st. He did not wish it to be in his handwriting.—2d. He objected to dating it.—3d. He was unwilling to call him *General* Pichegru, lest he should recognise the republic by giving that title.—4th. He did not like to address it, or affix his seal to it.

At length he consented to all, and wrote to Pichegru that he might place full confidence in the letters of the Comte de Montgaillard.

When all this was settled, after great difficulty, the prince next hesitated about sending the letter; but at length he yielded. I set off for Bale, and despatched Fauche to Altkirch, to General Pichegru.

The general, after reading a letter of eight lines, and recognising the handwriting and signature, immediately returned it to Fouche, saying, "I have seen the signature: that is enough for me. The word of the prince is a pledge with which every Frenchman ought to be satisfied. Take back his letter." He then inquired what was the prince's wish. Fauche explained that he wished—1st. That Pichegru should proclaim the king to his troops, and hoist the white flag.—2d. That he should deliver up Huningen to the prince. Pichegru objected to this:—"I will never take part in such a plot," said he; "I have no wish to make the third volume of Lafayette and Dumourier. I know my resources; they are as certain as they are vast. Their roots are not only in my army, but in Paris, in the Convention, in the departments, and in the armies of those generals, my colleagues, who think as I do. I wish to do nothing by halves. There must be a complete end of the present state of things. France cannot continue a republic. She must have a king, and that king must be Louis XVIII.

But we must not commence the counter-revolution, until we are certain of effecting it. 'Surely and promptly' is my motto. The prince's plan leads to nothing. He would be driven from Huningen in four days, and in fifteen I should be lost. My army is composed both of good men and bad. We must distinguish between them, and, by a bold stroke, assure the former of the impossibility of drawing back, and that their only safety lies in success. For this purpose, I propose to pass the Rhine, at any place and any time that may be thought necessary. In the advance I will place those officers on whom I can depend, and who are of my way of thinking. I will separate the bad, and place them in situations where they can do no harm, and their position shall be such as to prevent them from uniting. That done, as soon as I shall be on the other side of the Rhine, I will proclaim the king, and hoist the white flag. Condé's corps and the emperor's army will then join us. I will immediately repass the Rhine, and re-enter France. The fortresses will be surrendered, and will be held in the king's name by the imperial troops. Having joined Condé's army, I immediately advance. All my means now develop themselves on every side. We march upon Paris, and in a fortnight will be there. But it is necessary that you should know that you must give the French soldier wine and a crown in his hand, if you would have him cry *vive le roi!* Nothing must be wanting at the first moment. My army must be well paid as far as the fourth or fifth march in the French territory. There, go and tell all this to the prince, show my handwriting, and bring me back his answer."

During these conferences, Pichegru was surrounded by four representatives of the people, at the head of whom was Merlin de Thionville, the most insolent and the most ferocious of inquisitors. These men, having the orders of the committee, pressed Pichegru to pass the Rhine, and go and besiege Manheim, where Merlin had an understanding with the inhabitants. Thus, if on one hand the committee by its orders made Pichegru wish to hasten the execution of his plan, on the other he had not a moment to lose, for, to delay obeying the orders of the four representatives was to render himself suspected. Every consideration, therefore, called upon the prince to decide, and decide promptly. Good sense required him also to do another thing; namely, to examine without passion what sort of man Pichegru was, to consider the nature of the sacrifice he made, and what were his propositions. Europe acknowledged his talents, and he had placed the prince in a condition to judge of his good faith. Besides, his conduct and his plan afforded fresh proofs of his sincerity. By passing the Rhine, and placing himself between the armies of Condé and Wurmser, he rendered desertion impossible; and if success did not attend his attempt, his own acts forced him to become an emigrant. He left in the power of his fierce enemies his wife, his father, his children. Every thing bore testimony to his honesty; the talents he had shown were a pledge for his genius, his genius for his resources; and the sacrifices he would have to make in case of failure, proved that he was confident of success.

What stupid conceit was it for any one to suppose himself better able to command Pichegru's army, than Pichegru himself!—to pretend to be better acquainted with the frontier provinces, than Pichegru, who commanded them, and had placed his friends in them, as

commanders of the towns! This self-conceit, however, ruined the monarchy at this time, as well as at so many others. The Prince de Condé, after reading the plan, rejected it *in toto*. To render it successful, it was necessary to make the Austrians parties to it. This Pichegru exacted, but the Prince of Condé would not hear a word of it, wishing to have confined to himself the glory of effecting the counter-revolution. He replied to Pichegru by a few observations, and concluded his answer by returning to his first plan—that Pichegru should proclaim the king without passing the Rhine, and should give up Huningen—that then the army of Condé, by itself, and without the aid of the Austrians, would join him. In that case, he could promise one hundred thousand crowns in louis, which he had at Bale, and fourteen millions of livres, which he had in good bills, payable at sight.

No argument or entreaty had any effect on the Prince de Condé. The idea of communicating his plan to Wurmser, and sharing his glory with him, rendered him blind and deaf to every consideration. However, it was necessary to report to Pichegru the observations of the Prince de Condé, and Courant was commissioned to do so.

This document appeared so interesting to me, that while Bonaparte was sleeping, I was employed in copying it. Notwithstanding posterior and reiterated denials of its truth, I believe it to be perfectly correct.

We were now in July, and the negotiations were carried on with a tardiness which showed that something was kept in reserve on both sides. Bonaparte at this time was any thing but disposed to sign a peace, which he always hoped to be able to make at Vienna, after a campaign in Germany, seconded by the armies of the Rhine, and the Sambre-et-Meuse. The minority of the Directory recommended peace on the basis of the preliminaries, but the majority wished for more honourable and advantageous terms; while Austria, relying on troubles breaking out in France, was in no haste to conclude a treaty. In these circumstances, Bonaparte drew up a letter to be sent to the Emperor of Austria, in which he set forth the moderation of France; but stated that, in consequence of the many delays, nearly all hope of peace had vanished. He advised the emperor not to rely on difficulties arising in France, and doubted, if war should continue, and the emperor be successful in the next campaign, that he would obtain a more advantageous peace than was now at his option. This letter was never sent to the emperor, but was communicated as the draft of a proposed despatch to the Directory. The Emperor Francis, however, wrote an autograph letter to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, which will be noticed when I come to the period of its reception. It is certain that Bonaparte at this time wished for war. He was aware that the cabinet of Vienna was playing with him, and that the Austrian ministers expected some political convul-

sion in Paris, which they hoped would be favourable to the Bourbons. He therefore asked for reinforcements. His army consisted of thirty-five thousand nine hundred men, and he desired it to be raised to sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry, ready for the field.

General Desaix, profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, came in the end of July to visit the scene of the army of Italy's triumphs. His conversations with Bonaparte respecting the army of the Rhine were far from giving him confidence in his military situation in Italy, or assurance of support from that army, in the event of hostilities commencing beyond the mountains. At this time that friendship between Bonaparte and Desaix began, which continued until the untimely death of the latter.

All the world knows the part which the general-in-chief of the army of Italy took at the famous crisis of the 18th Fructidor; his proclamation, his addresses to the army, and his celebrated order of the day. Bonaparte went much into detail on this subject at St. Helena; and I shall now proceed to state what I knew at the time respecting that memorable event, which was in preparation in the month of June.

CHAPTER IX.

1797.

The royalists of the interior—Bonaparte's intention of marching on Paris with twenty-five thousand men—His animosity against the emigrants and the Clichy Club—His choice between the two parties of the Directory—Augereau's order of the day against the word *Monsieur*—Bonaparte wishes to be made one of the five Directors—He supports the majority of the Directory—La Vallette, Augereau, and Bernadotte, sent to Paris—Interesting correspondence relative to the 18th Fructidor.

BONAPARTE had long observed the struggle which was going on between the partisans of royalty and the republic. He was told that royalism was every where on the increase. All the generals who returned from Paris to the army complained of the spirit of reaction they had noticed. Bonaparte was constantly urged by his private correspondents to take one side or the other, or to act for himself. He was irritated by the audacity of the enemies of the republic, and he saw plainly that the majority of the councils had an evident ill-will towards him. The orators of the Club of Clichy missed no opportunity of wounding his self-love in speeches and pamphlets. They spared no insults, disparaged his success, and bitterly censured his conduct in Italy, particularly with respect to Venice. Thus his services were recompensed by hatred or ingratitude. About this time he received a pamphlet, which referred to the judgments pronounced upon him by the German journals, and more particularly by the "Spectator of the North," which he always made me translate.

He urged the Directory to arrest the emigrants, to destroy the influence of foreigners, to recall the armies, to suppress the journals sold to England, such as the "Quotidienne," the "Mémorial," and the "Thé," which he accused of being more sanguinary than Marat ever was. In case of there being no means of putting a stop to assassinations and the influence of Louis XVIII., he offered to resign.

His resolution of passing the Alps with 25,000 men, and marching by Lyons on Paris, was known in the capital, and discussions arose respecting the consequences of this passage of another Rubicon. On the 17th of August, 1797, Carnot wrote to him—"People attribute to you a thousand absurd projects.

They cannot believe that a man who has performed so many great exploits can be content to live as a private citizen." This observation applied to Bonaparte's reiterated request to be permitted to retire from the service on account of the state of his health, which, he said, disabled him from mounting his horse.

The general-in-chief was justly of opinion that the tardiness of the negotiations, and the difficulties which incessantly arose, were founded on the expectation of an event which would change the government of France, and render the chances of peace more favourable to Austria. He still urgently recommended the arrest of the emigrants, the stopping of the presses of the royalist journals, which he said were sold to England and Austria, and the suppression of the Clichy Club. This club was held at the residence of Gérard Desoddieres, in the Rue de Clichy. Aubry was one of its warmest partisans, and he was the avowed enemy of the revolutionary cause, which Bonaparte advocated at this period. Aubry's conduct at this time, together with the part he had taken in provoking Bonaparte's dismissal in 1795, inspired the general with an implacable hatred of him.

Bonaparte despised the Directory, which he accused of weakness, indecision, pusillanimity, wasteful expenditure, and perseverance in a system degrading to the national glory.* He

* The Directory merited these accusations. The following sketches of two of their official sittings presents a singular contrast:

"At the time that the Directory were first installed in the Luxembourg (October 27, 1795)," says M. Bailleul, "there was hardly a single article of furniture in it. In a small room, round a little broken table, one of the legs of which had given way from age, on which table they had deposited a quire of letter-paper, and a writing-desk *à calamet*, which luckily they had had the precaution to bring with them from the Committee of Public Safety, seated on four rush-bottomed chairs, in front of some logs of wood ill-lighted, the whole borrowed from the porter Dupont; who would believe that it was in this deplorable condition that the members of the new government, after having examined all the difficulties, nay, let me add, all the horrors of their situation, resolved to confront all obstacles, and that they would either deliver France from the abyss in which she was plunged, or perish in the attempt? They drew up on a sheet of letter-paper the act by which they declared themselves constituted, and immediately forwarded it to the Legislative Bodies."

And the Count La Vallette, writing to M. Cuvillier Fleury, says,

"I saw our five kings, dressed in the robes of Francis I., his hat, his pantaloons, and his lace: the face of La Reveillere looked like a cork upon two pins, with the black and greasy hair of Clodion. M. de Talleyrand, in pantaloons of the colour of wine dregs, sat in a folding chair at the feet of the Director Barras, in the Court of the Petit Luxembourg, and gravely presented to his *sovereigns* an ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, while the French were eating his master's dinner, from the soup to the cheese. At the right hand there were fifty musicians and singers of the Opera, Lainé, Lays, Regnault, and the actresses, now all dead of old age, roaring a patriotic cantata to the music of Méhul. Facing them, on another elevation, there were two hundred young and beautiful women, with their arms and bosoms bare, all in ecstasy at the majesty of our Pentarchy and the happiness of the Republic. They also wore tight flesh-colour pantaloons, with rings on their toes. That was a sight that never will be seen again. A fortnight after this magnificent *fête*, thousands of families

knew that the Clichy party demanded his dismissal and arrest. He was given to understand that Dumolard was one of the most decided against him, and that, finally, the royalist party was on the point of triumphing.

Before deciding for one party or the other, Bonaparte first thought of himself. He did not imagine that he had yet achieved enough to venture on possessing himself of that power which certainly he might easily have obtained. He therefore contented himself with joining the party which was, for the moment, supported by public opinion. I know he was determined to march upon Paris, with 25,000 men, had affairs taken a turn unfavourable to the republic, which he preferred to royalty. He cautiously formed his plan. To defend the Directory was, he conceived, to defend his own future fortune; that is to say, it was protecting a power which appeared to have no other object than to keep a place for him until his return.

The parties which rose up in Paris produced a reaction in the army. The employment of the word *Monsieur* had occasioned quarrels, and even bloodshed. General Augereau, in whose division these contests had taken place, published an order of the day, setting forth that every individual in his division who should use the word Monsieur, either verbally or in writing, under any pretence whatever, should be deprived of his rank, and declared incapable of serving in the republican armies. This order was read at the head of each company.

Bonaparte viewed the establishment of peace as the close of his military career. Repose and inactivity were to him unbearable. He sought to take part in the civil affairs of the republic, and was desirous of becoming one of the five directors, convinced that, if he obtained that object, he would speedily stand single and alone. The fulfilment of this wish would have prevented the Egyptian expedition, and placed the imperial crown much sooner upon his head. Intrigues were carried on in Paris in his name, with the view of securing to him a legal dispensation on the score of age. He hoped, though he was but eight-and-twenty, to supersede one of the two directors who were to go out of office. His brothers and their friends made great exertions for the success of the project, which, however, was not officially proposed, because it was too adverse to the prevailing notions of the day, and seemed too early a violation of the constitution of the year III., which, nevertheless, was violated in another way a few months after.

The members of the Directory were by no means anxious to have Bonaparte for their colleague. They dissembled, and so

wept over their banished fathers, forty-eight Departments were deprived of their representatives, and forty editors of newspapers were forced to go and drink the waters of the Elbe, the Synamary, or the Ohio! It would be a curious disquisition to seek to discover what really were at that time the Republic and Liberty."—*Editor.*

did he. Both parties were lavish of their mutual assurances of friendship, while they cordially hated each other. The Directory, however, appealed for the support of Bonaparte, which he granted; but his subsequent conduct clearly proves that the maintenance of the constitution of the year III. was a mere pretext. He indeed defended it meanwhile, because, by aiding the triumph of the opposite party, he could not hope to preserve the influence which he exercised over the Directory. I know well that, in case of the Clichy party gaining the ascendancy, he was determined to cross the Alps, and to assemble all the friends of the republic at Lyons, thence to march upon Paris.

In the Memorial of St. Helena, it is stated, in reference to the 18th Fructidor, "That the triumph of the majority of the councils was his desire and hope, we are inclined to believe from the following fact, viz.—that at the crisis of the contest between the two factions, a secret resolution was drawn up by three of the members of the Directory, asking him for three millions to support the attack on the councils, and that Napoleon, under various pretences, did not send the money, though he might easily have done so."

This is not very comprehensible. There was no *secret resolution* of the members who applied for the three millions. It was Bonaparte who offered the money, which, however, he did not send; it was he who despatched Augereau; and he who wished for the triumph of the directorial majority. His memory failed him sadly at St. Helena, as will be seen from some correspondence which I shall presently submit to the reader. It is very certain that he did offer the money to the Directory; that is to say, to three of its members. Bonaparte had so decidedly formed his resolution, that, on the 17th of July, wishing to make Augereau his confident, he sent to Vicenza for him, by an extraordinary courier.

Bonaparte adds, that when Bottot, the confidential agent of Barras, came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor, he declared to him that as soon as La Vallette should make him acquainted with the real state of things, the money should be transmitted. The inaccuracy of these statements will be seen in the correspondence relative to the event. In thus distorting the truth, Napoleon's only object could have been to proclaim his inclination for the principles he adopted, and energetically supported from the year 1800; but which, previously to that period, he had, with no less energy, opposed.

He decidedly resolved to support the majority of the Directory, and to oppose the royalist faction: the latter, which was beginning to be important, would have been listened to, had it offered power to him. About the end of July, he sent his aide-de-camp, La Vallette, to Paris. La Vallette was a man of good sense and education, pleasing manners, pliant temper, and moderate opinions. He was decidedly devoted to Bonaparte.

With his instructions, he received a private cipher to enable him to correspond with the general-in-chief.*

* The following interesting statement relative to La Vallette's mission, and to the political intrigues of the period, is extracted from the Memoirs of that personage.

"While France and her armies were at last enjoying the repose brought by heroic exertions, Government betrayed, by its internal dissensions, the fatal secret of its weakness and incapacity. The enlightened part of the country had soon become sensible that the Directory would never obtain any but a temporary and stormy existence. Besides the impossibility of preserving perfect harmony between five persons, possessing power in common, while they were swayed by different passions, prejudices, and characters, it was easy to be convinced that even the concentration of power in so few hands, being an homage paid to monarchy, would recall too many recollections, and too much regret for the old form of government, not to tempt its adherents to make efforts in its favour. In the eyes of the Royalists, the Directory was then only a passage to monarchy. They hoped that it would be short; and their wishes, inflamed by the expectation of success, made them bold. For the first time they combined a reasonable plan by addressing themselves to the passions of their foes, and to ambition so ardent in its calculation. The Constitution of the year III. had created two councils — one called the 'Council of Five Hundred,' and the other the 'Council of Ancients.' Among the persons composing them were still many members of the Convention, who could not bear the idea of the return of the Bourbons; but among them also sat some old Constitutionalists, who had united their exertions and wishes for the establishment of a representative monarchy. The greatest part among them were men of merit. All had been persecuted by the Committee of Public Safety. The members of the Directory had been all chosen out of the Convention, and the majority of them had voted for the death of the king. These were no titles to recommend them to the confidence of the people, much less to that of the Constitutionalists. The difference between the conduct and the opinions of Government, and a part of the Chambers, soon created an animosity, which betrayed itself in all their mutual concerns. Perhaps, however, it would not have brought on a catastrophe, if one of our most celebrated generals had not entered the Council of Five Hundred, already resolved to carry into execution a conspiracy in favour of the Bourbons.

"Pichegru it was who conceived that fatal design a long time before. I was told by General Lahorie, who accompanied him to Paris when the Convention summoned the Conqueror of Holland to her aid to crush the Jacobins, that when he left the Metropolis after the affair of the 12th Germinal, Pichegru lost no opportunity of showing his contempt for that assembly—contempt so great, that he grew angry at the thought of the praises and honours that had been lavished on him. Such were his ideas when he took the command of the Rhine army, and soon after began his correspondence with the Prince of Condé. It could not remain long a secret: the Prince wavered, asked advice, and solicited orders of the Count de Lille. This hesitation, these numerous letters, let so many people into the secret, that authentic papers were alone wanted to establish complete evidence of the plot. Those papers were soon found. Count d'Entraigues, a fiery and active-minded emigrant, though not very prudent, was one of the agents of the correspondence. He was attached to the Russian Legation which had been sent to the former government of Venice, and he remained in that city, thinking himself safe in his foreign regimentals. The general-in-chief had him arrested. A great part of the correspondence was seized among his papers, and sent to the Directory.

"A government that felt itself strong enough to be just, would have had the traitor arrested, and the laws would have decided. But the Directory considered that Pichegru was protected by eminent services, by his great reputation, his title of Deputy, and the support of a whole party. The examination of the plot proved, besides, that if General Moreau had not taken a direct part in it, he

Augereau went after La Vallette on the 27th of July. Bonaparte wrote to the Directory, that Augereau "had solicited leave to go to Paris on his own private business."

had at least known of it. When he learned that Government was acquainted with it, he hastened to disclose it; but this tardy disclosure, instead of destroying suspicion, confirmed it. Besides that, other respectable names might be exposed. All these considerations made Government fear legal proceedings, the publicity and final result of which might too probably prove fatal to its members; so that it was deemed preferable to involve in one common destruction, by a 'coup d'état,' the private foes of Government and those who had betrayed the republic.

"General Bonaparte followed attentively the progress of these sad dissensions. In the heat of the debates of the Council of Five Hundred, some aspersions had been directed against his lieutenants, and even against himself. He at first proudly repelled them; but on maturer thought, he resolved to send to Paris some one who could obtain exact information on the situation of affairs, and I was chosen for that mission. 'Mix with every body,' he said; 'do not let yourself be led away by party spirit; tell me the truth, and tell it me free from all passion.'

"I arrived in Paris in the month of May. The five members of Government were, at that time, Barras, Rewbell, Carnot, La Reveillere Lépaux, and Barthelemy. The first four had been members of the Convention; and although none of them had been famous during the Reign of Terror for any atrocious act, still the three first had voted the death of the king—a vote which, notwithstanding the fatal though powerful consideration that may be presented in alleviation, placed them amongst the most furious Jacobins, and was prejudicial to the respect with which they ought to have been invested. The people bore impatiently the yoke of men who recalled to their minds such fatal events; and they were especially disliked by the Constitutionalists of 1791, who reproached them at once with the destruction of their edifice, and the persecutions which had so long weighed upon them.

"When I arrived, the contest was violent, and the antagonists of Government made no secret of their wish to overthrow the majority. My first visit was to Barras, who seemed to have preserved favourable sentiments for General Bonaparte, and who expressed to me a wish to maintain the friendship which had so long united them. After him I saw Carnot, who spoke to me with a reserve commanded by the intimate connexion of General Bonaparte with Barras. A difference of systems and views on some points of Government had created between these two Directors an animosity which betrayed itself in invectives and threats, that left no opening for reconciliation. Carnot, however, expressed himself with candour. 'It is impossible,' he said, 'to go on any longer on the revolutionary road. If a lasting system of moderation be not adopted, all is lost. France feels horror for whatever brings to mind the deplorable measures to which the necessity of saving her has carried the country. The public mind is irritated, and unless great care be taken, the effect will be to involve us again in a confusion, out of which we shall be extricated only to bend under the yoke of the Bourbons. The faction against which I am struggling does not blush to charge me with being a royalist; and nevertheless, nobody is more convinced than I am of Pichegru's treason, and the necessity of punishing him; but they want to govern France as they would a club. Narrow views, passionate, factious spirit, the prejudices of ignorance and fear, ever suspicious and blind, preside over all our acts: they prefer the violence that irritates, while moderation and firmness would be sufficient to smooth every thing. My situation is painful; for I am forced to move with a party in which, exclusive of Pichegru, there are men to whom I am obnoxious, who perhaps conspire with him, and who will ruin the Republic, without obtaining the secret aim of their endeavours. I have tried,' he added, 'to reclaim Pichegru; I was not personally acquainted with him; but the conversation I had with him convinced me that he is cleverer than

But the truth is, Augereau was sent expressly to second the revolution which was preparing against the Clichy party, and the minority of the Directory.

Bonaparte made choice of Augereau because he knew his stanch republican principles, his boldness, and his deficiency of political talent. He thought him well calculated to aid a commotion, which his own presence with the army of Italy prevented him from directing in person; and besides, Augereau was not an ambitious rival, who might turn events to his own advantage. Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he sent the

I thought, and that he has taken his final resolutions. I do not know what are his means of execution, now that he is no longer with the army; but whatever they may be, they will miscarry when opposed by the firm vigilance of Government, and by public opinion, which is strongly declared against the Bourbons.'

"This conversation, of which I have only recorded the most remarkable parts, was the only one I had with Carnot. The house of Barras was open to me, and I went there so often that Carnot could not but look upon me as a man entirely devoted to the party of that Director: it was, however, not so. All his speeches breathed hatred and vengeance. A month before the catastrophe took place, it was secretly resolved to make it terrible, and the victims were marked out. My position and my duty forbade me taking any part in the contest, but I wrote the truth to General Bonaparte. I observed that he would tarnish his glory if he gave any support to acts of violence, which the situation of Government did not justify; that nobody would pardon him if he joined the Directory in their plan to overthrow the constitution and liberty; that proscriptions were about to take place against the national representation, and against citizens whose virtues made them worthy of respect; that punishments would be inflicted without trial, and that the hatred resulting from such measures would extend not only to the Directory, but to the whole system of republican government. Besides, it was not certain that the party they were going to proscribe, really wished the return of the Bourbons; and in any case the legal punishment and banishment of Pichegru would be sufficient to destroy any plans of that sort. These considerations made so much impression on the mind of General Bonaparte, that he soon avoided, in his correspondence with the Directory, all allusion to the interior situation of France, and at last left off writing to them altogether. His long silence appeared strange to Barras, who however easily guessed the cause of it. He continued seeing me; but I perceived by his gravity, and the insidious questions of his favourites, that he suspected me of not being his friend. I never loved equivocal situations, and I hastened to get out of the one I was in by candidly declaring my sentiments to one of his confidents. 'I know enough,' I said, 'of the plans of government to hurt them if I were to acquaint their enemies with what I do know: it would however be an act of treason, of which you know I am incapable. But, as a citizen and an honest man, I cannot dissemble that I do not approve of the *coup d'état* that is meditated. You are going to trample on laws and liberty. Such a system of violence will sooner or later recoil on your own heads. After having toiled and suffered ten years to obtain a representative government, it is distressing to reap nothing but tyranny, or the convulsions of anarchy.' He answered me by some commonplace observations on the necessity of striking a great blow at a faction that wanted to overthrow the Republic. Barras, to whom this conversation was reported, according to my intention, thought it requisite to dissemble: he did not treat me ill, but he had me watched with a vigilance that extended even to my correspondence with General Bonaparte. My letters to him were written in ciphers; and that proof of mystery and mistrust, by augmenting their suspicions, contributed perhaps to hasten the catastrophe, through the fear that Bonaparte might take some resolution that would perplex the Directory." —*Editor.*

addresses of the army of Italy by Augereau, because he was a decided supporter of the opinions of the day. That was the true reason for choosing him.

Bernadotte was subsequently despatched on the same errand. Bonaparte's pretence for sending him was, that he wished to transmit to the Directory four flags, which, out of the twenty-one taken at the battle of Rivoli, had been left, *by mistake*, at Peschiera. Bernadotte, however, did not take any great part in the affair. He was always prudent.

The crisis of the 18th Fructidor, which retarded for three years the extinction of the pentarchy, presents one of the most remarkable events of its short existence. It will be seen how the directors extricated themselves from this difficulty. I subjoin the correspondence relating to this remarkable episode of our revolution, cancelling only such portions of it as are irrelevant to the subject. It exhibits several variations from the accounts given by Napoleon, at St. Helena, to his noble companions in misfortune.

On the 6th Messidor, year V. (24th of June, 1797), the Directory wrote the following confidential letter to Bonaparte:

We observe, citizen-general, with extreme satisfaction, your continued proofs of attachment to the cause of liberty, and the constitution of the year III. You may rely on the most perfect reciprocity on our part. We accept with pleasure the offers you have made, to come to the aid of the republic. They are an additional pledge of your sincere love of your country. You cannot doubt that we will employ your services only for the tranquillity, happiness, and glory of France.

This letter was in the handwriting of La Reveillère Lepeaux, and was signed by Barras, Rewbell, and La Reveillère. Carnot and Barthelemy knew nothing of it.

On the 30th Messidor, Barras announced the change of ministry to Bonaparte.

On the 4th Thermidor, La Vallette wrote thus:

I saw Barras this morning.

He appears well satisfied with all that is going on. He did not conceal from me that the division is very decided between the members of the Directory. He will stand firm; and if a decree of accusation be drawn up against us, we will mount our horses and crush them.

Carnot told me that you took a false view of what was passing in France. "There is nothing to fear," said he. "They are merely flies, buzzing about. Assure Bonaparte that he need be under no apprehension. The republic will not perish."

Barras has repeatedly told me that, in the present crisis, money would powerfully assist. I mentioned your proposition, and he accepted it with transport. He intends writing to you on the subject.

The following is part of a letter written by Barras on the 5th Thermidor:

All the enemies of the republic protest against the dismissal of the ministers, which is a proof that the measure was salutary and urgent. I, Rewbell, and La Reveillère are sincerely attached to the republic and the constitution, and will defend them to the end of our lives. Carnot, who has doubtless been misled by perfidious men, has separated from us. We shall at length determine the course of assignats, which for a year have perplexed the republic. On this subject, I have no reason to reproach myself. I did all in my power to prevent it; but the Directory, which was then influenced by a ferocious man, the enemy of French liberty, nullified all my efforts, and all my representations. Hoche is here, and is about to prepare for his expedition to Ireland. We shall turn our attention to the interior. I expect that, without any violent commotion, we shall restore public spirit, and that the good citizens of the legislative body, those who love the republic, and have shown themselves determined to defend it, will rally.

Next day, the 6th Thermidor, Barras made an urgent demand for money.

No delay. Reflect that it is only with the help of money that I can fulfil your honourable and generous intentions.

On the same day, La Vallette wrote as follows:

The proposition has been referred to the consideration of Barras, Rewbell, and Reveillère. All three agreed that without money it would be impossible to extricate themselves from existing difficulties. They hope that you will send them large sums. They thank you in anticipation, and they say you are a man who can do much. The councils have been forced to content themselves with the explanation of the Directory, relative to the proclamations of the army.

Pichegru and Willot have decidedly raised the mask. It would appear there is a wish to oppose them to Bonaparte, in case he joins the Directory.

Carnot is still tranquil. Lacroix has been the victim of the sort of compromise which it was necessary to make to get rid of the ministers.

On the 10th Thermidor he says—

The minority of the Directory still trust to the possibility of an arrangement. The majority will perish, rather than descend one step lower. They see the abyss which is opening beneath them.

But such is the fatal destiny or the weakness of Carnot, that he is becoming one of the supporters of the monarchical party, as he was of the terrorists. He is inclined to temporize.

Again, on the 16th Thermidor, he observes—

All is going on as before. There is a grand plan of attack by the Council of Five Hundred, and vigorous preparations for defence on the part of the Directory.

Barras says to those who listen to him, "I am waiting for the decree of accusation to mount my horse and attack the conspirators of the councils, and their heads will soon roll in the kennel."

Most of the persons I meet when I call on Barras are members of the Council of Five Hundred. They condemn the choice you have made of Willot to command the south.

Augereau is expected this evening. Barras, when he told me this news, added, "His presence will make more than one change colour, especially when he receives a new title, which will give greater weight to what he says and does."

At Barras's, this evening, they were contriving a plan for driving away the emigrants, or throwing them into the river. This was discussed very seriously, in the presence of ten persons.

Many zealous patriots are of opinion that the directors have committed serious faults. It is wished that they had drawn up a proclamation with an explanation of its grounds, and that they had not concealed the reason why ten or twelve thousand men are moving round the constitutional circle, for nobody is deceived on that subject. Barras is reproached for his indolence, his love of pleasure, and his indiscreet impetuosity; Rewbell for his prejudices, his obstinacy, and his mediocrity; Reveillère for his timidity, his dilatoriness, and his want of energy; finally, Barras, Rewbell, and Reveillère are all blamed for their insufficiency, their narrow views, and the fatal mania of acting like leaders of factions, instead of like statesmen. It is to be feared that Augereau will irritate them by his violence.

I forgot to tell you a remark made by General Lapoype. We were speaking of peace, and he said, pressing my hand, "My dear fellow, I hope it may not take place, and that Bonaparte will complete his grand work, the republicanizing of Italy."

Another letter of La Vallette, dated the 18th Thermidor, makes no mention of the crisis; but one from him, dated the 21st, commences thus:

Barras appeared to me somewhat uneasy at not having received money. It was observed that perhaps Bonaparte was not sufficiently authorized by the letter transmitted to him. "But," said he, "it could not have more than three signatures,* nor could it be more positive." I spoke to him of the reconciliation; upon which he replied, that no such thing has happened, and that it is impossible. The Directory will save the republic, at least Barras, Carnot, and Reveillère will.

Irritation is increasing. There will be an epoch, which I know is wished for by those who visit Barras.

"The petitions," said Carnot, "made by the army of Italy, are at variance with the constitution. They embarrass us greatly. It is difficult to justify such a violation. All opinions would have been conciliated, if the Directory would have had Merlin, Ramel, Charles Lacroix, and Truguet.† I had the promise of the members of the Five Hundred that they would put a stop to the clamours and enterprises of eight or ten troublesome fellows, who are the declared partisans of Louis XVIII. Nothing of the kind has been done. Public opinion has been braved, and the public mind has been irritated. For

* This was the directorial majority. Carnot and Barthelemy would not have signed.

† Merlin, as minister of justice; Ramel, minister of finance; Charles Lacroix, minister for foreign affairs; and Truguet, minister of the marine.

my part, though I think that moderation can alone save us, I have spoken some very harsh truths to the inspectors of the hall. If violent measures be resorted to, I will give in my resignation."

Augereau has plainly said, "I am sent to *kill the royalists*."

On the same day Barras wrote to Bonaparte—

That the republic would be saved by the majority of the public, of the armies, and all republicans.

On the 22d Thermidor, Augereau wrote as follows:

I have succeeded in obtaining the suppression of the army of the Alps. I unfolded to Barras the system of the revolutionists, and I was immediately appointed commandant of the seventeenth military division. The dismissal of all the civil and military authorities is finally determined on. Reflect that the safety of the republic is in our hands, and that our purity and courage, directed by purity of opinion and conduct, can alone rescue France from the awful abyss into which the agents of the throne and the altar would plunge her.

Three days afterwards, he wrote thus:

The councils have spoken of a change of residence. For my part, I observe and act, and am continually hurrying from the Directory to Sotin, and from Sotin to the Directory. I encourage them, and do every thing to bring them to a determination. I know not what obliges them to temporize. We must not wait for the ensuing elections."

A letter, written by La Vallette on the 26th Thermidor, contains the following:

Carnot's speech has had a good effect. The patriots do not, however, believe him to be sincere. They accuse him of secret designs, and allege that his speech was concerted with the leaders of the faction. No reconciliation, therefore, has taken place, and irritation still exists.

I have seen Sièyes, who still continues ill. He is of opinion, that if a strong barrier be not raised up against the torrent of the royalists, the constitution will be destroyed, and with it France.

On the 29th, La Vallette wrote to the following effect:

I will tell you what Barras said to me, after dinner, the day before yesterday.

"I tore aside the veil at the Directory this morning. The negotiations of Italy were spoken of. Carnot alleged that Bonaparte's situation, when he signed the preliminaries, was not such as to oblige him to subscribe to any conditions which he could not subsequently abide by. I defended Bonaparte, and said to Carnot, 'You are a scoundrel! You are a scoundrel! You have sold the Republic, and you would sacrifice all who defend it. Infamous villain!' I then rose, and Carnot replied, with an embarrassed air, 'I despise your provocations; but one day or other I will reply to them.'"

A young man in Carnot's service says it would be very easy to

make an end of him, should he attempt the least stir against the projected movement. I have just seen Barras, who desires me to inform you that every thing is arranged, and that the decisive step will be taken very shortly. If the Council of Five Hundred should change its residence, the Directory will remain.

I have just now heard from the secretary of Barras, that a person named Viscowitz has given the Directory the six hundred thousand francs, to obtain more advantageous conditions for the villains. About half the sum has been paid, and the remainder will be speedily advanced. I cannot touch money without it being known; I am watched by the inspectors of the Five Hundred.

On the 29th Thermidor, Augereau complains of the uncertainty that prevails, and states his urgent want of money. He then adds—

The Elector of Hesse writes confidentially to his nephew, General Hesse, that the emperor will not conclude peace, because it does not appear to be agreeable to the Clichy party, which he supposes exercises the ascendancy over Paris, and the two councils.

On the 30th Thermidor, Carnot addressing the general-in-chief upon the subject of the pretended dangers of the republic, the panic terrors, &c., says—

Each faction has the nightmare; all are armed to fight with windmills. But people are beginning to see clearly. Fear has done the mischief, and fear will work the remedy. In the name of Heaven, conclude peace, on the very basis of the preliminaries. That will still be excellent; and without peace, the republic is still a problem. You have earned glory enough; be now the hero of humanity. He concludes with these words:—Believe me, my dear general, the most faithful and inviolable of your friends.

La Vallette writes on the 7th Fructidor—

The movement which you so positively announced, on the part of Barras, is adjourned. The obstacles which retard it are—1st. Disagreement respecting the means of execution — 2d. The fear of engaging in a contest, of which the success is not doubtful, but of which the consequences are alarming—3d. The embarrassment which would be caused by the Council of Ancients, who are determined to oppose no resistance, and by the Council of Five Hundred, who must be driven away, because they will not go quietly—4th. The apprehension of the Babœuf reaction—5th. The impossibility of preventing the elders from leaving Paris, and the necessity which the Directory feels of following them.

Augereau is much offended that you do not write to him. "I do not understand Bonaparte," he says, "for the last four months. He does himself great harm by his praises of Bernadotte and Serrurier. It was imprudent to send Bernadotte. He knows well that none but he and I can save the Republic, and that I alone can make him properly acquainted with what is going on. But he may do as he pleases: I will not write to him again."

Yesterday evening, at Barras's, they were talking of superseding Sherer, who was reproached with immorality, drunkenness, and incapacity in business. I mentioned Bernadotte. "He is not enough of a patriot," it was answered; "he has been tried in present circumstances."

I thought I ought to await your orders, relative to the money. Barras's secretary told me that they had enough for their operations.

On the very day on which Augereau said he would not again write to Bonaparte, he wrote as follows:

Twelve thousand men of the army of the Sambre and Meuse will be marched near the constitutional circle, and quartered, to be in readiness for duty, in case of necessity, and cutting off any communications which may take place with Calvados, where the emigrants, who have fled from Paris since my arrival, have taken refuge.

You will shortly learn the change of the war minister. The Directory thinks that change important.

Augereau writes again, on the 11th Fructidor—

The spirit of the Directory continues unchanged, that is to say, the project is still in train; and that its execution will save the republic, in spite of the obstacles which arise to delay both plans and planners. Send me some money.

Bonaparte thus replied to La Vallette's letter of the 7th Fructidor, in which mention is made of Augereau:

Augereau is rather warm: but he is attached to the cause of the people, to the army, and, I believe, to me.

Tell Carnot that I place no faith in the reports which are circulated about him. Give him the assurance of my perfect concurrence in all the sentiments he has expressed. Tell him, *as an opinion of your own*, that on the first opportunity I shall withdraw from public life, and if that opportunity does not speedily occur, I shall offer my resignation. *Observe well what effect this may produce on him.*

La Vallette writes, of the 14th Fructidor—

The movement so often talked of is now about to take place. To-morrow night, or the night after, the Directory will order the arrest of fifteen or twenty deputies. It is presumed that there will be no resistance.

He next speaks of the nomination of La Reveillère to the presidency of the Directory—the speech of Marbot—the paper written by Bailleul—the rejection of the resolution respecting the fugitives of the Lower Rhine, and the appointment of Cherin to the command of the guards of the Directory, and the rank of general of a division.

Carnot says (continues he) that the safety of the republic depends on peace, whatever may be its conditions.

On the 18th Fructidor, Barras and La Vallette wrote to an-

nounce that the crisis was past. Barras adds, by way of post-script—

Peace, peace! but an honourable and lasting peace! not the infamous proposition of Carnot, transmitted by the aide-de-camp La Vallette.

Augereau thus expressed himself on the 18th Fructidor:

At length, general, my mission is accomplished, and the promises of the army of Italy are fulfilled. The fear of being anticipated has caused measures to be hurried.

At midnight I despatched orders to all the troops to march towards the points specified. Before day, all the bridges and principal places were planted with cannon. At daybreak, the halls of the councils were surrounded, the guards of the councils were amicably mingled with our troops, and the members, of whom I send you a list, were arrested, and conveyed to the Temple. The greater number have escaped, and are being pursued. Carnot has disappeared.*

Paris is tranquil, and every one is astounded at an event which promised to be awful, but which has passed over like a fête.

The stout patriots of the faubourgs proclaim the safety of the republic, and the black collars are put down. It now remains for the wise energy of the Directory and the patriots of the two councils to do the rest. The place of sitting is changed, and the first operations promise well. This event is a great step towards peace; which it is your task finally to secure to us.

Do not forget the bill of exchange for twenty-five thousand francs. It is urgent.

On the 18th and 22d Fructidor, La Vallette wrote to announce the change, and the dismissal of General Clarke. He informed Bonaparte that Barras was very distrustful on the subject of the money.

A letter from Talleyrand to Bonaparte, dated the 22d Fructidor, after detailing the events of the 18th, thus concludes:

You will read in the proclamations, that a conspiracy, entirely in the interests of royalty, had been long preparing against the constitution. Latterly, it was not disguised, but was visible to the most indifferent observer. The name of patriot had become an insult;—all republican institutions were degraded;—the most inveterate enemies of France were received in her bosom, and treated with respect. Hypocritical fanaticism had suddenly transported us to the sixteenth century. Division was in the Directory. Men were sitting in the Legislative Body who had been elected according to the instructions of the pretender, and whose motions were all dictated by royalism. The Directory, being fully assured of these circumstances, ordered the conspirators to be seized. To confound at once the hopes and the calumnies of those who have so long desired and still meditate the

* It is worthy of remark, that in 1814, Louis XVIII. sent letters of nobility to those members of the two councils, who were, as it was termed, *fructidorized*.

ruin of the constitution, death would be the punishment of any one who would restore royalty or the constitution of 93.

Next day La Vallette wrote thus:

It is very important that you should have some one constantly here who is devoted to you. Here is a cabal against you: it is composed of violent men, who reproach you with having suffered the patriots of Piedmont to be sacrificed, and with not having received those of the south with suitable attention. Augereau takes an active part in all this. I ought not to conceal from you that Visconti uses the most unrestrained language respecting you.

I have seen Barras: he made no mention of you.

On the preceding day, Barras had written to Bonaparte as follows:

The infamous journalists will now have their turn. The resolution of the Five Hundred will be adopted. To-morrow we shall have two colleagues: they are François de Neufchateau and Merlin. Conclude peace, but let it be honourable. Let the Rhine be the boundary: let Mantua belong to the Cisalpine republic, and take Venice from the house of Austria. Such are the wishes of the present Directory, and these wishes are in accordance with the interests of the republic, as well as with the glory of the general and the immortal army he commands.

In another letter, dated two days after, he says—

Your silence is very strange, my dear general. The outlaws set off yesterday. No one can behave better than Augereau. He enjoys the confidence of both parties, and he deserves it. The Bourbons depart to-morrow for Spain.

On the same day Augereau writes—

My aide-de-camp, Verine, will acquaint you with the events of the 18th. He is also to deliver to you some despatches from the Directory, where much uneasiness is felt at not hearing from you. No less uneasiness is experienced on seeing in Paris one of your aides-de-camp,* whose conduct excites the dissatisfaction and distrust of the patriots, towards whom he has behaved very ill.

The news of General Clarke's recal will have reached you by this time, and I suspect has surprised you. Amongst the thousand and one motives which have determined the government to take this step, may be reckoned his correspondence with Carnot, which has been communicated to me, and in which he treated the generals of the army of Italy as brigands.

Moreau has sent the Directory a letter which throws a new light on Pichegru's treason. Such baseness is hardly to he conceived.

The government perseveres in maintaining the salutary measures which it has adopted. I hope it will be in vain for the remnant

* La Vallette.

of the factions to renew their plots. The patriots will continue united.

Fresh troops having been summoned to Paris, and my presence at their head being considered indispensable by the government, I shall not have the satisfaction of seeing you so soon as I hoped. This has determined me to send for my horses and carriages, which I left at Milan.

Bernadotte wrote to Bonaparte on the 24th Fructidor, as follows:

The arrested deputies are removed to Rochefort, where they will be embarked for the island of Madagascar. Paris is tranquil. The people at first heard of the arrest of the deputies with indifference. A feeling of curiosity soon drew them into the streets; enthusiasm followed, and cries of *Vive la République*, which had not been heard for a long time, now resounded in every street. The neighbouring departments have expressed their discontent. That of Allier has, it is said, protested; but it will cut a fine figure. Eight thousand men are marching to the environs of Paris. Part is already within the precincts, under the orders of General Lemoine. The government has it at present in its power to elevate public spirit; but every body feels that it is necessary the Directory should be surrounded by tried and energetic republicans.—Unfortunately, a host of men, without talent and resources, already suppose that what has taken place has been done only in order to advance their interests. Time is necessary to set all to rights. The armies have regained consistency. The soldiers of the interior are esteemed, or, at least, feared. The emigrants fly, and the non-juring priests conceal themselves.

Nothing could have happened more fortunately to consolidate the republic. But if the crisis be not taken advantage of, we shall be compelled to make a fresh movement after the approaching elections. The Legislative Body has granted a great degree of power to the Directory. Some persons think that it would be better to adjourn for a definite period, leaving to the Directory the duty of maintaining the constitution in the interim: there is a difference of opinion on this point. Nevertheless, the Directory and the Legislative Body act in harmony. There however remains, without doubt, a party in the two councils which dislikes the republic, and will do every thing possible to destroy it, as soon as the first feeling of terror is past. The government knows that party, and will probably take measures to avoid the danger, and thereby secure the patriots against a new prosecution.

On the 25th Fructidor, La Vallette wrote as follows:

I have had a long conversation with the representative Lacuée. He stated this: "The Council of Five Hundred will adjourn. It does not desire to be the senate of Tiberius. As to Bonaparte, let him not hope ever to enjoy here the reward of his labours. He is feared by the authorities, envied by military men, and misunderstood by a people too worthless to appreciate him. Calumny has prepared its poison, and he will be its victim. I wish him well; I wish him

not to depart from the high destiny to which his great genius and fortune decidedly invite him."*

Bonaparte wrote as follows, to the Directory, on the 26th Fructidor:

Herewith you will receive a proclamation to the army, relative to the events of the 18th. I have despatched the 48th demi-brigade, commanded by General Bon, to Lyons, together with fifty cavalry; also General Lannes, with the 20th light infantry and the 8th regiment of the line, to Marseilles. I have issued the enclosed proclamation in the southern departments. I am about to prepare a proclamation for the inhabitants of Lyons, as soon as I obtain some information of what may have passed there.

If I find there is the least disturbance, I will march there with the utmost rapidity. Believe that there are here a hundred thousand men, who are alone sufficient to make the measures you have taken to place liberty on a solid basis, be respected. What avails it that we gain victories, if we are not respected in our country. In speaking of Paris, one may parody what Cassius said of Rome: "Of what use to call her Queen on the banks of the Seine, when she is the slave of Pitt's gold?"

On the 30th Fructidor, Augereau wrote to Bonaparte in the following terms:

Public opinion, which acquires fresh power daily, promises, through the prudence of Frenchmen, a happy future, and banishes the fear of retrograding, although royalism has not lost all hope. I have not heard from you for a long time. You made me hope that I should have heard in a few days, and that the first courier would bring me an order for money. I look anxiously for both these things, for I am obliged to have recourse to many persons, and to make great efforts to pay my way. Be satisfied, citizen-general, that, at all hazards, I will surmount every obstacle opposed to the object in view, namely, to consolidate the republic, and cause it to be respected in the interior by constitutional means. Let me hear from you; keep your promises, and I undertake to do all that is necessary.

After the 18th Fructidor, Augereau wished to have his reward for his share in the victory, and for the service which he had rendered. He wished to be a Director. He got, however, only the length of being a candidate; honour enough for one who had merely been an instrument on that day.

On the 30th Fructidor, Talleyrand wrote a second letter to Bonaparte, as follows:

* Many persons have attributed the superior view which Bonaparte took of the events of the 18th Fructidor to his correspondence with La Vallette. I do not wish to detract from the merit of M. La Vallette. No person can, in this respect, entertain a higher opinion of him than myself. But this *ante Fructidorian* correspondence just set forth, proves that Bonaparte, although out of France, had a correct view of an event which he encouraged by his proclamations, and caused to be supported by his favourite generals. Faithful accounts, conversations reported with spirit and accuracy, careful scrutinies of facts—are not advice. Bonaparte did not like advice.

We intend to publish some papers, from which it will appear evident that the courts of Vienna and London had a perfect understanding with the faction which has just been overthrown here. It will be seen how much the stratagems of these courts and the movements in the interior correspond. The members of Clichy and the emperor's cabinet seek the common and manifest object of re-establishing a king in France, and making a disgraceful peace, by which Italy would be restored to her ancient masters.

This correspondence, the autographs of which I have preserved, appears to me of great interest, as it contains most important and novel facts relative to the 18th Fructidor: I have therefore considered it my duty to publish the whole of it.

CHAPTER X.

1797.

Bonaparte's joy at the result of the 18th Fructidor—His letters to Augereau and François de Neufchateau—His correspondence with the Directory and proposed resignation—Explanation of the Directory—Bottot—Indication of the Egyptian expedition—Release of MM. de la Fayette, de Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, from Olmutz—General Clarke—Letter from Madame Bacciocchi to Bonaparte—Autograph letter of the Emperor Francis to Bonaparte—Arrival of Count Cobentzel—Autograph note of Bonaparte on the conditions of peace.

BONAPARTE was intoxicated with joy when he heard of the happy issue of the 18th Fructidor. Its result was the dissolution of the Legislative Body and the fall of the *Clichian* party, which for some months had disturbed his tranquillity. The Clichians had objected to Joseph Bonaparte's right to sit, as deputy for Liamone, in the Council of Five Hundred.* His brother's victory removed the difficulty; but the general-in-chief soon perceived that the ascendant party abused its power, and again compromised the safety of the republic, by recommencing the revolutionary government. The directors were alarmed at his discontent and offended by his censure. They conceived the singular idea of opposing to Bonaparte, Augereau, of whose blind zeal they had received many proofs. The Directory appointed Augereau commander of the army of Germany. Augereau, whose extreme vanity was notorious, believed himself in a situation to compete with Bonaparte. What he built his arrogance on was, that, with a numerous troop, he had

* He was ambassador to Rome, and not a deputy at this time. When he became a member of the council, after his return from Rome, he experienced no opposition.—*Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne.*

the suspicions of Bonaparte, wrote the following letter on the 30th Vendémiaire:

The Directory has been troubled about the impression made on you by the letter, of which an aide-de-camp of the paymaster-general was the bearer. The composition of this letter has very much astonished the government, which never appointed nor recognised such an agent: it is at least an error of office. But it should not alter the opinion you ought otherwise to entertain of the manner in which the Directory thinks of and esteems you. It appears that the 18th Fructidor was misrepresented in the letters which were sent to the army of Italy. You did well to intercept them, and it may be right to transmit the most remarkable to the minister of police.*

In your observations on the too strong tendency of opinion towards military government, the Directory recognises an equally enlightened and ardent friend of the republic.

Nothing is wiser than the maxim—*cedant arma togæ*, for the maintenance of republics. To show so much anxiety on so important a point is not one of the least glorious features in the life of a general placed at the head of a triumphant army.

Bottot, on his part, wrote on the 5th Brumaire to Bonaparte, to satisfy him, and to describe the interest with which he had been received on his return from Italy. He said he had found the Directory full of admiration of the general, and affectionately attached to him. The following is an extract from his letter:

Perhaps the government commits many faults; perhaps it does not always take so correct a view of affairs as you do; but with what *republican docility* did it not receive your observation!

Soon after the events of the 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte addressed to the sailors of Admiral Brueys squadron a proclamation, the language of which proved that he entertained the idea of his favourite project, the expedition to Egypt.

TO THE SEAMEN OF THE SQUADRON OF ADMIRAL BRUEYS.

Comrades,

I hasten to make known to you the proclamation issued by the Executive Directory. You will perceive by it the danger from which we have just escaped.

A few traitors and emigrants had taken possession of the national tribunal.

The chief magistrates of the republic, the representatives, faithful to their country, republicans, soldiers, rallied round the tree of liberty. All have united their efforts—all have invoked the destiny of the republic. The partisans of tyranny are dismayed and secured.

Comrades, we have subdued and given peace to the continent. We must now unite our efforts with yours, in order to conquer the freedom of the seas, and revenge ourselves upon those proud islanders for the wrongs we have suffered at their hands. What sailor of the Mediterranean can have forgotten them?

* What an ignoble task to propose to the conqueror of Italy!

Do you not remember that terrible night, which will for ever be disastrous in the remembrance of the French people? Toulon abandoned to the English, its arsenal, with several of our frigates, in flames. So many injuries, and so many crimes, were the work of but a few hours! Yet there are bigots and traitors no less audacious than base, who seek to restore those who sold us to England, and closed every sea against us. *No*—this shall never be, never, while a single soldier of our three armies shall exist, and while you too, brave seamen, shall retain a due sense of the honour of your country, and of the high destinies which ere long shall render it illustrious.

Without you, we should not be able to extend the glory of the French name beyond a corner of Europe; with your aid, we shall range the seas, and carry the standard of the republic to the most distant countries.

His sentiments towards England, and the efforts he made against the power of that country, would leave posterity in doubt (were not the fact incontestably proved) of his having voluntarily and spontaneously sought an asylum among a people whom he disdainfully styled a nation of shopkeepers, who hate us, whom he thoroughly hated, and against whose commerce, manufactures, institutions, and even existence, he had constantly waged war.

In consequence of the complaints transmitted to the Court of Vienna, relative to the bad treatment of General de la Fayette and his two fellow-captives detained as prisoners in Olmütz, the Marquis de Chasteler was directed by the Emperor of Austria to make a report on the state of their prison and the manner in which they were treated. He was, besides, charged with a particular proposition, on which each of the prisoners was to make a declaration before obtaining his liberty.

The marquis drew up a report, under the title of "Minutes of an Examination respecting the Treatment of MM. de la Fayette, Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, prisoners in the fortress of Olmütz; likewise of Madame de la Fayette and her daughters, whom his majesty the Emperor had permitted to visit their husband and father, and of their servants."

The Marquis de Chasteler, after conferring with each of the prisoners in private, brought them together on the 26th of July, 1797, and, in the presence of Captain Mac-Eligot, drew up his account of the investigation.

With respect to lodging, the report stated that the prisoners, with Madame de la Fayette and her daughters, were confined in apartments behind the barracks. The apartments were on the ground floor. The principal inconvenience attending these apartments was, that a common-sewer passed under them, which, added to the vicinity of the water-closets, occasioned an unpleasant smell in changes of weather.

M. de la Fayette occupied a vaulted chamber, twenty-four feet long, fifty broad, and twelve high, containing a stove, a bed,

a table, chairs, and a chest of drawers. MM. de Latour-Maubourg and Bureau de Puzy had each a chamber similarly furnished. Madame de la Fayette and her daughters were lodged in a single room. The two young ladies had only one bed between them; but they had made repeated applications, especially when one of them was indisposed, for separate beds. As to food, the marquis stated that in the morning the prisoners were served with coffee or chocolate; at dinner, soup, a bouilli, a ragout of greens, some roasted meat, salad, dessert, and a bottle of red Hungary wine; for supper, a salad, some roasted meat, and a pint of wine. The food was sufficient as to quantity, but often of inferior quality.

The servant of M. de Maubourg was allowed to attend his master three hours a day. M. Bureau de Puzy's had been prevented from attending him for six weeks. Ever since M. de la Fayette's attempt to escape, he and his family had been waited on by soldiers, and were allowed no communication with their servants. In case of sickness, the surgeon belonging to the fortress attended the prisoners.

The Marquis de la Fayette's declaration was in the following terms:

The commission with which M. de Chasteler is charged, appears to me to resolve itself into three considerations:

1. His majesty wishes to ascertain our situation at Olmütz: I do not mean to prefer any complaint to him. Many details may be found in the letters of my wife, transmitted to and returned by the Austrian government; and if his imperial majesty deems it not sufficient to look over again the instructions conveyed in his name, I will voluntarily give to M. de Chasteler whatever information he may require.

2. His majesty the emperor and king wishes to be assured that, immediately on my liberation, I will depart for America. This is an intention I have often manifested: but as, under the present circumstances, my reply would seem to recognise the right of imposing this condition upon me, I do not conceive I ought to satisfy such a demand.

3. His majesty the emperor and king has done me the honour to signify, that the principles I profess being incompatible with the security of the Austrian government, he does not wish I should continue in his dominions, without his special permission. There are some duties from which I cannot withdraw myself. Some of these I owe to the United States, and, above all, to France; and I cannot, in any degree, surrender the right which my country possesses over my person.

With these sole reservations, I can assure M. de Chasteler that my fixed determination is, not to set my foot in any territory subject to his majesty the King of Bohemia and Hungary.

(Signed) LAFAYETTE.

M. de Latour-Maubourg, in his reply, stated that, without recognising in the Austrian government any right over his person—without submitting to what was arrogated over Frenchmen, disarmed, and strangers to the provinces which recognised

the dominion of Austria, he considered it his duty to declare that he had received no bad treatment, in word or deed, from the person now charged with his custody. He must, however, say that, with the exception of the present captain (Mac-Eligot) charged with the state prisoners, the greater part of the officers who preceded him behaved with a degree of grossness and indifference, of which the natural effect was, that the prisoners were left destitute of every thing.

Being unacquainted with the code of the Austrian state prisons, M. Latour-Maubourg could not say whether the treatment he had received was in conformity to such a code or not. But all that had transpired respecting the horrible system of the Bastile, all he had read during his captivity in Prussia of the atrocities said to be committed in the French prisons, during the barbarous reign of Marat and Robespierre, and his treatment in Prussia itself, though very severe, still had not prepared him for suffering, under the dominion of a prince whose humanity and virtues he had heard celebrated, a usage so harsh that he could not have believed its existence possible, had he not derived the conviction from a long and woful experience. He now renewed the resolution he had often formed for himself, never to set a foot in the dominions of his imperial majesty. Nevertheless, as circumstances might prevent him from furthering his intention of going to the United States, and to remove every pretext for again incarcerating him on account of his performing the duty of a good citizen, he made this engagement under the exception of the case, not very probable, that his country, which he was about to quit, and which would always be dear to him, or the country which he was to adopt, should impose upon him the duty of infringing it.

M. Bureau de Puzy replied in much the same way, in substance and spirit, as the other two prisoners. He closed his declaration, by saying that he would, with joy, engage never to enter, or to ask permission to enter, the Austrian dominions; but that he must except, from any such engagement, the case of military service on the supposition of a war between Austria and any country which might give him an asylum.

The Directory had sent General Clarke to treat for peace, as second plenipotentiary. Bonaparte has often told me, he had no doubt that General Clarke was charged with a secret mission to act as a spy upon him, and even to arrest him if an opportunity offered for so doing without danger. That he had a suspicion of this kind is certain; but I must own that I was never by any means able to discover its grounds; for in all my intercourse since with Clarke, he never put a single question to me, nor did I ever hear a word drop from his mouth, which savoured of such a character. If the fact be that he was a spy, he certainly played his part well. In all the parts of his correspondence

which were intercepted, there never was found the least confirmation of this suspicion. Be this as it may, Bonaparte could not endure him; he did not make him acquainted with what was going on, and his influence rendered this mission a mere nullity. The general-in-chief concentrated all the business of the negotiation in his own closet; and, as to what was going on, Clarke continued a mere cipher until the 18th Fructidor, when he was recalled. Bonaparte made but little count of Clarke's talents. It is but justice, however, to say that he bore him no grudge for the conduct of which he suspected he was guilty in Italy. *Because I have the power to punish him,* said he, *I pardon him.*

He even had the generosity to make interest for a second-rate official situation for him. These amiable traits were not uncommon with Bonaparte.

Bonaparte had to encounter so many disagreeable contrarieties, both in the negotiators for peace, and the events at Paris, that he often displayed a good deal of irritation and disgust. This state of mind was increased by the recollection of the vexation his sister's marriage had caused him, and which was unfortunately revived by a letter he received from her at this juncture. His excitement was such, that he threw it down with an expression of anger. It has been erroneously reported, in several publications, that Bacciocchi espoused Marie-Anne-Eliza Bonaparte on the 5th of May, 1797. The brother of the bride was at the time negotiating the preliminaries of peace with Austria.

In fact, the preliminaries were signed in the month of April, and it was for the definitive peace we were negotiating in May. But the reader will find, by the subjoined letter, that Christine applied to her brother to stand godfather to her third child. Three children in three months would be rather quick work in the family way.

Ajaccio, 14th Thermidor, year V. (August 1, 1797).

GENERAL,

Suffer me to write to you, and call you by the name of brother. My first child was born at a time when you were much incensed against us. I trust she may soon caress you, and so make you forget the pain my marriage has occasioned you. My second child was still-born. Obliged to quit Paris by your order, I miscarried in Germany. In a month's time I hope to present you with a nephew. A favourable time, and other circumstances, incline me to hope my next will be a boy; and I promise you I will make a soldier of him: but I wish him to bear your name, and that you should be his godfather. I trust you will not refuse your sister's request.

Will you send, for this purpose, your power of attorney to Bacciocchi, or to whomsoever you think fit? Myself will be godmother. I shall expect with impatience your assent. Because we are poor, let not that cause you to despise us; for, after all, you are our brother—mine are the only children that call you uncle, and we all love you

more than we do the favours of fortune. Perhaps I may one day succeed in convincing you of the love I bear you.

Your affectionate sister,

CHRISTINE BONAPARTE.*

P. S. Do not fail to remember me to your wife, whom I strongly desire to be acquainted with. They told me, at Paris, I was very like her. If you recollect my features you can judge. C. B.

This letter is in the handwriting of Lucien Bonaparte.†

General Bonaparte had been near a month at Passeriano, when he received the following autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria:

TO GENERAL BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

General Bonaparte—When I thought I had given my plenipotentiaries full powers to terminate the important negotiation with which they were charged, I learn, with as much pain as surprise, that, in consequence of swerving continually from the stipulations of the preliminaries, the restoration of tranquillity, with the tidings of which I desire to gladden the hearts of my subjects, and which the half of Europe devoutly prays for, becomes, day after day, more uncertain.

Faithful to the performance of my engagements, I am ready to execute what was agreed to at Leoben, and require from you but the reciprocal performance of so sacred a duty. This is what has already been declared in my name, and what I do not now hesitate myself to declare. If the execution of some of the preliminary articles be now impossible, in consequence of the events which have since occurred, and in which I had no part, it may be necessary to substitute others in their stead, equally adapted to the interests, and equally conformable to the dignity of the two nations. To such alone will I put my hand. A frank and sincere explanation, dictated by the same feelings which govern me, is the only way to lead to so salutary a result. In order to accelerate this result as far as in me lies, and to put an end at once to the state of uncertainty we remain in, and which is already too great, I have determined to despatch to the place of the present negotiations, Count de Cobentzel, a man who possesses my most unlimited confidence, and who is instructed as to my intentions, and furnished with my most ample powers. I have authorized him to receive and accept every proposition tending to the reconciliation of the two parties which may be in conformity with the principles of equity and reciprocal fitness, and to conclude accordingly.

After this fresh assurance of the spirit of conciliation which animates me, I doubt not you will perceive that peace lies in your own hands,

* Madame Bacciocchi went by the name of Marianne at St. Cyr, of Christine while on her travels, and of Eliza under the consulate.

† Joseph Bonaparte in his Notes says, "It is false that Madame Bonaparte ever called herself Christine; it is false that she ever wrote the letter of which M. de Bourrienne here gives a copy." It will be observed, that Bourrienne says it was written by her brother Lucien.—*Editor.*

and that on your determination will depend the happiness or misery of millions of men. If I mistake as to the means I think best adapted to terminate the calamities which for a long time have desolated Europe, I shall, at least, have the consolation of reflecting that I have done all that depended on me. With the consequences which may result, I can never be reproached.

I have been particularly determined to the course I now take by the opinion I entertain of your upright character, and by the personal esteem I have conceived towards you, of which I am very happy, General Bonaparte, to give you here an assurance.

(Signed) FRANCIS.

Vienna, 20th September, 1797.

In fact, it was only on the arrival of the Count de Cobentzel that the negotiations were seriously set on foot. Bonaparte had all along clearly perceived that Gallo and Meerweldt were not furnished with adequate powers. He saw, also, clearly enough, that if the month of September were to be trifled away in unsatisfactory negotiations, as the month which preceded it had been, it would be difficult, in October, to strike a blow at the house of Austria on the side of Carinthia. The Austrian cabinet perceived with satisfaction the approach of the bad weather, and insisted more strongly on its ultimatum, which was the Adige, with Venice.

Before the 18th Fructidor, the Emperor of Austria hoped that the movement which was preparing in Paris would operate badly for France, and favourably to the European cause. The Austrian plenipotentiaries, in consequence, elevated the tone of their pretensions, and sent notes, and an ultimatum, which gave the proceedings more an air of mockery than of serious negotiation, and which excited, alternately, anger and contempt. Bonaparte's ideas, which I have, under his hand, were as follow:

1. The emperor to have Italy as far as the Adige.
2. The King of Sardinia, as far as the Adda.
3. The Genoese republic to have the boundary of Tortona, as far as the Po (Tortona to be demolished), as also the imperial fiefs. (Coni to be ceded to France, or to be demolished.)
4. The Grand Duke of Tuscany to be restored.
5. The Duke of Parma to be restored.*

* The reader can easily compare these ideas of Bonaparte's with the treaty he afterwards concluded.

CHAPTER XI.

1797.

Influence of the 18th Fructidor on the negotiations—Bonaparte's suspicion of Bottot—His complaints respecting the non-erasure of Bourrienne—Bourrienne's conversation with the Marquis of Gallo—Bottot writes from Paris to Bonaparte on the part of the Directory—Agents of the Directory employed to watch Bonaparte—Influence of the weather on the conclusion of peace—Remarkable observation of Bonaparte—Conclusion of the treaty—The Directory dissatisfied with the terms of the peace—Bonaparte's predilection for representative government—Opinion on Bonaparte.

After the 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte was more powerful, Austria less haughty and confident. Venice was the only point of real difficulty. Austria wanted the line of the Adige, with Venice, in exchange for Mentz, and the boundary of the Rhine, until that river enters Holland. The Directory wished to have the latter boundary, and to add Mantua to the Italian republic, without giving up all the line of the Adige and Venice. The difficulties were felt to be so irreconcilable, that within about a month of the conclusion of peace, the Directory wrote to General Bonaparte, that a resumption of hostilities was preferable to the state of uncertainty which was agitating and ruining France. The Directory, therefore, declared that both the armies of the Rhine should take the field. It appears from the Fructidorian correspondence, which has been already given, that the majority of the Directory then looked upon a peace, such as Bonaparte afterwards made, as *infamous*. But Bonaparte, from the moment the Venetian insurrection broke out, perceived that Venice might be usefully disposed of in the pacification. Bonaparte, who was convinced that, in order to bring matters to an issue, Venice and the territory beyond the Adige must fall beneath the Austrian yoke, wrote to the Directory, that he could not commence operations, advantageously, before the end of March, 1798; but that if the objections to giving Venice to the Emperor of Austria were persisted in, hostilities would certainly be resumed in the month of October, for the emperor would not renounce Venice. In that case it would be necessary to be ready on the Rhine, for an advance in Germany, as the army of Italy, if it could make head against the Archduke Charles, was not sufficiently strong for any operations on

a grand scale. At this period the conclusion of peace was certainly very doubtful; it was even seriously considered in what form the rupture should be notified.

Towards the end of September, Bottot, Barras's secretary, arrived at Passeriano. He was despatched by the Directory. Bonaparte immediately suspected he was a new spy, come on a secret mission, to watch him. He was therefore received and treated with coolness; but Bonaparte never had, as Sir Walter Scott asserts, the idea of ordering him to be shot. That writer is also in error, when he says, that Bottot was sent to Passeriano to reproach Bonaparte for failing to fulfil his promise of sending money to the Directory.

Bonaparte soon gave Bottot an opportunity of judging of the kind of spirit which prevailed at head-quarters. He began again to propose his resignation, which he had already several times called upon the Directory to accept. He accused the government, at table, in Bottot's presence, of horrible ingratitude. He recounted all his subjects of complaint, in loud and impassioned language, without any restraint, and before twenty or thirty persons.

Indignant at finding that his reiterated demands for the erasure of my name from the list of emigrants had been slighted, and that, in spite of his representations, conveyed to Paris by General Bernadotte, Louis Bonaparte, and others, I was still included in that fatal list, he apostrophized M. Bottot, at dinner one day, before forty individuals, among whom were the diplomatists, Gallo, Cobentzel, and Meerweldt. The conversation turned upon the Directory: "Yes, truly," cried Bonaparte, in a loud voice, "I have good reason to complain; and, to pass from great to little things, look, I pray you, at Bourrienne's case. He possesses my most unbounded confidence. He alone is intrusted, under my orders, with all the details of the negotiation. This you well know; and yet your Directory will not strike him off the list. In a word, it is not only an inconceivable, but an extremely stupid piece of business; for he has all my secrets; he knows my ultimatum, and could by a single word realize a handsome fortune, and laugh at your infatuation. Ask M. de Gallo if this be not true."

Bottot wished to offer some excuse; but the general murmur reduced him to silence.

The Marquis de Gallo had conversed with me but three days before, in the park of Passeriano, on the subject of my position with regard to France—of the determination expressed by the Directory not to erase my name—and of the risk I thereby ran. "We have no desire," continued he, "to renew the war: we wish sincerely for peace; but it must be an honourable one. The republic of Venice presents a large territory for partition, which would be sufficient for both parties. The cessions at present proposed, are not, however, satisfactory. We want to know

Bonaparte's ultimatum; and I am authorized to offer an estate in Bohemia, tilled and mansioned, with a revenue of ninety thousand florins."

I quickly interrupted M. de Gallo, and assured him that both my conscience and my duty obliged me to reject his proposal; and so put at once an end to the conversation.

I took care to let the general-in-chief know this story, and he was not surprised at my reply. His conviction, however, was strong, from all that M. de Gallo had said, and more particularly from the offer he had made, that Austria was resolved to avoid war, and was anxious for peace.

After I had retired to rest, M. Bottot came to my bedroom and asked me with a feigned surprise, whether it were true that my name was still on the list of emigrants? On my replying in the affirmative, he requested me to draw up a note on the subject. This I declined doing; but I told him that twenty notes of the kind he required already existed: that I would take no further steps; and that I would henceforth await the decision in a state of perfect inaction.

General Bonaparte thought it quite inexplicable that the directors should express dissatisfaction at the view he took of the events of the 18th Fructidor, as, without his aid, they would doubtless have been overcome. He wrote a despatch, in which he repeated that his health and his spirits were affected—that he had need of some years' repose—that he could no longer endure the fatigue of riding; but that the prosperity and liberty of his country would always command his warmest interests. In all this there was not a single word of truth. The Directory thought as much, and declined to accept his resignation in the most flattering terms.

Bottot proposed to him, on the part of the Directory, to revolutionize Italy. The general inquired whether the *whole* of Italy would be included in the plan. The revolutionary commission had, however, been intrusted to Bottot in so indefinite a way, that he could only hesitate, and give a vague reply. Bonaparte wished for more precise orders. In the interval, peace was concluded, and the idea of that perilous and extravagant undertaking was no longer agitated.

Bottot, soon after his return to Paris, wrote a letter to General Bonaparte, in which he complained that the last moments he had passed at Passeriano had deeply afflicted his heart. He said that cruel suspicions had followed him even to the gates of the Directory. These cruel suspicions had, however, been dissipated by the sentiments of admiration and affection which he had found the Directory entertained for the person of Bonaparte.

These assurances, which were precisely what Bonaparte had expected, did not avail to lessen the contempt he entertained for the heads of the government, nor to change his conviction of their envy and mistrust of himself. To their alleged affection

he made no return. Bottot assured the hero of Italy of the docility of the Directory, and touched upon the reproaches Bonaparte had thrown out against them, and upon his demands which had not been granted. He said—

"The three armies, of the North, of the Rhine, and of the Sambre and Meuse, are to form only one, the army of Germany.—Augereau? But you yourself sent him. The fault committed by the Directory is owing to yourself! Bernadotte? —he is gone to join you. Cacault?—he is recalled. Twelve thousand men for your army?—they are on their march. The treaty with Sardinia?—it is ratified. Bourrienne?—he is erased. The revolution of Italy?—it is adjourned. Advise the Directory, then: I repeat it, they have need of information, and it is to you they look for it."

The assertion regarding me was false. For six months, Bonaparte demanded my erasure, without being able to obtain it. I was not struck off the list until the 11th of November, 1797.

Just before the close of the negotiation, Bonaparte, disgusted at the opposition and difficulties with which he was surrounded, reiterated again and again the offer of his resignation, and his wish to have a successor appointed. What augmented his uneasiness was, an idea he entertained that the Directory had penetrated his secret, and attributed his powerful concurrence on the 18th Fructidor to the true cause—his personal views of ambition. In spite of the hypocritical assurances of gratitude made to him in writing, and though the directors knew that his services were indispensable, spies were employed to watch his movements, and to endeavour by means of the persons about him to discover his views. Some of the general's friends wrote to him from Paris, and for my part I never ceased repeating to him, that the peace, the power of making which he had in his own hands, would render him far more popular than the renewal of hostilities, undertaken with all the chances of success and reverse. The signing of the peace, according to his own ideas, and in opposition to those of the Directory, the way in which he just halted at Rastadt, and avoided returning to the congress, and, finally, his resolution to expatriate himself with an army in order to attempt new enterprises, sprung more than is generally believed from the ruling idea that he was distrusted, and that his ruin was meditated. He often recalled to mind what La Vallette had written to him, about his conversation with Lacuée; and all he saw and heard confirmed the impression he had received on this subject.

The early appearance of bad weather precipitated his determination. On the 13th of October, at daybreak, on opening my window, I perceived the mountains covered with snow. The previous night had been superb, and the autumn till then promised to be fine and late. I proceeded, as I always did, at seven o'clock in the morning, to the general's chamber. I woke

him, and told him what I had seen. He feigned at first to disbelieve me, then leaped from his bed, ran to the window, and, convinced of the sudden change, he calmly said, "What! before the middle of October! What a country is this! Well, we must make peace!" While he hastily put on his clothes, I read the journals to him, as was my daily custom. He paid but little attention to them. Shutting himself up with me in his closet, he reviewed with the greatest care all the returns from the different corps of his army. "Here are," said he, "nearly eighty thousand effective men. I feed, I pay them: but I can bring but sixty thousand into the field on the day of battle. I shall gain it, but afterwards my force will be reduced twenty thousand men—by killed, wounded, and prisoners. Then how oppose the Austrian forces that will march to the protection of Vienna? It would be a month before the armies of the Rhine could support me, if they should be able; and in a fortnight all the roads and passages will be covered deep with snow. It is settled—I will make peace. Venice shall pay for the expense of the war, and the boundary of the Rhine: let the Directory and the lawyers say what they like."

He wrote to the Directory in the following words: "The summits of the hills are covered with snow; I cannot, on account of the stipulations agreed to for the recommencement of hostilities, begin before five-and-twenty days, and by that time we shall be overwhelmed with snow."

Fourteen years after, another early winter, in a severe climate, was destined to have a fatal influence on his fortunes. Had he but then exercised equal foresight!

It is well known that, by the treaty of Campo-Formio, the two belligerent powers made peace at the expense of the republic of Venice, which had nothing to do with the quarrel in the first instance, and which only interfered at a late period, probably against her own inclination, and impelled by the force of inevitable circumstances. But what has been the result of this great political spoliation? A portion of the Venetian territory was adjudged to the Cisalpine republic: it is now in the possession of Austria. Another considerable portion, and the capital itself, fell to the lot of Austria in compensation for the Belgic provinces and Lombardy. Austria has now retaken Lombardy, and the additions then made to it, and Belgium is in the possession of the house of Orange. France obtained Corfu and some of the Ionian isles: these now belong to England. Romulus never thought he was founding Rome for Goths and priests. Alexander did not foresee that his Egyptian city would belong to the Turks; nor did Constantine strip Rome for the benefit of Mahomet II. Why then fight for a few paltry villages?

Thus have we been gloriously conquering for Austria and England. An ancient state is overturned without noise, and its

provinces, after being divided among different bordering states, are now all under the dominion of Austria. We do not possess a foot of ground in all the fine countries we conquered, and which served as compensations for the immense acquisitions of the house of Hapsburgh, in Italy. Thus that house was aggrandized by a war which was to itself most disastrous. But Austria has often found other means of extending her dominion than military triumphs, as is recorded in the celebrated distich of Mathias Corvinus:

Bella gerunt alii, tu felix Austria nube:
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.*

The Directory was far from being satisfied with the treaty of Campo-Formio, and with difficulty resisted the temptation of not ratifying it. A fortnight before the signature, the Directors wrote to General Bonaparte that they would not consent to give to the emperor Venice, Frioul, Padua, and the *terra firma* with the boundary of the Adige. "That," said they, "would not be to make peace, but to adjourn the war. We shall be regarded as the beaten party, independently of the disgrace of abandoning Venice, which Bonaparte himself thought so worthy of freedom. France ought not, and never will wish, to see Italy delivered up to Austria. The Directory would prefer the chances of a war to changing a single word of its ultimatum, which is already too favourable to Austria." But all this was said in vain. Bonaparte made no scruple of disregarding his instructions. It has been said that the Emperor of Austria made an offer of a very considerable sum of money, and even of a principality, to obtain favourable terms. I was never able to find the slightest ground for this report, which refers to a time when the smallest circumstance could not escape my notice. The character of Bonaparte stood too high for him to sacrifice his glory as a conqueror and peacemaker for even the greatest private advantage. This was so thoroughly known, and he was so profoundly esteemed by the Austrian plenipotentiaries, that I will venture to say none of them would have been capable of making the slightest overture to him of so debasing a proposition. Besides, it would have induced him to put an end to all intercourse with the plenipotentiaries. Perhaps what I have just stated of M. de Gallo will throw some light upon this odious accusation. But let us dismiss this story with the rest, and among them that of the porcelain tray, which was said to have been smashed and thrown at the head of M. de Cobentzel. I certainly know nothing of any such scene: our manners at Passeriano were not quite so bad!

* Glad Austria wins by Hymen's silken chain,
What other states by doubtful battle gain,
And while fierce Mars enriches meaner lands,
Receives possession from fair Venus' hands.

The presents customary on such occasions were given, but the Emperor of Austria took that opportunity to present to General Bonaparte six magnificent white horses.

Bonaparte returned to Milan by Gratz, Laybach, Trieste, Mestre, Verona, and Mantua.

At this period Bonaparte was still swayed by the impulse of the age. He thought of nothing but representative governments. Often has he said to me, "I should like the era of representative governments to be dated from my time." His conduct in Italy, and his proclamations, ought to give, and, in fact, do give, weight to this account of his opinion. But there is no doubt that this idea was more connected with lofty views of ambition, than a sincere desire for the benefit of the human race; for, at a later period, he adopted this phrase:—*I should like to be the head of the most ancient of the dynasties of Europe.* What a difference between Bonaparte, the author of the *Souper de Beaucaire*, the subduer of royalism at Toulon, the author of the remonstrance to Albitte and Salicetti, the fortunate conqueror of the 13th Vendémiaire, the instigator and supporter of the révolution of Fructidor, and the founder of the republics of Italy, the fruits of his immortal victories, and Bonaparte, first consul in 1800; consul for life in 1802; and, above all, Napoleon, Emperor of the French, in 1804, and King of Italy, in 1805! *

After having, in the countries he conquered, tried to force a premature ripeness of the age, when to do so was imprudent and untimely, he, some years after, wished to make opinion retro-

* And what a difference, also, between France of 1793 and France of 1800! Bonaparte followed the movement given by the nation. He would have been a Washington in the United States of America. The object of his life was to deserve well of posterity. He did not seek to gratify any personal passion, or to promote the interest of any political faction. He wished to act in accordance with the opinion of the great body of the people; to foresee events, and to turn them to advantage as they occurred, without creating any, as Bourrienne pretends. Napoleon was blessed with great good sense, and with simple and precise ideas which seldom misled him. After the days of terror and reaction every thing tended in France to the concentration of the executive power. He sincerely desired peace; but such was not the wish of the English and the oligarchic classes which now govern the cabinets of Europe; for they saw the greatness of France, and the decline of their own political importance, in the prosperity with which peace could not fail to environ the French people and the first consul. The war continued. The result was, a succession of fresh victories obtained by the first consul, which placed crowns at his disposal and augmented his glory and personal importance. He was thus elevated so highly above all other persons, that France thought it right to consolidate her existing prosperity by rendering the first magistracy hereditary. But the enemies of this new state of France, aided by the premature frosts of Russia, by internal treasons, and unfavoured by fortune, hoped to reduce France and Europe to the state in which they were before the Revolution. My opinion is, that had Napoleon lived he would have been as liberal as the opinion of the instructed classes of European society now is. It was only by conforming to that opinion that he could expect the approbation of posterity, for which he was always ready to make any sacrifice.—*Note on the above passage in the text by J. Bonaparte.* (*Editor.*)

grade when that was impossible. Abjuring liberty for glory, he thought it necessary to prefer his own celebrity to the good of mankind. Perhaps his simulated love for representative government was put forward as a means of more easily subduing nations, by holding out to expectation what was flattering to popular feeling, without any intention of realizing the promise. Already anticipating his wars in Germany, anticipations which constantly engaged his thoughts, we find him writing from Cairo to the Directory, "that he should think it the happiest day of his life, when he should hear of the formation of the first republic in Germany."

But by precipitating nations towards an epoch, at which they could only arrive in succession, he gave to the partisans of things as they existed in past times, motives and means for compelling the people of every country to retrograde. The man who, at the period of which I am speaking, would have no more kings, and proscribed them in all his proclamations, wished afterwards to be the senior of all sovereigns, the eldest head of the European dynasties; and this dream, like that of extemporaneous representative governments, caused torrents of blood to flow. What folly to wish to jump, all at once, and without transition, to a future which does not belong to us, or to wish to return to a period which no longer exists! What evils have resulted from the adoption of these two principles!

CHAPTER XII.

1797.

Effect of the 18th Fructidor on the peace—The standard of the army of Italy—Honours rendered to the memory of General Hoche and of Virgil, at Mantua—Remarkable letter—In passing through Switzerland Bonaparte visits the field of Morat—Arrival at Rastadt—Letter from the Directory calling Bonaparte to Paris—Intrigues against Josephine—Grand ceremony on the reception of Bonaparte by the Directory—Speeches—The theatres—Modesty of Bonaparte—An assassination—Bonaparte's opinion of the Parisians—His election to the National Institute—Letter to Camus—Projects—Reflections.

The day of the 18th Fructidor, had, without any doubt, powerfully contributed to the conclusion of peace at Campo-Formio. On the one hand, the Directory, hitherto not very pacifically inclined, after having struck what is called a *coup d'état*, at length saw the necessity of obtaining absolution from the discontented, by giving peace to France. On the other

hand, the cabinet of Vienna, observing the complete failure of all the royalist plots in the interior, thought it high time to conclude with the French republic a treaty which, notwithstanding all the defeats Austria had sustained, still left her a preponderating influence over Italy.

Besides, the campaign of Italy, so fertile in glorious achievements of arms, had not been productive of glory alone. Something of greater importance followed these conquests. Public affairs had assumed a somewhat unusual aspect, and a grand moral influence, the effect of victories and of peace, had begun to extend all over France. Republicanism was no longer so sanguinary and fierce as it had been some years before. Bonaparte, negotiating with princes and their ministers on a footing of equality, but still with all that superiority to which victory and his genius entitled him, gradually taught foreign courts to be familiar with republican France, and the republic to cease regarding all states governed by kings as of necessity enemies.

In these circumstances, the general-in-chief's departure, and his expected visit to Paris, excited general attention. The feeble Directory was prepared to submit to the presence of the conqueror of Italy in the capital.

It was for the purpose of acting as head of the French legation, at the congress of Rastadt, that Bonaparte quitted Milan on the 17th of November. But before his departure he sent to the Directory one of those monuments, the inscriptions of which may generally be considered as fabulous, but which, in this case, were nothing but the truth. This monument was the "flag of the Army of Italy," and to General Joubert was assigned the honourable duty of presenting it to the members of the executive government.

On one side of the flag were the words, "To the Army of Italy, the grateful country." The other contained an enumeration of the battles fought, and places taken, and presented, in the following inscriptions, a simple, but striking abridgment of the history of the Italian campaign.

150,000 PRISONERS; 170 STANDARDS; 550 PIECES OF BATTERING CANNON; 600 PIECES OF FIELD ARTILLERY; FIVE BRIDGE EQUIPAGES; NINE 64-GUN SHIPS; TWELVE 32-GUN FRIGATES; 12 CORVETTES; 18 GALLEYS; ARMISTICE WITH THE KING OF SARDINIA; CONVENTION WITH GENOA; ARMISTICE WITH THE DUKE OF PARMA; ARMISTICE WITH THE KING OF NAPLES; ARMISTICE WITH THE POPE; PRELIMINARIES OF LEOBEN; CONVENTION OF MONTEBELLO WITH THE REPUBLIC OF GENOA; TREATY OF PEACE WITH THE EMPEROR AT CAMPO-FORMIO.

LIBERTY GIVEN TO THE PEOPLE OF BOLOGNA, FERRARA, MODENA, MASSA-CARRARA, LA ROMAGNO, LOMBARDY, BRESCIA, BERGAMI, MANTUA, CREMA, PART OF THE VERONESE, CHIAVENA, BORMIO, THE VALTELINA, THE GENOESE, THE IMPERIAL FIEFS, THE PEOPLE

OF THE DEPARTMENTS OF CORCYRA, OF THE ÆGEAN SEA, AND OF ITHACA.

SENT TO PARIS ALL THE MASTER-PIECES OF MICHAEL ANGELO, OF GUERCINO, OF TITIAN, OF PAUL VERONESE, OF CORREGIO, OF ALBANO, OF CARRACCI, OF RAPHAEL, AND OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Thus were recapitulated on a flag, destined to decorate the Hall of the Public Sittings of the Directory, the military deeds of the campaign in Italy, its political results, and the conquest of the monuments of art.

Most of the Italian cities looked upon their conqueror as a liberator—such was the magic of the word *liberty*, which resounded from the Alps to the Apennines. In his way to Mantua the general took up his residence in the palace of the ancient dukes. Bonaparte promised the authorities of Mantua that their department should be one of the most extensive; impressed on them the necessity of promptly organizing a local militia, and of putting in execution the plans of Bari, the mathematician, for the navigation of the Mincio from Mantua to Peschiera.

He stopped two days at Mantua, and the morrow of his arrival was devoted to the celebration of a military funeral solemnity, in honour of General Hoche, who had just died. His next object was to hasten the execution of the monument which was erecting to the memory of Virgil. Thus, in one day, he paid honour to France and Italy, to modern and to ancient glory, to the laurels of war and to the laurels of poetry.

A person who saw Bonaparte, on this occasion, for the first time, thus described him in a letter he wrote to Paris:—"With lively interest and extreme attention I have observed this extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very like his portraits—little, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not of ill-health, as has been reported of him. He appears to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, and that he was more occupied with what he was thinking of than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with which may be marked an air of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that bold mind, it is impossible not to believe that some daring designs are engendering *which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe.*"

From the last phrase, in particular, of this letter, one might suspect that it was written after Bonaparte had made his name feared throughout Europe; but it really appeared in a journal in the month of December, 1797, a little before his arrival in Paris.

There exists a sort of analogy between celebrated men and celebrated places: it was not, therefore, an uninteresting spec-

tacle to see Bonaparte surveying the field of Morat, where, in 1476, Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, daring like himself, fell, with his powerful army, under the effects of Helvetian valour. Bonaparte slept during the night at Moudon, where, as in every place through which he passed, the greatest honours were paid him. In the morning, his carriage being broken, we continued our journey on foot, accompanied only by some officers, and an escort of dragoons of the country. Bonaparte stopped near Bones-Chapel, and desired to be shown the spot where the battle of Morat was fought. A plain in front of the chapel was pointed out to him. An officer who had served in France was present, and explained to him how the Swiss, descending from the neighbouring mountains, were enabled, under cover of a wood, to turn the Burgundian army, and put it to the rout. "What was the force of that army?" asked Bonaparte.—"Sixty thousand men."—Sixty thousand men!" he exclaimed: "they might have completely covered these mountains!"—"The French fight better now," said Lannes, who was one of the officers of his suite.—"At that time," observed Bonaparte, interrupting him, "the Burgundians were not Frenchmen."

Bonaparte's journey through Switzerland was not without utility; and his presence served to calm more than one inquietude. He proceeded on his journey to Rastadt by Aix in Savoy, Berne, and Bâle. On arriving at Berne, during night, we passed through a double file of well lighted equipages, filled with beautiful women, all of whom raised the cry of "Long live Bonaparte!—long live the Pacificator!" To have a proper idea of this genuine enthusiasm, it is necessary to have seen it.

The elevated situation in society to which his great victories and the peace had contributed to raise him, rendered insupportable the style of the second person singular, and the familiar manner in which his old schoolfellows of Brienne would sometimes address him. I thought this very natural.

M. de Cominges, one of those who went with him to the military school at Paris, and who had emigrated, was at Bâle. Having learned our arrival, he presented himself without ceremony, with great indecorum, and with a complete disregard of the respect due to a man who had rendered himself so illustrious. General Bonaparte, offended at this behaviour, refused to see him again, and expressed himself to me with much warmth, on the occasion of this visit. All my efforts to remove his displeasure were unavailing: this impression always continued, and he never did for M. de Cominges what his means, and the old ties of boyhood, might well have warranted.

On arriving at Rastadt, Bonaparte found a letter from the Directory, calling him to Paris. He eagerly obeyed this invitation, which drew him from a place where he could act only an insignificant part, and which he had determined to leave

soon, never again to return. Some time after his arrival in Paris, he required, on the ground that his presence was necessary for the execution of different orders, and the general despatch of business, that authority should be given to a part of his household, which he had left at Rastadt, to return.

How could it ever be said that the Directory "kept General Bonaparte away from the great interests which were under discussion at Rastadt?" Quite the contrary! The Directors would have been delighted to see him return there, as they would then have been relieved from his presence in Paris; but nothing was so disagreeable to Bonaparte, as long, and seemingly interminable, negotiations. Such tedious work did not suit his character, and he had been sufficiently disgusted with similar proceedings at Campo-Formio.

On our arrival at Rastadt, I soon found that General Bonaparte was determined to stay there only a short time. I therefore expressed to him my decided desire to continue in Germany. I was then ignorant that my erasure from the emigrant list had been ordered on the 11th of November, as the decree did not reach the commissary of the Executive Directory, at Auxerre, until the 17th of November, the day of our departure from Milan.

The silly pretext of difficulties by which my erasure, notwithstanding the reiterated solicitations of the victorious general, was so long delayed, made me apprehensive of a renewal, under a weak and jealous pentarchy, of the horrible scenes of 1796. Bonaparte said to me, in a tone of indignation, "Come, pass the Rhine: they will not dare to seize you while near me. I answer for your safety." On reaching Paris, I found that my erasure had taken place. It was at this period only that General Bonaparte's applications in my favour were tardily crowned with success. Sotin, the minister of general police, notified the fact to Bonaparte; but his letter gave a reason for my erasure, very different from that stated in the decree. The minister said that the government did not wish to leave among the names of traitors to their country, the name of a citizen who approached the person of the conqueror of Italy; while the decree stated, as the motive for removing my name from the list, that I never had emigrated.

At St. Helena, it seems, Bonaparte said, that he did not return from Italy with more than three hundred thousand francs; but I assert that he had at that time in his possession something more than three millions. How could he, with three hundred thousand francs, have been able to provide for the extensive repairs, the embellishment, and the furnishing of his house, in Rue Chantereine? How could he have supported the establishment he did, with only fifteen thousand francs of income, and the emoluments of his rank? The excursion which he made along the coast, of which I have yet to speak, of

itself cost near twelve thousand francs in gold, which he transferred to me to defray the expense of the journey, and I am not sure that this sum was ever repaid him. Besides, what did it signify, for any object he might have in disguising his fortune, whether he brought three millions or three hundred thousand francs with him from Italy? No one will accuse him of squandering. He was a rigid economist. He was always irritated at the discovery of fraud, and pursued those guilty of it with all the vigour of his character. He wished to be independent, which he well knew that no one could be without fortune. He has often said to me, "I am no Capuchin, not I." But after having been allowed only three hundred thousand francs on his arrival from the rich Italy, where fortune never abandoned him, it has been printed that he had twenty millions (some have even doubled the amount) on his return from Egypt, which is a very poor country, where money is scarce, and where reverses followed close upon his victories. All these reports are false. What he brought from Italy has just been stated, and it will be seen when we come to Egypt, what treasure he carried away from the country of the Pharaohs.

Bonaparte's brothers, desirous of obtaining complete dominion over his mind, strenuously endeavoured to lessen the influence which Josephine possessed from the love of her husband. They tried to excite his jealousy, and took advantage of her stay at Milan after our departure, which had been authorized by Bonaparte himself. My intimacy with both the husband and the wife, fortunately afforded me an opportunity of averting or lessening a good deal of mischief. If Josephine still lived, she would allow me this merit. I never took part against her but once, and that unwillingly. It was on the subject of the marriage of her daughter Hortense. Josephine had never as yet spoken to me on the subject. Bonaparte wished to give his daughter-in-law to Duroc, and his brothers were eager to promote the marriage, because they wished to separate Josephine from Hortense, for whom Bonaparte felt the tenderest affection. Josephine, on the other hand, wished Hortense to marry Louis Bonaparte. Her motives, as may easily be divined, were to gain support in a family where she experienced nothing but enmity, and she carried her point.*

* "Previous to her marriage with Louis, Hortense cherished an attachment for Duroc, who was at that time a handsome man about thirty, and a great favourite of Bonaparte. However, the indifference with which Duroc regarded the marriage of Louis Bonaparte sufficiently proves that the regard with which he had inspired Hortense was not very ardently returned. It is certain that Duroc might have become the husband of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, had he been willing to accede to the conditions on which the first consul offered him his stepdaughter's hand. But Duroc looked forward to something better, and his ordinary prudence forsook him at a moment when he might easily have beheld a perspective calculated to gratify even a more towering ambition than his. He declined the proposed marriage; and the union of Hortense and

On his arrival from Rastadt, the most magnificent preparations were made at the Luxembourg for the reception of Bonaparte. The grand court of the palace was elegantly ornamented; and at its further end, close to the palace, a large amphitheatre was erected, for the accommodation of official persons. Curiosity, as on all like occasions, attracted multitudes, and the court was filled. Opposite to the principal vestibule stood the altar of the country, surrounded by the statues of Liberty, Equality, and Peace. When Bonaparte entered, every head was uncovered. The windows were full of young and beautiful females. But, notwithstanding this great preparation, an icy coldness characterized the ceremony. Every one seemed to be present only for the purpose of beholding a sight, and curiosity was the prevailing expression, rather than joy or gratitude. It is but right to say, however, that an unfortunate event contributed to the general indifference. The right wing of the palace was not occupied, but great preparations had been making there; and an officer bad been directed to prevent any one from ascending. One of the clerks of the Directory, however, contrived to get upon the scaffolding, but had scarcely placed his foot on the first plank, when it tilted up, and the imprudent man fell the whole height into the court. This accident created a general stupor. Ladies fainted, and the windows were nearly deserted.

However, the Directors displayed all the republican splendour of which they were so prodigal on similar occasions. Speeches were far from being scarce. Talleyrand, who was then minister for foreign affairs, on introducing Bonaparte to the Directory, made a long oration, in the course of which he hinted that the personal greatness of the general ought not to excite uneasiness, even in a rising republic, and introduced the following passage:

When I reflect on all that he has done, to render that greatness pardonable in him, on the antique taste for simplicity which distinguishes him, on his love for the abstract sciences, on his favourite authors, on that sublime Ossian, which seems to detach him from the earth; when I think on what is generally known, his profound contempt for splendour, luxury, and state, the despicable objects of ambition to common souls; when I consider all this, far from apprehending any thing from his ambition, I believe that we shall one day be obliged to solicit him to tear himself from the pleasures of studious

Louis, which Madame Bonaparte, to conciliate the favour of her brothers-in-law, had endeavoured to bring about, was immediately determined on."—*Memoires de Constant.*

In allusion to the alleged unfriendly feeling of Napoleon's brothers towards Josephine, the following observation occurs in Joseph Bonaparte's notes on Bourrienne:

"None of Napoleon's brothers," he says, "were near him at the time of his departure for Italy, except Louis, who cannot be suspected of having intrigued against Josephine, whose daughter he married. These calumnies are without foundation."—*Editor.*

retirement. All France will be free; but perhaps he never will; such is his destiny.

Talleyrand was listened to with impatience; so anxious was every one to hear Bonaparte. The conqueror of Italy then rose, and pronounced, with a modest air, but in a firm voice, the following discourse:

Citizen Directors—The French people, to gain their freedom, had to contend with kings. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, the prejudices of eighteen centuries were to be overcome. The constitution of the year III. and you have triumphed over all those obstacles. Religion, feudalism, and royalism, have successively governed Europe for twenty ages; but from the peace which you have just concluded, dates the era of representative governments. You had effected the organization of the Great Nation, the territory of which is only circumscribed because nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two most lovely portions of Europe, heretofore so celebrated for the sciences, the arts, and the great men cradled in them, behold with glad expectation the genius of liberty rising from the tombs of their ancestors. Such are the pedestals on which destiny is about to place two powerful nations.

I have the honour to lay before you the treaty signed at Campo-Formio, and ratified by his majesty the emperor. When the happiness of the French people shall be established on the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will then become free.

Barras, at that time President of the Directory, replied to the the general with so much prolixity as to weary every one. The only remarkable observations in his long discourse were contained in the first sentences.

Citizen-general (said he) nature, sparing of her prodigies, gives great men to the world only at long intervals; but she must have been anxious to mark the Aurora of liberty by one of those phenomena; and the sublime revolution of the French people, new in the history of nations, was, therefore, destined to present a new genius in the history of celebrated men. You, citizen-general, as first of all, stand forth without a parallel—and with the same arm with which you prostrated the enemies of the republic, you have removed the rivals which antiquity might have opposed to you.

As soon as Barras finished speaking, he threw himself into the arms of the general, who was not much pleased with such affected displays, and gave him what was then called the fraternal embrace. The other members of the Directory, following the example of the president, surrounded Bonaparte and pressed him in their arms; each acted, to the best of his ability, his part in the sentimental comedy.

Chénier composed for this occasion a hymn, which Mehul set to music. A few days after, an opera was produced, bearing the title of the "Fall of Carthage," which was meant as an

allusion to the anticipated exploits of the conqueror of Italy, recently appointed to the command of the army of England. The poets were all employed in praising him; and Lebrun, with but little of the Pindaric fire in his soul, composed the following distich, which certainly is not worth much:

Héros, cher à la paix, aux arts, à la victoire—
Il conquit en deux ans mille siècles de gloire.

The two councils were not disposed to be behind the Directory in the manifestation of joy. A few days after, they gave a banquet to the general in the gallery of the Louvre, which had recently been enriched by the masterpieces of painting conquered in Italy.

At this time Bonaparte displayed great modesty in all his transactions in Paris. The administrators of the department of the Seine having sent a deputation to him to inquire what hour and day he would allow them to wait on him, he carried himself his answer to the department, accompanied by General Berthier. It was also remarked, that the judge of the peace, of the arrondissement where the general lived, having called on him on the 6th of December, the evening of his arrival, he returned the visit next morning. These attentions, puerile as they may appear, were not without their effect on the minds of the Parisians.

In consequence of General Bonaparte's victories, the peace he had effected, and the brilliant reception of which he had been the object, the business of Vendémiaire was in some measure forgotten. Every one was eager to get a sight of the young hero, whose career had commenced with so much éclat. He lived very retiredly, yet went often to the theatre. He desired me, one day, to go and request the representation of two of the best pieces of the time, in which Elléviou, Mesdames St. Aubin, Phillis, and other distinguished performers played. His message was, that he only wished these two pieces on the same night, if that were possible. The manager told me that nothing that the conqueror of Italy wished for was *impossible*, for he had long ago erased that word from the dictionary. Bonaparte laughed heartily at the manager's answer. When we went to the theatre, he seated himself, as usual, in the back of the box, behind Madame Bonaparte, making me sit by her side. The pit and boxes, however, soon found out that he was in the house, and loudly called for him. Several times an earnest desire to see him was manifested, but all in vain, for he never showed himself.

Some days after, being at the Théâtre des Arts, at the second representation of "Horatius Cocles," although he was sitting at the back of a box in the second tier, the audience discovered that he was in the house. Immediately acclamations arose from all quarters; but he kept himself concealed as much as pos-

sible, and said to a person in the next box, "Had I known that the boxes were so exposed, I should not have come."

During Bonaparte's stay at Paris, a woman sent a messenger to warn him that his life would be attempted, and that poison was to be employed for that purpose. Bonaparte had the bearer of this information arrested, who went, accompanied by the judge of the peace, to the woman's house, where she was found extended on the floor, and bathed in her blood. The men, whose plot she had overheard, having discovered that she had revealed their secret, murdered her. The poor woman was dreadfully mangled: her throat was cut; and, not satisfied with that, the assassins had also hacked her body with sharp instruments.

On the night of the 10th of Nivose, the Rue Chantéreine, in which Bonaparte had a small house (No. 6), received, in pursuance of a decree of the department, the name of Rue de la Victoir. The cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" and the incense prodigally offered up to him, did not, however, seduce him from his retired habits. Lately the conqueror and ruler of Italy, and now under men for whom he had no respect, and who dreaded him as a formidable rival, he said to me, one day, "The people of Paris do not remember any thing. Were I to remain here long, doing nothing, I should be lost. In this great Babylon one reputation displaces another. Let me be seen but three times at the theatre, and I shall no longer excite attention; so I shall go there but seldom." When he went, he occupied a box shaded with curtains. The manager of the opera wished to get up a representation in honour of him; but he declined the offer. When I observed that it must be agreeable to him to see his fellow-citizens so eagerly running after him, he replied, "Bah! the people would crowd as fast to see me if I were going to the scaffold."

On the 28th December, Bonaparte was named a member of the Institute, in the class of the Sciences and Arts. He showed a deep sense of this honour, and wrote the following letter to Camus, the president of the class:

CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the Institute confers a high honour on me. I feel well assured that, before I can be their equal, I must long be their scholar. If there were any way more expressive than another of making known my esteem for you, I should be glad to employ it. True conquests—the only ones which leave no regret behind them—are those which are made over ignorance. The most honourable, as well as the most useful, occupation for nations is the contributing to the extension of human knowledge. The true power of the French republic might henceforth be made to consist in not allowing a single new idea to exist without making it part of its property.

BONAPARTE.

The general now renewed, though unsuccessfully, the attempt he had made before the 18th Fructidor, to obtain a dispensation of the age necessary for becoming a Director. Perceiving that the time was not yet favourable for such a purpose, he said to me, on the 29th of January, 1798, " Bourrienne, I do not wish to remain here; there is nothing to do. They are unwilling to listen to any thing. I see that if I linger here, I shall soon lose myself. Every thing wears out here; my glory has already disappeared. This little Europe does not supply enough of it for me. I must seek it in the east; all great celebrity comes from that quarter. However, I wish first to make a tour along the coast, to ascertain by my own observation what may be attempted. I will take you, Lannes, and Sulkowsky, with me. If the success of a descent on England appear doubtful, as I suspect it will, the army of England shall become the army of the east, and I go to Egypt."

This and other conversations give a just idea of his character. He always considered war and conquest as the most noble and inexhaustible source of that glory, which was the constant object of his desire. He revolted at the idea of languishing in idleness at Paris, while fresh laurels were growing for him in distant climes. His imagination inscribed, in anticipation, his name on those gigantic monuments, which alone, perhaps, of all the creations of man, have the character of eternity. Already proclaimed the most illustrious of living generals, he sought to efface the rival names of antiquity by his own. If Cæsar fought fifty battles, he longed to fight a hundred: if Alexander left Macedon to penetrate to the Temple of Ammon, he wished to leave Paris to travel to the Cataracts of the Nile. While he was thus to run a race with fame, events would, in his opinion, so proceed in France, as to render his return necessary and opportune. His place would be ready for him, and he should not come to claim it as a forgotten or unknown man.

CHAPTER XIII.

1798.

Bonaparte's departure from Paris—His return—The Egyptian expedition projected—M. de Talleyrand—General Desaix—Expedition against Malta—Money taken at Berne—Bonaparte's ideas respecting the East—Monge—Non-influence of the Directory—Marriages of Marmont and La Vallette—Bonaparte's plan of colonizing Egypt—His camp library—Orthographical blunders—Stock of wines—Bonaparte's arrival at Toulon—Madame Bonaparte's fall from a balcony—Execution of an old man—Simon.

BONAPARTE left Paris for the north, on the 10th of February, 1798—but he received no order, though I have seen it every where so stated, to go there—"for the purpose of preparing the operations connected with the intended invasion of England." He occupied himself with no such business, for which a few days certainly would not have been sufficient. His journey to the coast was nothing but a rapid excursion, and its sole object was to enable him to form an opinion on the main point of the question. Neither did he remain absent several weeks, for the journey occupied only one. There were four of us in his carriage—himself, Lannes, Sulkowsky, and I. Moustache was our courier. Bonaparte was not a little surprised on reading, in the Moniteur of the 10th February, an article giving greater importance to his little excursion than it deserved. The following is the statement of the Moniteur:

General Bonaparte has departed for Dunkirk, with some naval and engineer officers. They have gone to visit the coasts, and prepare the preliminary operations for the descent. It may be stated, that he will not return to Rastadt, and that the close of the session of the congress is approaching.

Now for the facts.—Bonaparte visited Estaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Galais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Newport, Ostend, and the Isle of Walcheren. He collected, in the different ports, all the necessary information, with that intelligence and tact for which he was so eminently distinguished. He questioned the sailors, smugglers, and fishermen, and listened attentively to the answers he received.*

* Where did the Scottish historian learn that active preparations were made for the invasion? The business never went beyond official correspondence, in-

We returned to Paris by Antwerp, Brussels, Lille, and Saint Quentin. The object of our journey was accomplished when we reached the first of those towns. "Well, general," said I, "what think you of our journey? Are you satisfied? For my part, I confess I entertain no great hopes from any thing I have seen and heard." Bonaparte immediately answered, "It is too great a chance. I will not hazard it. I would not thus sport with the fate of dear France." On hearing this, I already fancied myself in Cairo.

On his return to Paris, Bonaparte lost no time in setting on foot the military and scientific preparations for the projected expedition to the banks of the Nile, respecting which such incorrect statements have appeared. It had long occupied his thoughts, as the following facts will prove:

In the month of August, 1797, he wrote—"that the time was not far distant when we should see that, to destroy the power of England effectually, it would be necessary to attack Egypt." In the same month he wrote to Talleyrand, who had just succeeded Charles de Lacroix, as minister for foreign affairs, "that it would be necessary to attack Egypt, which did not belong to the Grand Seigneur." Talleyrand replied, "that his ideas respecting Egypt were certainly grand, and that their utility could not fail to be fully appreciated." He concluded by saying, he would write to him *at length* on the subject.

History will speak as favourably of M. de Talleyrand, as his contemporaries have spoken ill of him. When a statesman, throughout a great, long, and difficult career, makes and preserves a number of faithful friends, and provokes but few enemies, it may justly be inferred that his character is honourable, and his talent profound, and that his political conduct has been wise and moderate. It is impossible to know M. de Talleyrand without admiring him. All who have that advantage, no doubt, judge him as I do.

In the month of November, of the same year, Bonaparte sent Poussielgue, under the pretence of inspecting the ports of the Levant, to give the finishing stroke to the meditated expedition against Malta.

General Desaix, whom Bonaparte had made the confident of all his plans, at their interview in Italy, after the preliminaries of Leoben, wrote to him from Affenbourg, on his return to Germany, that he regarded the fleet of Corfu with great interest. "If ever," said he, "it should be engaged in the grand

quiries, and conversations. There never were, although the contrary has often been stated, any serious arrangements made, either by Bonaparte or the Directory, for the invasion of England. Sir Walter Scott has perhaps exaggerated the danger, to justify the alarm which at that time really prevailed in England.

enterprises of which I have heard you speak, do not, I beseech you, forget me." Bonaparte was far from forgetting him.

The Directory, at first, disapproved of the expedition against Malta, which Bonaparte had proposed long before the treaty of Campo-Formio was signed. The expedition was decided to be impossible; for Malta had observed strict neutrality, and had, on several occasions, even saved our ships and seamen. Thus we had no pretext for going to war with her. It was said, too, that the legislative body would certainly not look with a favourable eye on such a measure. This opinion, which, however, did not last long, vexed Bonaparte. It was one of the disappointments which made him give a rough welcome to Bottot, Barras's agent, at the commencement of October, 1797.

In the course of an animated conversation, he said to Bottot, shrugging his shoulders, "Mon Dieu! Malta is to be sold!" Some time after, he himself was told, that "great importance was attached to the acquisition of Malta, and that he must not suffer it to escape." At the latter end of September, 1797, Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs, wrote to him that the Directory authorized him to give the necessary orders to Admiral Brueys for taking Malta. He sent Bonaparte some letters for the island, because Bonaparte had said it was necessary to prepare the public mind for the event.

Bonaparte exerted himself night and day in the execution of his projects. I never saw him so active. He made himself acquainted with the abilities of the respective generals, and the force of all the army corps. Orders and instructions succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity. If he wanted an order of the Directory, he ran to the Luxembourg to get it signed by one of the directors. Merlin de Douai was generally the person who did him this service, for he was the most constant at his post. Lagarde, the secretary-general, did not countersign any document relative to this expedition, Bonaparte not wishing him to be informed of the business. He transmitted to Toulon the money taken at Berne, which the Directory had placed at his disposal. It amounted to something above three millions of francs. In those times of disorder and negligence, the finances were very badly managed. The revenues were anticipated and squandered away, so that the treasury never possessed so large a sum as that just mentioned.

It was determined that Bonaparte should undertake an expedition of an unusual character to the east. I must confess, that two things cheered me in this very painful interval; my friendship and admiration for the talents of the conqueror of Italy, and the pleasing hope of traversing those ancient regions, the historical and religious accounts of which had engaged the attention of my youth.

It was at Passeriano that, seeing the approaching termination of his labours in Europe, he first began to turn serious attention to the east. He delighted to converse about the celebrated

events of that part of the world, and the many famous empires it once possessed. He used to say, "Europe is a mole-hill. There have never been great empires and revolutions except in the east." He considered that part of the world as the cradle of all religions, of all metaphysical extravagances. This subject was no less interesting than inexhaustible—and he daily introduced it when conversing with the generals with whom he was intimate—with Monge, and with me.

Monge entirely concurred in the general-in-chief's opinions on this point; and his scientific ardour was increased by Bonaparte's enthusiasm. In short, all were unanimously of one opinion. The Directory had no share in renewing the project of this memorable expedition, the result of which did not correspond with the grand views in which it had been conceived. Neither had the Directory any positive control over Bonaparte's departure or return. It was merely the passive instrument of the general's wishes, which it converted into decrees, as the law required. He was no more ordered to undertake the conquest of Egypt than he was instructed as to the plan of its execution. Bonaparte organized the army of the east, raised money, and collected ships; and it was he who conceived the happy idea of joining to the expedition men distinguished in science and art, and whose labours have made known, in its present and past state, a country, the very name of which is never pronounced without exciting grand recollections.

Bonaparte's orders flew like lightning from Toulon to Civitta Vecchia. With admirable precision, he appointed some forces to assemble before Malta, and others before Alexandria. He dictated all these orders to me in his cabinet.

In the position in which France stood with respect to Europe, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, the Directory, far from pressing or even facilitating this expedition, ought to have opposed it. A victory on the Adige would have been far better for France than one on the Nile. From all I saw, I am of opinion, that the wish to get rid of an ambitious young man, whose popularity excited envy, triumphed over the evident danger of removing, for an indefinite period, an excellent army, and the more probable loss of the French fleet. As to Bonaparte, he was well assured that nothing remained for him but to choose between that hazardous enterprise and his certain ruin. Egypt was, he thought, the right place to maintain his reputation, and to add fresh glory to his name.

On the 12th of April, 1798, he was appointed general-in-chief of the army of the east.

It was about this time that Marmont was married to Mademoiselle Perregaux; and Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, La Vallette, to Mademoiselle Beauharnais.*

* Sir Walter Scott informs us, that Josephine, when she became empress, brought about the marriage between her neice and La Vallette. This is another *fictitious incident* of his historical romance.

Shortly before our departure, I asked Bonaparte how long he intended to remain in Egypt? He replied, "A few months, or six years: all depends on circumstances. I will colonise the country. I will bring them artists and artisans of every description; women, actors, &c. We are but nine-and-twenty now, and we shall then be five-and-thirty. That is not an old age. Those six years will enable me, if all goes well, to get to India. Give out that you are going to Brest. Say so even to your family." I obeyed, to prove my discretion and real attachment to him.

Bonaparte wished to form a camp library of duodecimo volumes, and he gave me a list of the books which I was to purchase. This list is in his own writing, and is as follows:

CAMP LIBRARY.

1st. Arts and Science. 2d. Geography and Travels. 3d. History. 4th. Poetry. 5th. Romance. 6th. Politics and Morals.

Arts and Science.—Fontenelle's Worlds, 1 vol. Letters to a German Princess, 2 vols. Courses of the Normal School, 6 vols. The Artillery Assistant, 1 vol. Treatise on Fortifications, 3 vols. Treatise on Fire Works, 1 vol.

Geography and Travels.—Barclay's Geography, 12 vols. Cook's Voyages, 3 vols. La Harpe's Travels, 24 vols.

History.—Plutarch, 12 vols. Turenne, 2 vols. Condé, 4 vols. Villars, 4 vols. Luxembourg, 2 vols. Duguesclin, 2 vols. Saxe, 3 vols. Memoirs of the Marshals of France, 20 vols. President Hainault, 4 vols. Chronology, 2 vols. Marlborough, 4 vols. Prince Eugene, 6 vols. Philosophical History of India, 12 vols. Germany, 2 vols. Charles XII., 1 vol. Essay on the Manners of Nations, 6 vols. Peter the Great, 1 vol. Polybius, 6 vols. Justin, 2 vols. Arrian, 3 vols. Tacitus, 2 vols. Titus Livy. Thucydides, 2 vols. Vertot, 4 vols. Donina, 8 vols. Frederick II., 8 vols.

Poetry.—Ossian, 1 vol. Tasso, 6 vols. Ariosto, 6 vols. Homer, 6 vols. Virgil, 4 vols. The Henriade, 1 vol. Telemachus, 2 vols. Les Jardins, 1 vol. The Chefs-d'Œuvre of the French Theatre, 20 vols. Select Poetry, 20 vols. La Fontaine's Poems.

Romance.—Voltaire, 4 vols. Héloise, 4 vols. Werter, 1 vol. Marmontel, 4 vols. English Novels, 40 vols. Le sage, 10 vols. Prévost, 10 vols.

Politics.—The Bible. The New Testament. The Koran.—The Vedan. Mythology. Montesquieu: the Esprit des Lois.

It will be observed, that he classed the books of the religious creeds of nations under the head of politics.

The autograph copy of the above list contains some of those orthographical blunders which Bonaparte so frequently committed. Whether these blunders are attributable to the limited course of instruction he received at Brienne, to his hasty writing, the rapid flow of his ideas, or the little importance he attached to that indispensable condition of polite education, I know not. Knowing so well, as he did, the authors and

generals whose names appear in the above list, it is curious that he should have written *Duecling* for Duguesclin, and *Ocean* for Ossian. The latter mistake would have puzzled me not a little, had I not known his predilection for the Caledonian bard.

Before his departure, Bonaparte laid in a considerable stock of Burgundy. It was supplied by a man named James, of Dijon. I may observe, that on this occasion we had an opportunity of ascertaining that good Burgundy, well racked off, and in casks hermetically sealed, does not lose its quality on a sea voyage. Several cases of this Burgundy twice crossed the desert of the isthmus of Suez, on camels' backs. We brought some of it back with us to Frejus, and it was as good as when we departed. James went with us to Egypt.

During the remainder of our stay in Paris, nothing occurred worthy of mention, with the exception of a conversation between Bonaparte and me some days before our departure for Toulon. He went with me to the Luxembourg, to get signatures to the official papers connected with his expedition. He was very silent. As we passed through the Rue de Sainte Anne, I asked him, with no other object than merely to break a long pause, whether he was still determined to quit France? He replied, "Yes: I have tried every thing. They do not want me (probably alluding to the office of Director). I ought to overthrow them, and make myself king; but it will not do yet. The nobles will never consent to it: I have tried my ground. The time is not yet come: I should be alone. But I will dazzle them again." I replied, "Well, we will go to Egypt;" and changed the conversation.

The squabble with Bernadotte at Vienna delayed our departure for a fortnight, and might have had the most disastrous influence on the fate of the squadron, as Nelson would most assuredly have waited between Malta and Sicily, if he had arrived there before us.*

It is untrue that he ever entertained the idea of abandoning the expedition, in consequence of Bernadotte's affair. The following letter to Brueys, dated the 28th of April, 1798, proves the contrary:

Some disturbances which have arisen at Vienna, render my presence in Paris necessary for a few days. This will not change any of the arrangements for the expedition. I have sent orders by this courier for the troops at Marseilles to embark and proceed to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th, I will send you a courier with orders for you to embark, and proceed with the squadron and convoy to Genoa, where I will join you.

* Sir Walter Scott, without any authority, states, that, at the moment of his departure, Bonaparte seemed disposed to abandon the command of an expedition so doubtful and hazardous, and that for this purpose he endeavoured to take advantage of what had occurred at Vienna. This must be ranked in the class of inventions, together with Barras's mysterious visit to communicate the change of destination, and also the ostracism and honourable exile which the Directory wished to impose on Bonaparte.

The delay which this fresh event has occasioned will, I imagine, have enabled you to complete every preparation.

We left Paris on the 3d of May, 1798. Ten days before General Bonaparte's departure for Egypt, a prisoner escaped from the Temple, who was destined to contribute most materially to his reverses. An escape, so unimportant in itself, afterwards caused the failure of the most gigantic projects, and daring conceptions. This escape was pregnant with future events; a false order of the minister of police prevented the revolution of the east.

We were at Toulon on the 8th. Bonaparte knew by the movements of the English that not a moment was to be lost; but adverse winds detained us ten days, which he occupied in attending to the most minute details connected with the fleet.

Bonaparte, whose attention was constantly occupied with his army, made a speech to the soldiers, which I wrote to his dictation, and which appeared in the public papers at the time. This address was followed by cries of "The immortal republic for ever!" and the singing of national hymns.

Those who knew Madame Bonaparte are aware that few women were more amiable and fascinating. Bonaparte was passionately fond of her, and to enjoy the pleasure of her society as long as possible, he brought her with him to Toulon. Nothing could be more affecting than their parting. On leaving Toulon, Josephine went to the waters of Plombières. I recollect that during her stay at Plombières she incurred great danger from a serious accident. Whilst she was one day sitting at the balcony of the hotel, with her suite, the balcony suddenly gave way, and all the persons in it fell into the street. Madame Bonaparte was much hurt, but no serious consequences ensued.*

Bonaparte had scarcely arrived at Toulon, when he heard that the law for the death of emigrants was enforced with frightful rigour; and that but recently an old man, upwards of eighty,

* "Madame Bonaparte had been but a short time at Plombières, when one morning, as she was sitting in her drawing-room engaged at needlework and conversing with some ladies, Madame de Cambis, who was in the balcony, called her to look at a beautiful little dog that was passing through the street. All the ladies who were in the room immediately rose, and, following Madame Bonaparte, rushed to the balcony, which instantly gave way, and fell with a tremendous crash. It fortunately happened that nobody was killed; but Madame de Cambis had her leg broken, and Madame Bonaparte was dreadfully hurt, though she escaped without broken bones. M. Charvet, who was in an adjoining room, being alarmed by the noise, ran out, and, on learning what had happened, he ordered a sheep to be immediately killed; and the skin of the animal being taken off, Madame Bonaparte was wrapped in it. She suffered from the effects of this accident for a considerable time. Her hands and arms were so severely bruised, that she was long unable to use them."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

had been shot. Indignant at this barbarity, he dictated to me, in a tone of anger, the following letter:

Head-quarters, Toulon, 27th Floréal, year IV.
(May 16, 1798.)

BONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, TO THE MILITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE NINTH DIVISION, ESTABLISHED BY THE LAW OF THE 19TH FRUCTIDOR.

I have learned, citizens, with deep regret, that an old man, between seventy and eighty years of age, and some unfortunate women, in a state of pregnancy, or surrounded with children of tender age, have been shot on the charge of emigration.

Have the soldiers of liberty become executioners? Can the mercy which they have exercised even in the fury of battle, be extinct in their hearts?

The law of the 19th Fructidor was a measure of public safety. Its object was to reach conspirators, not women and aged men.

I, therefore, exhort you, citizens, whenever the law brings to your your tribunals women or old men, to declare that in the field of battle you have respected the women and old men of your enemies.

The officer who signs a sentence against a person incapable of bearing arms is a coward.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

This letter saved the life of an unfortunate man, who came under the description of persons to whom Bonaparte referred. The tone of this note shows what an idea he already entertained of his power. He took upon him, doubtless from the noblest motives, to interpret and interdict the execution of a law, atrocious, it is true, but which even in those times of weakness, disorder, and anarchy, was still a law. In this instance, at least, the power of his name was nobly employed. This letter gave great satisfaction to the army destined for the expedition.

A man named Simon, who had followed his master in emigration, and dreaded the application of the law, heard that I wanted a servant. He came to me and acknowledged his situation. He suited me, and I hired him. He then told me he feared he should be arrested whilst going to the port to embark. Bonaparte, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, and who had just given a striking proof of his aversion to these acts of barbarity, said to me in a tone of kindness, "Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him remain with you." The words "Bonaparte, General-in-chief of the Army of the East," were inscribed in large gold letters on the green morocco. Whether it was the portfolio or his connexion with us that prevented Simon from being arrested, I know not; but he passed on without interruption. I reprimanded him for having smiled derisively at the ill humour of the persons appointed to arrest him. He served me faithfully, and was even sometimes useful to Bonaparte.

CHAPTER XIV.

1798.

Departure of the squadron—Arrival at Malta—Dolomieu—General Baraguay d'Hilliers—Attack on the western part of the island—Caffarelli's remark—Deliverance of the Turkish prisoners—Nelson's pursuit of the French fleet—A maxim of Bonaparte—Conversations on board—How Bonaparte passed his time—Propositions discussed—Morning music—Proclamation—Admiral Brueys—The English fleet avoided—Dangerous landing—Bonaparte and his fortune—Alexandria taken—Kleber wounded—Bonaparte's entrance into Alexandria.

The squadron sailed on the 19th of May. The Orient, which, owing to her heavy lading, drew too much water, touched the ground; but she was got off without much difficulty.

We arrived off Malta on the 10th of June. We had lost two days in waiting for some convoys which joined us at Malta.

The intrigues throughout Europe had not succeeded in causing the ports of that island to be opened to us immediately on our arrival. Bonaparte expressed much displeasure against the persons sent from Europe to arrange measures for that purpose. One of them, however, M. Dolomieu, had cause to repent his mission, which occasioned him to be badly treated by the Sicilians. M. Poussielgue had done all he could in the way of seduction, but he had not completely succeeded. There was some misunderstanding, and, in consequence, some shots were interchanged. Bonaparte was very much pleased with General Baraguay d'Hilliers's services in Italy. He could not but praise his military and political conduct at Venice, when, scarcely a year before, he had taken possession of that city by his orders. General Baraguay d'Hilliers joined us with his division, which had embarked in the convoy that sailed from Genoa. The general-in-chief ordered him to land and attack the western part of the island. He executed this order with equal prudence and ability, and highly to the satisfaction of the general-in-chief. As every person in the secret knew that all this was a mere form, these hostile demonstrations produced no unpleasant consequences. We wished to save the honour of the knights—that was all; for no one who has seen Malta can imagine that an island surrounded with such formidable and perfect fortifications, would have surrendered in two days to a fleet which was pursued by an enemy. The impregnable fortress of Malta is so secure against

a *coup de main*, that General Caffarelli, after examining its fortifications, said to the general-in-chief, in my presence, "Upon my word, general, it is lucky there is some one in the town to open the gates for us."

By comparing the observation of General Caffarelli with what has been previously stated respecting the project of the expedition to Egypt and Malta, an idea may be formed of the value of Bonaparte's assertion at St. Helena:—"The capture of Malta was not owing to private intrigues, but to the sagacity of the commander-in-chief. I took Malta when I was in Mantua!" It is not the less true, however, that I wrote, by his dictation, a mass of instructions for private intrigues. Napoleon also said to another noble companion of his exile at St. Helena, "Malta certainly possessed vast physical means of resistance; but no moral means. The knights did nothing dishonourable: nobody is obliged to do impossibilities." No; but they were sold; the capture of Malta was assured before we left Toulon.

The general-in-chief proceeded to that part of the port where the Turks made prisoners by the knights were kept. The disgusting galleys were emptied of their occupants. The same principles which, a few days after, formed the basis of Bonaparte's proclamation to the Egyptians, guided him in this act of reason and humanity.

He walked several times in the gardens of the grand-master. They were in beautiful order, and filled with magnificent orange-trees. We regaled ourselves with their fruit, which the great heat rendered most delicious.

On the 19th of June, after having settled the government and defence of the island, the general left Malta, which he little dreamed he had taken for the English, who have very badly requited the obligation. Many of the knights followed Bonaparte, and took civil and military appointments.

During the night of the 22d of June, the English squadron was almost close upon us. It passed at about six leagues from the French fleet. Nelson, who learned the capture of Malta at Messina, on the day we left the island, sailed direct for Alexandria, without proceeding into the north. He considered that city to be the place of our destination. By taking the shortest course, with every sail set, and unembarrassed by any convoy, he arrived before Alexandria on the 28th of June, three days before the French fleet, which, nevertheless, had sailed before him from the shores of Malta. The French squadron took the direction of Candia, which we perceived on the 25th of June, and afterwards stood to the south, favoured by the etesian winds, which regularly prevail at that season. The French fleet did not reach Alexandria till the 30th of June.*

* Bonaparte himself gives a very clear account of the manner in which the English squadron was evaded. It is as follows:

"Nelson was cruising between Corsica, Provence, and Spain, with the three sail detached by Lord Saint Vincent, when, in the night of the 19th of May, he

Bonaparte having one day visited a school, said, on departing, to the scholars, to some of whom he had been putting questions, " My lads, every hour of lost time is a chance of

suffered from a gale, which damaged his ships, and dismasted that in which he sailed. He was obliged to be towed. It was his design to anchor in the Gulf of Oristagni, in Sardinia; he could not succeed in this, but made the roads of Saint Peter's Iles, where he repaired his damage.

" On the same night the French squadron sailed from Toulon; it arrived before Malta on the 10th of June, after doubling Cape Corso and Cape Bonara. Nelson having been joined by Lord Saint-Vincent's ten ships, and appointed to the command of this squadron, was cruising off Toulon on the 1st of June. He did not then know that the French squadron had left that port. On the 15th he reconnoitred the roads of Tagliamone, on the coast of Tuscany, which he supposed to be the rendezvous of the French expedition. On the 20th he appeared before Naples, where he was informed by the government, that the French squadron had landed its troops at Malta, and that Garat, the ambassador of the republic, had stated, that the expedition was intended for Eyypt. On the 22d Nelson arrived off Messina. The intelligence of the capture of Malta by the French expedition was confirmed to him; and he also learned that it was making for Candia. Upon this he passed the Faro of Messina, and proceeded to Alexandria, where he arrived on the 29th of June.

" The French squadron received the first intelligence of the presence of an English fleet in the Mediterranean, off Cape Bonara, from a ship that fell in with it; and on the 25th, whilst the squadron was reconnoitring the coast of Candia, it was joined by the frigate La Justice, which had been cruising off Naples, and which brought positive news of the presence of an English squadron in these latitudes. Napoleon then gave orders that, instead of steering directly for Alexandria, the squadron should manœuvre so as to make Cape Aza, in Africa, twenty-five leagues from Alexandria; and should not appear before Alexandria until further intelligence should be obtained.

" On the 29th, the coast of Africa and Cape Aza were described. Nelson was then just arrived before Alexandria; having gained no intelligence of the French squadron, he steered for Alexandretta, and thence made for Rhodes. He then scoured the Isles of the Archipelago, reconnoitred the entrance of the Adriatic, and on the 18th of July was obliged to anchor at Syracuse to take in water. Up to this time he had obtained no information respecting the course of the French squadron. He sailed from Syracuse, and on the 28th of July anchored off Cape Coron, at the extremity of the Morea. It was there that he was first informed that the French army had landed in Egypt a month before. He supposed that the French squadron must have already effected its return to Toulon; but he proceeded to Alexandria in order to be able to furnish his government with positive intelligence, and to leave the necessary forces before that place for the purpose of blockading it.

" When the French squadron left Toulon it was composed of thirteen sail of the line, six frigates, and a dozen brigs, sloops, and cutters. The English squadron consisted of thirteen sail, one of which carried 50 guns, and all the others 74. They had been fitted out very hastily, and were in bad condition. Nelson had no frigates. In the French squadron there were one ship of 120 guns, and three of 80. There was a fleet of several hundred sail under the convoy of this squadron, and particularly under the protection of two 64-gun ships, four Venetian-built frigates of 18 guns, and about twenty brigs and sloops. The French squadron, availing itself of its great number of light vessels, obtained intelligence from a great distance; so that the convoy had nothing to fear, and in case of falling in with the enemy, could easily take up the most advantageous position for remaining at a distance from the engagement. Every French ship had 500 old soldiers on board, with a company of land artillery amongst them. Twice a day, during the month they had been on board, the troops had been exercised in the manœuvres of the guns. In every ship of war

future misfortune." In these remarkable words he gave expression to the maxim which formed in a great measure the rule of his conduct; for, perhaps, no man ever understood better the value of time. It might, indeed, be said that his leisure was labour. Of this I often had proof, and particularly during our voyage. If the activity of his mind did not find sufficient employment in actual things, he supplied the want either by giving free scope to his imagination, or in listening to the conversation of the learned men attached to the expedition; for Bonaparte knew how to listen, and he was, perhaps, the only man, who never for a single moment yielded to lassitude.

On board the Orient he took pleasure in conversing frequently with Monge and Berthollet. The subjects on which they usually talked were chemistry, mathematics, and religion. General Caffarelli, whose conversation, supplied by knowledge, was at once energetic, witty, and lively, was one of those with whom he most willingly discoursed. Whatever friendship he might entertain for Berthollet, it was easy to perceive that he preferred Monge, and that he was led to that preference because Monge, endowed with an ardent imagination, without exactly possessing religious principles, had a kind of predisposition for religious ideas which harmonized with the notions of Bonaparte. On this subject, Berthollet sometimes rallied his inseparable friend Monge. Besides, Berthollet was, with his cold imagination, constantly devoted to analysis and abstractions, inclined towards materialism, an opinion with which the general was always much dissatisfied.

Bonaparte sometimes conversed with Admiral Brueys. His object was always to gain information respecting the different manœuvres, and nothing astonished the admiral more than the sagacity of his questions. I recollect that one day, Bonaparte having asked Brueys in what manner the hammocks were disposed of when clearing for action, he declared, after he had received an answer, that if the case should occur, he would order every one to throw his baggage overboard.

He passed a great part of his time in his cabin, lying on a bed, which, swinging on a kind of castors, alleviated the severity of the sea-sickness, from which he frequently suffered much when the ship rolled.

I was almost always with him in his cabin, where I read to him some of the favourite works, which he had selected for his camp library. He also frequently conversed, for hours together,

there were generals of experience, accustomed to stand fire, and to the chances of war.

"The supposition of an engagement with the English was the general subject of conversation. The captains of ships had orders, in that case, to consider it as a permanent and constant signal, to take part in the action, and to assist the ships near them. Nelson's squadron was one of the worst that England had ever fitted out of late years."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

with the captains of the vessels which he hailed. He never failed to ask whence they came? what was their destination? what ships they had met? what course they had sailed? His curiosity being thus satisfied, he allowed them to continue their voyage, after making them promise to say nothing of having seen the French squadron.

Whilst we were at sea, he seldom rose before ten o'clock in the morning. The Orient had the appearance of a populous town, from which women had been excluded; and this floating city was inhabited by two thousand individuals, amongst whom were a great number of distinguished men. Bonaparte every day invited several persons to dine with him, besides Brueys, Berthier, the colonels, and his ordinary household, who were always present at the table of the general-in-chief. When the weather was fine, he went up to the quarter-deck, which, from its extent, formed a grand promenade. I recollect, that when walking the quarter-deck with him, whilst we were in the sea of Sicily, I thought I could see the summits of the Alps, beautifully lighted by the rays of the setting sun. Bonaparte laughed much, and joked me about it. He called Admiral Brueys, who took his telescope, and soon confirmed my conjecture. The Alps! At the mention of that word, by the admiral, I think I can see Bonaparte still. He stood for a long time motionless; then, suddenly bursting from his trance, exclaimed, "No! I cannot behold the land of Italy without emotion! There is the east; and there I go; a perilous enterprise invites me. Those mountains command the plains where I so often had the good fortune to lead the French to victory. With them we will conquer again."

One of Bonaparte's greatest pleasures during the voyage was, after dinner, to fix upon three or four persons to support a proposition, and as many to oppose it. He had an object in view by this. These discussions afforded him an opportunity of studying the minds of those whom he had an interest in knowing well, in order that he might afterwards confide to each the functions for which he possessed the greatest aptitude. It will not appear singular to those who have been intimate with Bonaparte, that in these intellectual contests, he gave the preference to those who had supported an absurd proposition with ability over those who had maintained the cause of reason; and it was not superiority of mind which determined his judgment, for he really preferred the man who argued well in favour of an absurdity, to the man who argued equally well in support of a reasonable proposition. He always gave out the subjects which were to be discussed; and they most frequently turned upon questions of religion, the different kinds of government, and the art of war. One day he asked, whether the planets were inhabited; on another, what was the age of the world; then he proposed to consider the probability of the destruction of our

globe, either by water or fire; at another time, the truth or fallacy of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. I remember the circumstance which gave rise to the last proposition was an allusion to Joseph, of whom he happened to speak, as he did of almost every thing connected with the country to which we were bound, and which that able minister had governed.

No country came under Bonaparte's observation without recalling historical recollections to his mind. On passing the island of Candia, his imagination was excited, and he spoke with enthusiasm of ancient Crete and the Colossus, whose fabulous renown has surpassed all human glories. He spoke much of the fall of the empire of the east, which bore so little resemblance to what history has preserved of those fine countries, so often moistened with the blood of man. The ingenious fables of mythology likewise occurred to his mind, and imparted to his language something of a poetical, and, I may say, of an inspired character. The sight of the kingdom of Minos led him to reason on the laws best calculated for the government of nations; and the birthplace of Jupiter suggested to him the necessity of a religion for the mass of mankind. This animated conversation lasted until the favourable north winds, which drove the clouds into the valley of the Nile, caused us to lose sight of the island of Candia.

The musicians on board the Orient sometimes played *matinades;* but only between decks, for Bonaparte was not yet sufficiently fond of music to wish to have it in his cabin. It may be said, that his taste for this art increased in the due ratio of his power; and so it was with his taste for hunting, of which he gave no indication until after his elevation to the empire; as though he had wished to prove that he possessed within himself not only the genius of sovereignty for commanding men, but also the instinct for those aristocratical pleasures, the enjoyment of which is considered by mankind to be amongst the attributes of kings.

It is scarcely possible that some accidents should not occur during a long voyage, in a crowded vessel—that some persons should not fall overboard. Accidents of this kind frequently happened on board the Orient. On those occasions nothing was more remarkable than the great humanity of the man who has since been so prodigal of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed rivers of it even in Egypt, whither we were bound. When a man fell into the sea, the general-in-chief was in a state of agitation till he was saved. He instantly made the ship be laid-to, and exhibited the greatest uneasiness until the unfortunate individual was recovered. He ordered me to reward those who ventured their lives in this service. Amongst these, was a sailor who had incurred punishment for some fault. He not only exempted him

from the punishment, but also gave him some money. I recollect that one dark night we heard a noise like that occasioned by a man falling into the sea. Bonaparte instantly caused the ship to be laid-to, until the supposed victim was rescued from certain death. The men hastened from all sides, and at length they picked up—what?—the quarter of a bullock, which had fallen from the hook to which it was hung. What was Bonaparte's conduct? He ordered me to reward the sailors who had exerted themselves on this occasion even more generously than usual, saying, "It might have been a sailor, and these brave fellows have shown as much activity and courage as if it had."

After the lapse of thirty years, all these things are as fresh in my recollection as if they were passing at the present moment. In this manner Bonaparte employed his time on board the Orient, during the voyage, and it was also at this time, that he dictated to me the following proclamation:

Head-quarters, on board the Orient,
the 4th Messidor, year VI.

BONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE,
GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Soldiers,

You are about to undertake a conquest, the effects of which on civilization and commerce are incalculable. The blow you are about to give to England, will be the best aimed, and the most sensibly felt, she can receive, until the time arrive when you can give her her death-blow.

We must make some fatiguing marches; we must fight some battles; we shall succeed in all we undertake. The destinies are with us. The Mameluke Beys who favour exclusively English commerce, whose extortions oppress our merchants, and who tyrannize over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will no longer exist.

The people amongst whom we are going to live are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this: "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." Do not contradict this. Behave to them as you have behaved to the Jews—to the Italians. Pay respect to their muftis, and their imans, as you did to the rabbis and the bishops. Extend to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, and to the mosques, the same toleration which you showed to the synagogues, to the religion of Moses, and of Jesus Christ.

The Roman Legions protected all religions. You will find here customs different from those of Europe. You must accommodate yourselves to them.

The people amongst whom we are to mix, differ from us in the treatment of women; but in all countries he who violates is a monster.

Pillage enriches only a small number of men; it dishonours us; it destroys our resources; it converts into enemies the people whom it is our interest to have for friends.

The first town we shall come to was built by Alexander. At every step we shall meet with grand recollections, worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.

BONAPARTE.

Here a reflection occurs to me relative to this proclamation, and some other documents, which I may hereafter introduce into my narrative. Some persons have taken objection to passages which seem contrary to the doctrines of Christianity. These people must be under the influence of the evil genius of interpretation. What was the object? To enter Egypt. But what would have been more absurd than to present ourselves with the cross in one hand, and the sword of persecution in the other, and uttering menaces against Islamism? Policy, common sense, required that we should treat with great respect the religion of the inhabitants. Not to have respected it, would have been an unpardonable fault. Conquerors have sometimes committed this error; but the time of religious revolutions is passed. Bonaparte's proclamations produced an excellent effect.

During the voyage, and particularly between Malta and Alexandria, I often conversed with the brave and unfortunate Admiral Brueys. The intelligence we heard from time to time, augmented his uneasiness. I had the good fortune to obtain the confidence of this worthy man. He complained bitterly of the imperfect manner in which the fleet had been prepared for sea; of the encumbered state of the ships of the line, and frigates, and especially of the Orient; of the great number of transports; of the bad outfit of all the ships, and the weakness of their crews. He assured me that it required no little courage to undertake the command of a fleet so badly equipped; and he often declared, that in the event of our falling in with the enemy, he could not answer for the consequences. The encumbered state of the vessels, the immense quantity of civil and military baggage, which each person had brought, and would wish to save, would render proper manœuvres impracticable. In case of an attack, added Brueys, even by an inferior squadron, the confusion and disorder amongst so great a number of persons, would produce an inevitable catastrophe. Finally, if the English had appeared with ten vessels only, the admiral could not have guaranteed a fortunate result. He considered victory to be a thing that was impossible, and even with a victory, what would have become of the expedition? "God send," he said, with a sigh, "that we may pass the English without meeting them!" He appeared to foresee what did afterwards happen to him, not in the open sea, but in a situation which he considered much more favourable to his defence.

On the morning of the 1st of July, the expedition arrived off the coast of Africa, and the column of Septimus Severus

pointed out to us the city of Alexandria. Our situation and frame of mind hardly permitted us to reflect that in the distant point we beheld the city of the Ptolemies and Cæsars, with its double port, its pharos, and the gigantic monuments of its ancient grandeur. Our imaginations did not rise to this pitch.

Admiral Brueys had sent on before the frigate Juno, to fetch M. Magallon, the French consul. It was near four o'clock when he arrived, and the sea was very rough. He informed the general-in-chief that Nelson had been off Alexandria on the 28th—that he immediately despatched a brig to obtain intelligence from the English agent. On the return of the brig, Nelson instantly stood away with his squadron towards the north-east. But for a delay which our convoy from Civitta Vecchia occasioned, we should have been on this coast at the same time as Nelson.

It appeared that Nelson supposed us to be already at Alexandria, when he arrived there. He had reason to suppose so, seeing that we left Malta on the 19th of June, whilst he did not sail from Messina till the 21st. Not finding us where he expected, and being persuaded we ought to have arrived there had Alexandria been the place of our destination he sailed for Alexandretta, in Syria, whither he imagined we had gone to effect a landing. This error saved the expedition a second time.*

Bonaparte, on hearing the details which the French consul communicated, resolved to disembark immediately. Admiral Brueys represented the difficulties and dangers of a disembarkation—the violence of the surge—the distance from the coast†—a coast too, lined with reefs of rocks—the approaching night, and our perfect ignorance of the points suitable for landing. The Admiral, therefore, urged the necessity of wait-

* The following illustrative passage is from Southey's admirable Life of Nelson: "The first news of the enemy's armament was, that it had surprised Malta. Nelson formed a plan for attacking it while at anchor at Gozo; but on the 22d of June, intelligence reached him that the French had left that island on the 16th, the day after their arrival. It was clear that their destination was eastward—he thought for Egypt—and for Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. Had the frigates been with him, he could scarcely have failed to gain information of the enemy: for want of them, he only spoke three vessels on the way; two came from Alexandria, one from the Archipelago; and neither of them had seen any thing of the French. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th, and the enemy were not there, neither was there any account of them; but the governor was endeavouring to put the city in a state of defence, having received advice from Leghorn, that the French expedition was intended against Egypt, after it had taken Malta. Nelson then shaped his course to the northward, for Caramania, and steered from thence along the southern side of Candia, carrying a press of sail, both night and day, with a contrary wind. It would have been his delight, he said, to have tried Bonaparte on a wind."

† It was near three leagues, and we did not anchor in the roads of Aboukir, as Sir Walter Scott supposes.

ing till next morning: that is to say, to delay the landing twelve hours. He observed that Nelson could not return from Syria for several days. Bonaparte listened to these representations with impatience and ill-humour. He replied peremptorily, "Admiral, we have no time to lose. Fortune gives me but three days; if I do not profit by them, we are lost." He relied much on fortune: this chimerical idea constantly influenced his resolutions.

Bonaparte having the command of the naval as well as the military force, the admiral was obliged to yield to his wishes.

I attest these facts, which passed in my presence, and no part of which could escape my observation. It is quite false that it was owing to the appearance of a sail which, it is pretended, was descried, but of which, for my part, I saw nothing, that Bonaparte exclaimed, "Fortune, have you abandoned me!—I ask only five days!" No such thing occurred.

Admiral Brueys took me aside, to communicate his apprehensions, which were principally on account of the general-in-chief, on whom he conceived the responsibility rested. On my refusal to revive his objections, on the ground that I was too well acquainted with Bonaparte's firmness, and that, besides, I concurred in his opinion, Brueys, with sorrow, gave the signal for a general landing. The getting of the troops into the boats was effected with much difficulty and danger.

It was one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July when we landed on the soil of Egypt, at Marabou, three leagues to the west of Alexandria. We had to regret the loss of some lives; but we had every reason to expect that our losses would have been greater.

At three o'clock the same morning, the general-in-chief marched on Alexandria with the divisions of Kleber, Bon, and Morand. The Bedouin Arabs, who kept hovering about our right flank and our rear, picked up the stragglers.

Having arrived within gun-shot of Alexandria, we scaled the ramparts, and French valour soon triumphed over all obstacles.

The first blood I saw shed in war was General Kleber's. He was struck in the head by a ball, not in storming the walls, but whilst commanding the attack. He came to Pompey's Pillar, where many members of the staff were assembled, and where the general-in-chief was watching the attack. I then spoke to Kleber for the first time, and from that day our friendship commenced. I had the good fortune to contribute somewhat towards the assistance of which he stood in need, and which, as we were situated, could not be procured very easily.

It has been endeavoured to represent the capture of Alexandria, which surrendered after a few hours, as a brilliant exploit. The general-in-chief himself wrote that the city had been taken after a few discharges of cannon; the walls, badly fortified, were soon scaled. Alexandria was not delivered up to

pillage, as has been asserted, and often repeated. This would have been a most impolitic mode of commencing the conquest of Egypt, which had no strong places requiring to be intimidated by a great example.

Bonaparte, with some others, entered the city by a narrow street, which scarcely allowed two persons to walk abreast; I was with him. We were stopped by some musket-shots fired from a low window by a man and a woman. They repeated their fire several times. The guides who preceded their general kept up a heavy fire on the window. The man and woman fell dead, and we passed on in safety, for the place had surrendered.

Bonaparte employed the six days during which he remained in Alexandria in establishing order in the city and province, with that activity and superior talent which I could never sufficiently admire, and in directing the march of the army across the province of Bohahireh. He sent Desaix with four thousand five hundred infantry and sixty cavalry to Beda, on the road to Damanhour. This general was the first to experience the privations and sufferings which the whole army had soon to endure. His great mind, his attachment to Bonaparte, seemed for a moment about to yield to the obstacles which presented themselves. On the 15th of July, he wrote from Bohahireh as follows: "I beseech you do not let us stop longer in this position. My men are discouraged and murmur. Make us advance or fall back, without delay. The villages consist merely of huts, absolutely without resources."

In these immense plains, scorched by the vertical rays of a burning sun, water, every where else so common, becomes an object of contest. The wells and springs, those secret treasures of the desert, are carefully concealed from the traveller; and frequently after our most oppressive marches, nothing could be found to allay the urgent cravings of thirst but a little brackish water of the most disgusting description.*

* Some idea of the misery endured by the French troops on this occasion may be gathered from the following description in Napoleon's Memoirs, dictated at St. Helena:

"As the Hebrews wandering in the wilderness complained, and angrily asked Moses for the onions and flesh-pots of Egypt, the French soldiers constantly regretted the luxuries of Italy. In vain were they assured that the country was the most fertile in the world, that it was even superior to Lombardy; how were they to be persuaded of this when they could get neither bread nor wine? We encamped on immense quantities of wheat, but there was neither mill nor oven in the country. The biscuit brought from Alexandria had long been exhausted; the soldiers were even reduced to bruise the wheat between two stones, and to make cakes, which they baked under the ashes. Many parched the wheat in a pan, after which they boiled it. This was the best way to use the grain; but, after all, it was not bread. The apprehensions of the soldiers increased daily; and rose to such a pitch, that a great number of them said there was no great city of Cairo; and that the place bearing that name was, like Damanhour, a vast assemblage of mere huts, destitute of every thing that

could render life comfortable or agreeable. To such a melancholy state of mind had they brought themselves, that two dragoons threw themselves, completely clothed, into the Nile, where they were drowned. It is nevertheless true, that though there was neither bread nor wine, the resources which were procured with wheat, lentils, meat, and sometimes pigeons, furnished the army with food of some kind. But the evil was in the ferment of the mind. The officers complained more loudly than the soldiers, because the comparison was proportionately more disadvantageous to them. In Egypt they found neither the quarters, the good table, nor the luxury of Italy. The general-in-chief, wishing to set an example, used to bivouac in the midst of the army, and in the least commodious spots. No one had either tent or provisions; the dinner of Napoleon and his staff consisted of a dish of lentils. The soldiers passed the evenings in political conversations, arguments, and complaints. *For what purpose are we come here?* said some of them; *the Directory has transported us. Caffarelli*, said others, *is the agent that has been made use of to deceive the general-in-chief.* Many of them, having observed that wherever there were vestiges of antiquity, they were carefully searched, vented their spite in invective against the *savans*, or scientific men, who, they said, *had started the idea of the expedition in order to make these searches.* Jests were showered upon them, even in their presence. The men called an ass a *savant*; and said of Caffarelli Dufalga, alluding to his wooden leg, *He laughs at all these troubles; he has one foot in France.*"—*Editor.*

CHAPTER XV.

1798.

Ancient and modern Egypt—Bonaparte's proclamation—The Mirage—Skirmishes with the Arabs—Mistake of General Desaix's division—Wretchedness of a rich sheik—Combat beneath the general's window—The flotilla on the Nile—Its distress and danger—The battle of Chebreisse—Defeat of the Mamelukes—Bonaparte's reception of me—Letter to Louis Bonaparte—Success of the French army—Proclamations of the general-in-chief—Letter to the pasha—Triumphal entrance into Cairo—Despatch of Kleber—Tragical death of the aide-de-camp Julien—Bonaparte's revenge—Civil and military organization of Cairo—Bonaparte's letter to his brother Joseph—Plan of colonization.

What a difference between the city of Alexandria described in history, and the wretched modern Alexandria! Where nine hundred thousand inhabitants were heretofore concentrated, now scarcely six thousand can be numbered. We found this city, formerly so magnificent, without fortifications, and almost without monuments. We met with only some columns, gathered from among the ruins of the ancient city, and employed with bad taste in modern buildings. The quay of the old port is composed solely of fragments of granite and marble columns. We found only two ancient monuments standing and entire, namely, Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle; but there is scarcely a trace of the times of the Cæsars, and none of Alexander's tomb. Before landing on the Egyptian territory, Bona-

parte wrote a letter, on the 12th Messidor, to the Pasha of Egypt, in which he stated that he had been sent by the Directory of the republic to chastise the beys for the aggressions they had committed upon French commerce. He concluded by telling the pasha that he had not come to do any act contrary to the Koran, and by inviting him to join in invoking maledictions on the impious race of the beys.

On arriving at Alexandria, the general-in-chief issued a proclamation to the people of Egypt, which, besides adverting to the insults and extortions experienced by French merchants from the beys, contained the following passages:

People of Egypt—You will be told that I come to destroy your religion—do not believe it. Be assured that I come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect, more than the Mamelukes, God, his prophet, and the Alcoran. Tell them that all men are equal in the eye of God: wisdom, talents, and virtue make the only difference.

Cadis, sheiks, imans, scorbajis, tell the people that we are friends of the true Mussulmans. Have not we destroyed the pope, who says that war ought to be made upon Mussulmans? Have we not destroyed the knights of Malta, because those bigots believed that God required them to raise their swords against the Mussulmans?

On the 7th of July, the general left Alexandria for Damanhour. In the vast plains of Bohahireh, the mirage every moment presented to the eye wide sheets of water, while, as we advanced, we found nothing but barren ground, full of deep cracks. Villages, which, at a distance, appear to be surrounded with water, are, on a nearer approach, discovered to be situated on heights, mostly artificial, by which they are raised above the inundations of the Nile. This illusion continually recurs; and it is the more treacherous, inasmuch as it presents to the eye the perfect representation of water, at the time when the want of that article is most felt. This mirage is so considerable in the plain of Pelusium, that shortly after sunrise no object is recognizable. The same phenomenon has been observed in other countries. Quintus Curtius says, that in the deserts of Sogdiana, a fog, rising from the earth, obscures the light, and the surrounding country seems like a vast sea. The cause of this singular illusion is now fully explained; and, from the observations of the learned Monge, it appears that the mirage will be found in almost every country situated between the tropics, where the local circumstances are similar.

The Arabs harassed the army without intermission. The few wells met with in the desert were either filled up, or the water was rendered unfit for use. The intolerable thirst with which the troops were tormented, even on this first march, was but ill allayed by dirty and unwholesome water. The army crossed the desert with the rapidity of lightning, scarcely tasting a drop of water. The sufferings of the troops were frequently expressed by discouraging murmurs.

On the first night a mistake occurred, which might have proved fatal. We were advancing in the dark, under feeble escort, almost sleeping on our horses, when suddenly we were assailed by two successive discharges of musketry. We rallied and reconnoitred, and, to our great satisfaction, discovered that the only mischief was a slight wound, received by one of our guides. Our assailants were the division of General Desaix, who, forming the advanced guard of the army, mistook us for a party of the enemy, and fired upon us. It was speedily ascertained that the little advanced guard of the head-quarters had not heard the *qui vive* of Desaix's advanced posts.

On reaching Damanhour, our head-quarters were established at the residence of a sheik. The house had been new whitened, and looked well enough outside; but the interior was inconceivably wretched. Every domestic utensil was broken, and the only seats were a few dirty, tattered mats. Bonaparte knew that the sheik was rich; and having somewhat won his confidence, he asked him, through the medium of the interpreter, why, being in easy circumstances, he thus deprived himself of all comfort. "Some years ago," replied the sheik, "I repaired and furnished my house. When this became known at Cairo, a demand was made upon me for money, because, it was said, my expenses proved me to be rich. I refused to pay the money, and, in consequence, I was ill-treated, and at length forced to pay it. From that time I have allowed myself only the bare necessaries of life, and I shall buy no furniture for my house." The old man was lame, in consequence of the treatment he had suffered. Woe to him, who in this country is suspected of having a competency—a hundred spies are always ready to denounce him. The appearance of poverty is the only security against the rapine of power and the cupidity of barbarism.

A little troop of Arabs, on horseback, assailed our head-quarters. Bonaparte, who was at the window of the sheik's house, indignant at this insolence, turned to one of his aides-de-camp, who happened to be on duty, and said, "Croissier, take a few guides, and drive those fellows away!" In an instant, Croissier was in the plain, with fifteen guides. A little skirmish ensued, and we looked on from the window. In the movement and in the attack of Croissier and his party, there was a sort of hesitation which the general-in-chief could not comprehend. "Forward, I say! Charge!" he exclaimed from the window, as if he could have been heard. Our horsemen seemed to fall back as the Arabs returned to the attack; and after a little contest, maintained with tolerable spirit, the Arabs retired without loss, and without being molested in their retreat. Bonaparte could no longer repress his rage; and when Croissier returned, he experienced such a harsh reception, that the poor fellow withdrew, deeply mortified and distressed. Bonaparte desired me to follow him, and say something to console him: but all was in vain. "I cannot survive this," he said. "I will sacrifice my life on the

first occasion that offers itself. I will not live dishonoured." The word *coward* had escaped the general's lips. Poor Croissier died at Saint Jean d'Acre, as will hereafter be seen.

On the 10th of July, our head-quarters were established at Rahmahanieh, where they remained during the 11th and 12th. At this place commences the canal, which was cut by Alexander, to convey water to his new city, and to facilitate commercial intercourse between Europe and the east.

The flotilla, commanded by the brave chief of division, Perrée, had just arrived from Rosetta. Perrée was on board the shebeck called the *Cerf*. Bonaparte had great confidence in him. He had commanded, under the general's orders, the naval forces in the Adriatic in 1797.

Bonaparte placed on board the *Cerf* and the other vessels of the flotilla, those individuals who, not being military, could not be serviceable in engagements, and whose horses served to mount a few of the troops.

On the night of the 13th of July, the general-in-chief directed his march towards the south, along the left bank of the Nile. The flotilla sailed up the river, parallel with the left wing of the army. But the force of the wind, which at this season blows regularly from the Mediterranean into the valley of the Nile, carried the flotilla far in advance of the army, and frustrated the plan of their mutually defending and supporting each other. The flotilla, thus unprotected, fell in with seven Turkish gun-boats coming from Cairo, and was exposed simultaneously to their fire, and to that of the Mamelukes, Fellahs, and Arabs, who lined both banks of the river. They had small guns mounted on camels.

Perrée cast anchor, and an engagement commenced at nine o'clock on the 14th of July, and continued till half-past twelve.

At the same time, the general-in-chief met and attacked a corps of about four thousand Mamelukes. His object, as he afterwards said, was to turn the corps by the left of the village of Chebreisse, and to drive it upon the Nile.

About eleven in the morning, Perrée told me that the Turks were doing us more harm than we were doing them; that our ammunition would soon be exhausted; that the army was far inland, and that if it did not make a move to the left, there would be no hope for us.

Several vessels had already been boarded and taken by the Turks, who massacred the crews before our eyes, and with barbarous ferocity showed us the heads of the slaughtered men. Perrée, at considerable risk, despatched several persons to inform the general-in-chief of the desperate situation of the flotilla. The cannonade which Bonaparte had heard since the morning, and the explosion of a Turkish gun-boat, which was blown up by the artillery of the shebeck, led him to fear that our situation was really perilous. He therefore made a movement to the left, in the direction of the Nile and Chebreisse,

beat the Mamelukes, and forced them to retire on Cairo. At sight of the French troops, the commander of the Turkish flotilla weighed anchor, and sailed up the Nile. The two banks of the river were evacuated, and the flotilla escaped the destruction which a short time before had appeared inevitable. Some writers have alleged that the Turkish flotilla was destroyed in this engagement. The truth is, the Turks did us considerable injury, while on their part they suffered but little. We had twenty men killed and several wounded. Upwards of fifteen hundred guns were fired during the action.

General Berthier, in his narrative of the Egyptian expedition, enumerates the individuals who, though not in the military service, assisted Perrée in this unequal and dangerous engagement. He mentions Monge, Berthollet, Andréossy, Junot, the paymaster, and Bourrienne, secretary to the general-in-chief. It has also been stated that Sucy, the commissary-general, was seriously wounded while bravely defending a gun-boat laden with provisions; but this is incorrect.

We had no communication with the army until the 23d of July. On the 22d we came in sight of the pyramids, and were informed that we were only about ten leagues from Gizeh, where they are situated. The cannonade which we heard, and which augmented in proportion as the north wind diminished, announced a serious engagement; and that same day we saw the banks of the Nile strewed with heaps of bodies, which the waves were every moment washing into the sea. This horrible spectacle, the silence of the surrounding villages, which had hitherto been armed against us, and the cessation of the firing from the banks of the river, led us to infer, with tolerable certainty, that a battle fatal to the Mamelukes had been fought. The misery we suffered on our passage from Rahmahanieh to Gizeh is indescribable. We lived for eleven days on melons and water, besides being momentarily exposed to the musketry of the Arabs and the Fellahs. We luckily escaped with but a few killed and wounded. The swell of the Nile was only beginning. The shallowness of the river, near Cairo, obliged us to leave the shebeck and get on board a dejerm. We reached Gizeh at three in the afternoon of the 23d of July.

When I saluted the general-in-chief, whom I had not seen for twelve days, he thus addressed me: "So, you are here, are you? Do you know that you have all of you been the cause of my not following up the battle of Chebreisse? It was to save you, Monge, Berthollet, and the others on board the flotilla, that I hurried the movement of my left upon the Nile, before my right had turned Chebreisse. But for that, not a single Mameluke would have escaped."

"I thank you for my own part," replied I; "but in conscience could you have abandoned us, after taking away our horses, and making us go on board the shebeck, whether we

would or not?" He laughed, and then told me how sorry he was for the wound of Sucy, and the death of many useful men, whose places could not possibly be filled up.

He made me write a letter to his brother Louis, informing him that he had gained a complete victory over the Mamelukes at Embabeh, opposite Boulac, and that the enemy's loss was, two thousand men killed and wounded, forty pieces of cannon, and a great number of horses.

The occupation of Cairo was the immediate consequence of the victory of Embabeh. Bonaparte established his head-quarters in the house of Elfey Bey, in the great square of Ezbekyeh.

The march of the French army to Cairo was attended by an uninterrupted succession of combats and victories. We had won the battles of Rahmahanieh, Chebriesse, and the Pyramids. The Mamelukes were defeated, and their chief, Murad Bey, was obliged to fly into Upper Egypt. Bonaparte found no obstacle to oppose his entrance into the capital of Egypt, after a campaign of only twenty days.

No conqueror, perhaps, ever enjoyed a victory so much as Bonaparte, and yet no one was ever less inclined to abuse his triumphs.

After the battle of the Pyramids, he despatched the following letter and proclamation from his head-quarters at Gizeh:

Head-quarters, at Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI. of the French Republic.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, BONAPARTE, TO THE SHEIKS AND NOTABLES OF CAIRO.

You will see by the annexed proclamation, the sentiments which animate me.

Yesterday, the Mamelukes were for the most part killed or wounded, and I am in pursuit of the few who escaped.

Send here the boats which are on your bank of the river, and send also a deputation to acquaint me with your submission. Provide bread, meat, straw, and barley for my troops. Be under no alarm, and rest assured that no one is more anxious to contribute to your happiness than I.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

Head-quarters, Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI. of the French Republic.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, BONAPARTE, TO THE PEOPLE OF CAIRO.

People of Cairo—I am satisfied with your conduct. You did well not to take part against me. I am come to destroy the race of the Mamelukes, to protect commerce and the natives of the country. Let all who are alarmed, banish their fears; let those who have fled, return to their homes; and let prayers take place as usual. Fear nothing for your families, your houses, or your property;

and least of all, for the religion of the prophet, which I respect. As it is urgent that persons should be appointed to perform the duties of the police, so as to maintain the tranquillity of the city, a divan consisting of seven persons will meet at the Mosque of the Worm. There will always be two with the commandant of the fortress, and four to maintain the public peace, and to superintend the police.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

Next day, before he marched off to make his triumphal entry into Cairo, at the head of his army, the general-in-chief wrote to the pasha as follows:

Head-quarters, Gizeh, 5th Thermidor, year VI. of the French Republic.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, BONAPARTE, TO THE PASHA OF CAIRO.

The intention of the French Republic in occupying Egypt, was to extirpate the Mamelukes, who were at once rebels to the Porte, and the declared enemies of the French government.

Now that France is mistress of Egypt by the signal victory her army has gained, her intention is, to secure to the pasha of the grand seignior his revenues and his existence.

I beg you to assure the Porte, that she shall sustain no sort of loss, and that I will secure to her the continuance of the tribute which has hitherto been paid to her.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

We entered Cairo on the 24th of July,* and four days after Bonaparte sent off his aide-de-camp, Julien, with despatches to General Kleber, who was detained at Alexandria by his wound. In these despatches, which were dated from head-quarters at Cairo, 9th Thermidor, year VI. Bonaparte said—

We have found in Cairo, citizen-general, a very good mint. We must have all the ingots which we left at Alexandria, as we want to give them in exchange for some specie with which the merchants here have supplied us. I therefore beg you will assemble all the

* The wives of the Mamelukes staid in their houses at Cairo, whilst their husbands were carrying on the war against the French; and Napoleon sent Eugène, his son-in-law, to compliment the wife of Murad Bey, who had under her command about fifty slaves, belonging to that Mameluke chief and his kiashefs. It was a sort of convent of religious females, of which she was the abbess. She received Eugène on her grand divan, in the harem, to which he was admitted by special exception, and as the envoy of Sultan Kabir (a name given by the Arabs to Napoleon. The word *Kabir* signifies *great*). All the women wished to see the young and handsome Frenchman, and the slaves found it very difficult to restrain their impatience. The wife of Murad Bey was a woman of fifty, with the beauty and grace suitable to that age. She had coffee and sherbet served up, according to custom, in very rich plate, and in a sumptuous style. She took from her finger a ring, worth a thousand louis, which she presented to the young officer. She then addressed several requests to the general-in-chief, who preserved her villages for her, and always protected her.—*Memoirs of Napoleon.* (*Editor.*)

merchants with whom the said ingots were left, and get them back again. I will give in return corn and rice, of which we have an immense quantity.

We are as ill off for money, as we are well off for provisions. This obliges us to part with as little gold and silver as we can, but to make our payments in provisions.

The unfortunate Julien, a promising young officer, ran ashore with his dejerm on the Lybian bank of the Nile, and was murdered, together with fifteen soldiers who formed his escort. When, about a month after, it was discovered where he had perished, the general-in-chief published the following decree:

It having been ascertained that the inhabitants of the village of Alkam have assassinated the aide-de-camp Julien, and fifteen French soldiers who accompanied him, it is ordered that the village shall be burnt; and that General Lannes shall set off, with five hundred men and an aviso, to execute this order. If he succeed in arresting the sheiks, he is to bring them as hostages to Cairo. He is to consign Alkam to pillage, and not to leave a house standing; and he is to make known by a proclamation, circulated in the neighbouring villages, that Alkam is burnt as a punishment for the murder of Frenchmen who were navigating the Nile.

Alkam was accordingly destroyed. The only remaining trace of the unfortunate Julien and his companions, was a waistcoat-button, found in a deserted hut, in the neighbourhood of Alkam. All the inhabitants of the village had fled in anticipation of the vengeance with which they were visited. The button had belonged to one of the men who formed Julien's escort. It was marked with the number of the corps.

The general-in-chief immediately directed his attention to the civil and military organization of the country. Only those who saw him in the vigour of his youth can form an idea of his extraordinary intelligence and activity. Nothing escaped his observation. Egypt had long been the object of his study; and in a few weeks he was as well acquainted with the country, as if he had lived in it ten years. He issued orders for observing the strictest discipline, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

The mosques, the civil and religious institutions, the harems, the women, the customs of the country—all were scrupulously respected. A few days after they entered Cairo, the French were freely admitted into the shops, and were seen sociably smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their occupations, and playing with their children.

The day after his arrival in Cairo, Bonaparte addressed to his brother Joseph the following letter, which was intercepted and printed. Its authenticity has been doubted; but I saw Napoleon write it, and he read it to me before he sent it off.

Cairo, 7th Thermidor.

You will see in the public papers the bulletins of the battles and victories of Egypt, which were sufficiently contested to add another wreath to the laurels of the army. Egypt is richer than any country in the world in corn, rice, vegetables, and cattle. But the people are in a state of utter barbarism. We cannot procure money, even to pay the troops. I shall probably be in France in two months.

Engage a country-house, to be ready for me on my arrival, either near Paris, or in Burgundy, where I should like to pass the winter.

BONAPARTE.

This announcement of his departure to his brother is corroborated by a note which he despatched some days after, enumerating the supplies and individuals which he wished to have sent to Egypt. His note proves, more convincingly than any arguments, that Bonaparte earnestly wished to preserve his conquest, and to make it a French colony. It must be borne in mind, that the note here alluded to, as well as the letter above quoted, were written long before the destruction of the fleet.

Bonaparte's autograph note, after enumerating the troops and warlike stores he wished to be sent, concluded with the following list:

1st. A company of actors; 2d. A company of dancers: 3d. Some dealers in toys, at least three or four; 4th. A hundred women; 5th. The wives of all the men employed in the corps; 6th. Twenty surgeons, thirty apothecaries, and ten physicians; 7th. Some founders; 8th. Some distillers, and dealers in liquor; 9th. Fifty gardeners, with their families, and the seeds of every kind of vegetable; 10th. Each party to bring with them two hundred thousand quarts of brandy; 11th. Thirty thousand ells of blue and scarlet cloth; 12th. A supply of soap and oil.

CHAPTER XVI.

1798.

Establishment of a divan in each Egyptian province—Desaix in Upper Egypt—Ibrahim Bey beaten by Bonaparte at Salehyeh—Sulkowsky wounded—Disaster at Aboukir—Dissatisfaction and murmurs of the army—Dejection of the General-in-chief—His plan respecting Egypt—Meditated descent upon England—Bonaparte's censure of the Directory—Intercepted correspondence—Justification of Admiral Brueys—Bonaparte's letter to the Directory.

FROM the details I have already given respecting Bonaparte's plans for colonizing Egypt, it will be seen that his energy of mind urged him to adopt anticipatory measures for the ac-

complishment of objects which were never realized. During the short interval in which he sheathed his sword, he planned provisional governments for the towns and provinces occupied by the French troops, and he adroitly contrived to serve the interests of his army, without appearing to violate those of the country. After he had been four days at Cairo, during which time he employed himself in examining every thing, and consulting every individual from whom he could obtain useful information, he published the following order:

Head-quarters, Cairo, 9th Thermidor, year VI.

BONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, AND GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, ORDERS,

Art. 1.—There shall be in each province of Egypt, a divan, composed of seven individuals, whose duty will be to superintend the interests of the province; to communicate to me any complaints that may be made; to prevent warfare among the different villages; to apprehend and punish criminals (for which purpose they may demand assistance from the French commandant); and to take every opportunity of enlightening the people.

Art. 2.—There shall be in each province an aga of the Janizaries, maintaining constant communication with the French commandant. He shall have with him a company of sixty armed natives, whom he may take wherever he pleases, for the maintenance of good order, subordination, and tranquillity.

Art. 3.—There shall be in each province an intendant, whose business will be to levy the miri, the feddam, and the other contributions which formerly belonged to the Mamelukes, but which now belong to the French republic. The intendants shall have as many agents as may be necessary.

Art. 4.—The said intendant shall have a French agent to correspond with the Finance Department, and to execute all the orders he may receive.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

While Bonaparte was thus actively taking measures for the organization of the country, General Desaix had marched into Upper Egypt in pursuit of Murad Bey. We learned that Ibrahim, who, next to Murad, was the most influential of the beys, had proceeded towards Syria, by the way of Balbeys and Salehyeh. The general-in-chief immediately determined to march, in person, against that formidable enemy, and he left Cairo about fifteen days after he had entered it. It is unnecessary to describe the well-known engagement in which Bonaparte drove Ibrahim back upon El Arysh; besides, I do not enter minutely into the details of battles, my chief object being to record events which I personally witnessed.

At the battle of Salehyeh, Bonaparte thought he had lost one of his aides-de-camp, Sulkowsky, to whom he was much attached, and one who had been with us during the whole of

the campaign of Italy. On the field of battle one object of regret cannot long engross the mind; yet, on his return to Cairo, Bonaparte frequently spoke to me of Sulkowsky in terms of unfeigned sorrow.

"I cannot," said he one day, "sufficiently admire the noble spirit and determined courage of poor Sulkowsky." He often said that Sulkowsky would have been a valuable aid to whoever might undertake the resuscitation of Poland. Fortunately that brave officer was not killed on that occasion, though seriously wounded. He was, however, killed shortly after.

The destruction of the French squadron, in the roads of Aboukir, occurred during the absence of the general-in-chief. This event happened on the 1st of August. The details are generally known; but there is one circumstance to which I cannot refrain from alluding, and which excited deep interest at the time. This was the heroic courage of the son of Casabianca, the captain of the Orient. Casabianca was among the wounded, and when the vessel was blown up, his son, a lad of ten years of age, preferred perishing along with him rather than saving himself, when one of the seamen had secured him the means of escape. I told the aide-de-camp, sent by General Kleber, who had the command of Alexandria, that the general-in-chief was near Salehyeh. He proceeded thither immediately, and Bonaparte hastened back to Cairo, a distance of about thirty-three leagues.

In spite of any assertions that may have been made to the contrary, the fact is, that as soon as the French troops set foot in Egypt, they were filled with dissatisfaction, and ardently longed to return home. The illusion of the expedition had disappeared, and only its reality remained. What bitter murmuring have I not heard from Murat, Lannes, Berthier, Bessières, and others! Their complaints were, indeed, often so unmeasured as almost to amount to sedition. This greatly vexed Bonaparte, and drew from him severe reproaches and violent language.* When the news arrived of the loss of the fleet, discontent increased. All who had acquired fortunes under Napoleon, now began to fear that they would never enjoy them. All turned their thoughts to Paris, and its amusements; and were utterly disheartened at the idea of being separated from their homes and their friends for a period, the termination of which it was impossible to foresee.

The catastrophe of Aboukir came like a thunderbolt upon the general-in-chief. In spite of all his energy and fortitude, he was deeply distressed by the disasters which now assailed him.

* Napoleon related at St. Helena, that in a fit of irritation he rushed among a group of dissatisfied generals, and said to one of them, who was remarkable for his stature, "You have held seditious language; but take care I do not perform my duty. Though you are five feet ten inches high, that shall not save you from being shot."

To the painful feelings excited by the complaints and dejection of his companions in arms, was now added the irreparable misfortune of the burning of our fleet. He measured the fatal consequences of this event at a single glance. We were now cut off from all communication with France, and all hope of returning thither, except by a degrading capitulation with an implacable and hated enemy. Bonaparte had lost all chance of preserving his conquest, and to him this was indeed a bitter reflection. And at what a time did this disaster befall him? At the very moment when he was about to apply for the aid of the mother country. Was it possible that these perplexing circumstances could fail in making a deep and melancholy impression on the mind of Bonaparte? In asserting the contrary, his would-be panegyrists are deceived if they suppose they are paying him a compliment.

From what General Bonaparte communicated to me previously to the 1st of August, his object was, having once secured the possession of Egypt, to return to Toulon with the fleet; then to send troops and provisions of every kind to Egypt; and next to combine with the fleet all the forces that could be supplied, not only by France, but by her allies, for the purpose of attacking England. It is certain that previously to his departure for Egypt he had laid before the Directory a note relative to his plans. He always regarded a descent upon England as possible, though in its result fatal, as long as we should be inferior in naval strength; but he hoped by various manœuvres to secure a superiority on one point.*

His intention was to return to France. Availing himself of the departure of the English fleet for the Mediterranean, the alarm excited by his Egyptian expedition, the panic that would be inspired by his sudden appearance at Boulogne, and his preparations against England, he hoped to oblige that power to withdraw her naval force from the Mediterranean, and to prevent her sending out troops to Egypt. This project was often in his head. He would have thought it sublime to date an order of the day from the ruins of Memphis, and three months later one from London. The loss of the fleet converted all these bold conceptions into mere romantic visions.

When alone with me he gave free vent to his emotion. I observed to him that the disaster was doubtless great, but that it would have been infinitely more irreparable had Nelson fallen in with us at Malta, or had waited for us four-and-twenty hours before Alexandria, or in the open sea. "Any one of these events," said I, "which were not only possible but probable, would have deprived us of every resource. We are blockaded here, but we have provisions and money. Let us then wait

* The reader will find in the notes in a subsequent part of this edition, many interesting particulars connected with Bonaparte's projected invasion of England.—*Editor.*

patiently to see what the Directory will do for us.—"The Directory!" exclaimed he, angrily, "the Directory is composed of a set of scoundrels! they envy and hate me, and would gladly let me perish here. Besides, you see how dissatisfied the whole army is: not a man is willing to stay."

The pleasing illusions which were cherished at the outset of the expedition, vanished long before our arrival in Cairo. Egypt was no longer the empire of the Ptolemies, covered with populous and wealthy cities; it now presented one unvaried scene of devastation and misery. Instead of being aided by the inhabitants, whom we had ruined, for the sake of delivering them from the yoke of the beys, we found all against us: Mamelukes, Arabs, and Fellahs. No Frenchman was secure of his life who happened to stray half a mile from any inhabited place, or the corps to which he belonged. The hostility which prevailed against us, and the discontent of the army, were clearly developed in the numerous letters which were written to France at the time, and intercepted.

I can confidently affirm, and my duties afforded me every opportunity of ascertaining the fact, that there was not a man in the army who did not deplore his absence from France, and long to quit a country which had been described as a terrestrial paradise, by men who had never seen any thing beyond their native city.

The gloomy reflections which at first assailed Bonaparte, were speedily banished; and he soon recovered the fortitude and presence of mind which had been for a moment shaken by the overwhelming news from Aboukir. He however sometimes repeated, in a tone which it would be difficult to describe, "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done!"

I have remarked that in same chance observations which escaped Napoleon at St. Helena, he endeavoured to throw all the blame of the affair on Admiral Brueys.* Persons who are

* This remark of M. de Bourrienne's is not altogether just. Napoleon, at St. Helena, blamed Villeneuve rather than Brueys. The following is Napoleon's own account of the battle of Aboukir, or, as it is designated by us, the battle of the Nile:

"On the 31st of July, Nelson detached two of his ships, which reconnoitred the French line of moorings without molestation. On the 1st of August, the English squadron appeared towards three o'clock in the afternoon with all sails set. A fresh gale of the wind usual at that season was blowing. Admiral Brueys was at dinner; part of the crews were on shore; the decks were not cleared in a single ship. The admiral immediately made the signal to prepare for action. He despatched an officer to Alexandria to demand the seamen of the convoy; shortly afterwards he made a signal to prepare to get under sail; but the enemy's squadron came up so rapidly, that there was scarcely time to clear the decks, which was done with extreme negligence. Even on board the Orient (the admiral's own ship) some cabins, which had been constructed on the poop for the accommodation of the army officers during the passage, were not destroyed; they were left full of mattresses and buckets of paint and tar. The Guerrier and the Conquerant each cleared only one tier of guns for action; the

determined to make Bonaparte an exception to human nature, have unjustly reproached the admiral for the loss of the fleet.

side towards the land was encumbered with all that had been cleared out from the opposite side, so that when the ships were turned those tiers could not fire. The English were so much astonished at this that they sent to reconnoitre the reason of this inconsistency; they saw the French flag wave without a gun being fired.

"The men who had been detached from the different crews had scarcely time enough to return on board. The admiral, judging that the enemy would not be within gun-shot before six o'clock, supposed that he would not attack until the following day, more particularly as he only observed eleven 74-gun ships; the two others had been detached on Alexandria, and did not rejoin Nelson until eight in the evening. Brueys did not think the admiral would attack him the same day, and with only eleven ships. It is imagined that he thought at first of getting under weigh, but that he deferred giving the order, until the sailors, whom he expected from Aboukir, should be embarked. The cannonade then commenced, and an English vessel struck on the isle, which gave Brueys fresh confidence. The sailors demanded at Alexandria did not arrive till towards eight o'clock, when the cannonade was already brisk between several ships. During the tumult and darkness, a great number of them remained on shore, and did not embark. The English admiral's plan was to attack ship after ship; every English ship anchoring astern, and placing herself athwart the head of a French ship; accident altered this disposition. The Culloden, intending to attack the Guerrier, and endeavouring to pass between the left of that ship and the isle, struck. Had the isle been supplied with a few pieces of cannon, this ship would have been taken. The Goliah, which followed her, manœuvring to anchor athwart the head of the Guerrier, was carried away by the wind and current, and did not anchor until she had passed and turned that ship. Perceiving then that the larboard tiers of the Conquerant did not fire, for the reasons explained above, she placed herself alongside of that vessel, and soon disabled her. The Zealous, the second English ship, followed the movement of the Goliah, and anchoring alongside the Guerrier, which could not return her fire, speedily dismasted her. The Orion, the third English ship, executed the same manœuvre, but was retarded in her movement by the attack of a French frigate, and anchored between the Franklin and the Peuple Souverain. The Vanguard, the English admiral's ship, cast anchor athwart the Spartiate, the third French ship. The Defence, the Bellerophon, the Majestic, and the Minotaur, followed the same movement, and engaged the centre of the French line as far as the Tonnant, the eighth ship. The French admiral and his two seconds formed a line of three ships, very superior to those of the English. The fire was terrible; the Bellerophon was disabled, dismasted, and compelled to strike. Several other English ships were obliged to sheer off; and if, at that moment, Admiral Villeneuve, who commanded the right wing of the French, had cut his cables and fallen on the English line, with the five ships under his command, the Heureux, Temelon, Mercure, Guillaume Tell, Genereux, and the Diane and Justice frigates, it would have been destroyed. The Culloden had struck on the Bequieres bank, and the Leander was engaged in endeavouring to bring her off. The Alexander and Swiftsure, two other English ships, seeing that our right did not stir, and that the centre of the English line was hard pressed, made towards it. The Alexander took the place of the Bellerophon, and the Swiftsure attacked the Franklin. The Leander, which until then had been engaged in righting the Culloden, perceiving the danger in which the centre stood, hastened to reinforce it. The victory was still far from being decided. The Guerrier and Conquerant no longer fired, but they were the worst ships in the squadron; and, on the side of the English, the Culloden and Bellerophon were disabled. The centre of the French line had, by the great superiority of its fire, occasioned the ships opposed to it much more damage than it had sustained. The English had only seventy-fours, and those of a small rate. It was to be presumed that the

I will enter into a few details relative to the affair of Aboukir, for it is gratifying to render justice to the memory of a man like Admiral Brueys.

Brueys, it is said, would not go to Corfu, in spite of the positive and reiterated orders he received. Bonaparte's letter to the Directory, and his words at St. Helena, have been tortured to show that Brueys expiated by his death the great fault of which he had been guilty. Much has been said about the report of Captain Barré; but the reply of the admiral ought also to be taken into account. Brueys, for good reasons, did not think that vessels of the size of those of the squadron could enter the ports of Alexandria. But it is said the orders to repair to Corfu were reiterated; though when, and by whom, is not mentioned. From the order of the 3d of July, to the time of his unfortunate death, Brueys did not receive a line from Bonaparte, who on his

fire being thus kept up all night, Admiral Villeneuve would at last get under weigh in the morning, and the greatest success might yet be expected from the attack of five good ships, which, as yet, had neither fired nor sustained a single cannon-shot. But, at eleven o'clock, the Orient took fire, and blew up. This unforeseen accident decided the victory. The dreadful explosion of this ship suspended the action for a quarter of an hour. Our line, undismayed by this shocking spectacle, recommenced firing. The Franklin, Tonnant, Peuple Souverain, Spartiate, and Aquilon, maintained the action until three o'clock in the morning. From three to five o'clock the firing slackened on both sides. Between five and six it redoubled, and became terrible. What would it have been if the Orient had not blown up? In short, the battle was raging at noon, and was not over before two o'clock. It was not until then that Villeneuve seemed to awaken, and to perceive that the fleet had been fighting for twenty hours. He cut his cables, and stood out with the Guillaume Tell, his flag-ship, the Genereux, and the Diane and Justice frigates. The three other ships of his wing ran ashore without fighting. Thus, notwithstanding the terrible accident of the Orient, and the singular inactivity of Villeneuve, which prevented five ships from firing a single gun, the loss and confusion of the English were such, that twenty-four hours after the battle the French flag was still flying on board the Tonnant; and Nelson had no ship in a condition to attack her. Not only the Guillaume Tell and Genereux were not pursued by any English ship, but the enemy, in the disabled state they were in, were glad to see them make off. Admiral Brueys obstinately defended the honour of the French flag; although he had received several wounds he would not go down to the cockpit. He died on his quarter-deck giving his orders. Casabianca, Thermard, and Du Petit-Thouard, acquired glory on this unfortunate day. Rear-Admiral Villeneuve, according to Nelson and the English, might have decided the victory even after the explosion of the Orient. Even at midnight, had he got under weigh, and engaged in the action with the ships of his wing, he might have annihilated the English squadron. He remained a peaceful spectator of the battle. As Rear-Admiral Villeneuve was a brave and good seaman, one has to ask what was the cause of this singular conduct? He waited for orders! It is positively asserted that the Admiral made the signal for him to weigh anchor, but that the smoke prevented him from seeing it. But was there any need of an order to take part in the battle, and assist his comrades?

"The Orient blew up at eleven o'clock; from that time till three in the afternoon, that is to say for fifteen hours, the fight was continued. It was then Villeneuve who commanded; why did he do nothing? Villeneuve was of an irresolute character, destitute of energy."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

part did not receive all the admiral's despatches until the 26th of July, when he was at Cairo, and consequently too late to enable his answer to come to hand before the 1st of August. Brueys is also reproached with having persisted in awaiting the course of events at Aboukir. Can it be supposed that the admiral would have remained on the coast of Egypt against the express orders of the general-in-chief, who was his superior in command?

The friendship and confidence with which Admiral Brueys honoured me, his glorious death, and the fury with which he has been accused, impose upon me the obligation of defending him. In every publication I have read relative to the event, what is termed his great fault has been the subject of animadversion.

Who is the accuser? Bonaparte.—What is the act of accusation? The letter of the general-in-chief to the Directory, of the 20th of August, 1798. In his preceding letters he constantly praised the admiral's talent and judgment.

It will be seen that in the letter of the 20th of August, which was written fifty days after his entrance into Egypt, Bonaparte, anticipating what he afterwards said in his conversations at St. Helena, distorted facts, altered dates, affirmed what was at least doubtful, and accused the innocent, in the hope of averting reproach from himself.

Bonaparte had risked a badly-equipped squadron against the English fleet. He had the good fortune to land in Egypt, but the squadron was destroyed. It will be remembered what Admiral Brueys said to me on the passage; but, says Bonaparte, "If my orders had been attended to, the fleet would not have been lost.

Napoleon's anxious desire of being transmitted faultless to posterity, had heretofore been satisfied, and he was tormented by the idea of the impression which the event of Aboukir would produce on the public mind. But he might have justified himself without accusing any one. The loss of the fleet was evidently the result of the circumstances in which we were placed, and the misery to which we were exposed during the first month of the invasion, when our naval force was supplied with provisions day by day, and almost bit by bit.

Instead of the promised land which we had been taught to expect, we had to cope with every kind of privation, added to the most vexatious hostility on the part of the people.

The whole truth never appeared in Bonaparte's despatches, when it was in any way unfavourable to himself. He knew how to disguise, to alter, or to conceal it when necessary. He not unfrequently altered the despatches of others when they ran counter to his views, or were calculated to diminish the good opinion he wished the world should entertain of him. I drew up for him the following draught of a letter to be presented to the Directory:

Admiral Brueys could not enter with his squadron into the old port of Alexandria, which is impracticable for vessels of the size of his. Imperious circumstances obliged him to wait in the road of Aboukir for a favourable moment to proceed to Corfu. His moorings, however, were not effectual. The left of his line was forced, in spite of the two mortars placed on the bank, and each of his ships was exposed to the fire of several of the enemy's. The fleet has been destroyed. I send you an exact account of our loss in men and ships. This great disaster, which could only have been caused by a combination of unfortunate circumstances, will prove the necessity of immediately forwarding to us the reinforcements and other things required for the army.

This sketch of a letter contained neither justification nor blame. After having read it, Bonaparte smiled, and returned it to me, saying, "This is too vague, too soft: it is not pointed enough. We must enter into more details, and mention those who have distinguished themselves. Besides, you would make it appear that Brueys is blameless. This will not do. You do not know the men we have to deal with. I will tell you what to write."

He then dictated to me a despatch, the first part of which consisted of a long detail of his military operations against the beys. From that subject he broke off in the following manner:

I left at Salehyeh General Reynier's division and some officers of engineers, to construct a fortress; and on the 26th Thermidor I set out to return to Cairo. I was not two leagues from Salehyeh, when General Kleber's aide-de-camp arrived with the account of the attack which our squadron had suffered on the 14th Thermidor. Owing to the difficulty of communication, the aide-de-camp had been eleven days on the journey.

On the 18th Messidor, I set out from Alexandria. I wrote to Admiral Brueys, desiring him to enter the port of that city within four-and-twenty hours, and if his squadron could not get in, to land the artillery and every thing belonging to the army, and then proceed to Corfu.

The admiral did not think he could land the artillery, &c. in the situation in which he was, being anchored among some rocks before the port of Alexandria, and several vessels having already lost their anchors. He therefore anchored in the roads of Aboukir. I sent some officers of engineers and artillery, who assured the admiral that he could receive no assistance from land; and it was agreed, that, if the English should appear within the two or three days that he was obliged to remain at Aboukir, he must make up his mind to cut his cables, and that it was desirable to stay as short a time as possible at Aboukir.

I departed from Alexandria in the firm belief that, within three days, the squadron would enter the port of Alexandria, or sail for Corfu. From the 18th Messidor to the 6th Thermidor, I had no tidings either from Rosetta or Alexandria. A cloud of Arabs, thronging from all points of the desert, were continually within a short distance of the camp. On the 9th Thermidor, the report of our victories,

together with various arrangements that were made, opened our communications. I received several letters from the admiral, which, to my surprise, announced that he was still at Aboukir. I wrote immediately to desire that he would not delay another hour, either entering Alexandria or proceeding to Corfu.

The admiral informed me by a letter of the 2d Thermidor, that several English vessels had come to reconnoitre him, and that he was preparing to receive the enemy at Aboukir. This strange resolution filled me with alarm, and I feared the business was past all remedy; for the admiral's letter of the 2d Thermidor did not arrive until the 12th. I despatched Citizen Julien to Aboukir, with orders not to leave the place until he saw the squadron under sail; but as he set out on the 12th, he could not possibly have arrived in time.

On the 8th Thermidor, the admiral wrote to inform me that the English had withdrawn, which he attributed to the scarcity of provisions. I received the letter on the 12th.

On the 11th he wrote to me that he had just heard of the victory of the Pyramids, and the taking of Cairo, and that he had found a passage for entering the port of Alexandria.

On the evening of the 14th, the enemy attacked him. As soon as he perceived the English squadron, he despatched an officer to acquaint me with his arrangements. The officer perished on the road.

I am of opinion that Admiral Brueys did not wish to proceed to Corfu until he ascertained that he could not enter the port of Alexandria, and that the army, of which he had heard nothing for a considerable time, was beyond the necessity of retreating. If on this fatal occasion he committed errors, he has expiated them by a glorious death.

Fate, apparently, wishes to prove, that if she grants us the preponderance of power on land, she has given the empire of the seas to our rivals. But however great are our reverses, we must not say that Fortune has forsaken us. Far from it: she has assisted us in this operation beyond what she ever did before. When I arrived before Alexandria, and learned that the English had passed there in superior force some days previously, I immediately landed, though at the risk of being wrecked in the storm which then raged. I recollect that at the moment when we were making preparations for landing, we descried, at some distance to windward, a ship of war (La Justice) returning from Malta. "Fortune!" I exclaimed, "wilt thou forsake me? Grant me but five days!" I marched all night, and at daybreak attacked Alexandria with three thousand men, harassed with fatigue, without cannon, and almost without cartridges. In five days I was master of Rosetta and Damanhour; that is to say, completely established in Egypt.

In these five days, the squadron ought to have been secure against any attack on the part of the English, whatever might have been their numbers; but, on the contrary, it continued exposed to danger during the remainder of Messidor. It received from Rosetta, at the beginning of Thermidor, a supply of rice for two months. The English showed themselves in superior numbers for the space of six days.

On the 11th Messidor, Admiral Brueys received information of the entire possession of Egypt and our entrance into Cairo; and it was

not until Fortune saw that all her favours were unavailing, that she abandoned the fleet to its fate.

In the above letter, a great deal is said about Fortune and Fate. All this is very fine; but the best thing Fortune could have done for the general at that time, would have been to send him provisions.

The facts above stated, together with those related in my note, will, I trust, vindicate the memory of Admiral Brueys. A perusal of the official documents connected with the event, must convince every reflecting person that the general-in-chief did not really entertain any idea of despatching the squadron to Corfu before he was in possession of Cairo: and that he did not write to Brueys, on the 6th of July, the letter which he mentions. He was too provident to deprive himself immediately of so great a resource in case of a reverse of fortune. He acted like a man who could foresee events. He was not to blame for the loss of the fleet; but neither was Admiral Brueys. Before Bonaparte departed for Salehyeh, he frequently spoke to me of the possibility of his embarking again with the fleet.

CHAPTER XVII.

1798.

El Coraim—His execution—Misunderstanding and explanation between Bonaparte and Kleber—The Egyptian Institute—Festival of the Birth of Mahomet—Bonaparte's prudent respect for the Mahometan religion—His Turkish dress—Djezzar, the Pasha of Acre—Thoughts of a campaign in Germany—Want of news from France—Anniversary of the 1st Vendémiaire—Bonaparte and Madame Fourés—The Egyptian Fortune-teller, M. Berthollet and the sheik El Bekri—The air Marlbrook—Insurrection in Cairo—Death of General Dupuy—Death of Sulkowsky—The insurrection quelled—Nocturnal Executions—Destruction of a tribe of Arabs—Convoy of sick and wounded—Massacre of the French—Projected expedition to Syria—Letter to Tippoo Saib.

I HAVE already mentioned the name of Coraim: I will now relate a few particulars of his history, which may afford an idea of the character of most of the Egyptian chiefs, such as we found them on our arrival in the country.

General Kleber sent on board the Orient the Sherif of Alexandria, Sidy Mohammed el Coraim, who was arrested by order of Bonaparte on the charge of treason.

The following order was issued against him:

"The general-in-chief having proofs of the treason of Sidy Mohammed el Coraim, whom he had loaded with favours, orders—That Sidy Mohammed el Coraim shall pay a contribution of three hundred thousand francs; in default of which, five

days after the publication of the present order, he shall forfeit his head."

Coraim came from Aboukir to Cairo to defend himself against the accusation. On his arrival at Cairo, I desired Venture, our interpreter, to urge him to save his life by the payment of the fine; and to assure him that the general was determined to make an example. He was a fine handsome man, and his situation excited my interest. "You are rich," said I to him, through the medium of Venture, "therefore make the sacrifice." He smiled contemptuously, and replied, "If I am to die now, nothing can save me, and I should be giving away my piastres uselessly; and if I am not to die, why should I give them at all?" He was executed at Cairo, on the 6th of September, 1798, at noon, and his head was paraded through the streets of the city with the following placard: "Coraim, Sherif of Alexandria, condemned to death for having violated the oaths of fidelity he had taken to the French Republic, and for having maintained correspondence with the Mamelukes, to whom he was a spy. Thus shall be punished all traitors and perjurers!"

Coraim had taken his precautions so well, that nothing was found after his death. But this example facilitated the collection of the forced contributions, and intimidated some other rich chiefs, who were not such stanch fatalists as he.

The satirical way in which Kleber spoke of the Egyptian expedition, and the unreserved frankness of his correspondence, had produced a degree of coolness between him and the general-in-chief, who expressed his displeasure in language not more moderate than that which was attributed to Kleber. The latter being informed of this, wrote the following letter to the general-in-chief on the 22d of August, 1798:

You would be unjust, Citizen-general, to regard as a mark of weakness or discouragement the vehemence with which I have described my wants to you. It matters little to me where I live, or where I die, provided I live for the glory of France, and die as I have lived. Under any circumstances, therefore, you may rely on me as well as upon those whom you order to obey me. I have already told you that. The event of the 14th* has excited in the minds of the soldiers nothing but indignation and the desire of revenge. I am, in truth, much displeased with the navy, which I have seen under the most unfavourable point of view. The enormous quantity of baggage landed at Alexandria, and the style in which the naval officers have been seen in the streets of that city, prove that few of them have sustained serious loss. Besides the English have disinterestedly restored every thing to the prisoners, and have not suffered them to be deprived of an iota. It was not so with our military officers. No one has pleaded their cause; and being too proud to plead it themselves under such circumstances, they arrived here almost without clothing, and many of them, rather than surrender, preferred throwing themselves into the sea.

To this letter Bonaparte replied—

* The loss of the fleet (1st August, 1791).

Rely on the value I attach to your esteem and friendship; I fear a little misunderstanding has arisen between us. You would be unjust to doubt how much it vexes me. In Egypt, when clouds appear they pass away in six hours; on my part, should any arise, they shall be banished in three. The regard I cherish for you, is at least equal to that which you have sometimes evinced for me.

This lukewarm reciprocal assurance of esteem did not diminish the dislike they mutually entertained of each other.

The loss of the fleet convinced General Bonaparte of the necessity of speedily and effectively organizing Egypt, where every thing denoted that we should stay for a considerable time, except in the event of a forced evacuation, which the general was far from foreseeing or fearing. The distance of Ibrahim Bey and Murad Bey now left him a little at rest. War, fortifications, taxation, government, the organization of the divans, trade, art, and science, all occupied his attention. Orders and instructions were immediately despatched, if not to repair the defeat, at least to avert the first danger that might ensue from it. On the 21st of August Bonaparte established at Cairo an institute of the arts and sciences, of which he subsequently appointed me a member in the room of M. de Sucy, who was obliged to return to France, in consequence of the wound he received on board the flotilla in the Nile.*

In founding this Institute, Bonaparte wished to afford an example of his ideas of civilization. The minutes of the sittings of that learned body, which have been printed, bear evidence of its utility, and of Napoleon's extended views. The objects of the Institute were the advancement and propagation of information in Egypt, and the study and publication of all facts relating to the natural history, trade, and antiquities of that ancient country.

On the 18th, Bonaparte was present at the ceremony of opening the dyke of the canal of Cairo, which receives the

* The Institute of Egypt was composed of members of the French Institute, and of the men of science and artists of the commission who did not belong to that body. They assembled and added to their number several officers of the artillery and staff, and others who had cultivated the sciences of literature.

The Institute was established in one of the palaces of the beys. The grand hall of the harem, by means of some alterations, became the place of their sittings, and the rest of the palace served for the habitation of the members. Before this building there was a very extensive garden, which adjoined the country, and near which the fort called De l'Institut was erected on a mount.

A great number of machines, and physical, chemical, and astronomical instruments, had been brought from France. They were distributed in the different rooms, which were also successively filled with all the curiosities of the country, whether of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom.

The garden of the palace became a botanical garden. A chemical laboratory was formed at head-quarters: Berthollet performed experiments there several times every week, at which Napoleon and a great number of officers attended. —*Memoirs of Napoleon. (Editor.)*

water of the Nile when it reaches the height fixed by the Mequyas.

Two days after came the anniversary festival of the birth of Mahomet. At this Napoleon was also present, in company with the sheik El Bekri,* who at his request gave him two young Mamelukes, Ibrahim and Roustan.

It has been alleged, that Bonaparte, when in Egypt, took part in the religious ceremonies and worship of the Mussulmans; but it cannot be said that he *celebrated* the festivals of the overflowing of the Nile, and the anniversary of the prophet. The Turks invited him to these, merely as a spectator; and the presence of their new master was gratifying to the people. But he never committed the folly of ordering any solemnity. He neither learned nor repeated any prayer of the Koran, as many persons have asserted; neither did he advocate fatalism, polygamy, or any other doctrine of the Koran. Bonaparte employed himself better than in discussing with the imans the theology of the children of Ismael. The ceremonies, at which policy induced him to be present, were to him, and to all who accompanied him, mere matters of curiosity. He never set foot in a mosque; and only on one occasion, which I shall hereafter mention, dressed himself in the Mahometan costume. He attended the festivals to which the green turbans invited him.† His re-

* The general-in-chief went to celebrate the feast of the prophet, at the house of the sheik El Bekri. The ceremony was begun by the recital of a kind of litany, containing the life of Mahomet from his birth to his death. About a hundred sheiks sitting in a circle, on carpets, with their legs crossed, recited all the verses, swinging their bodies violently backwards and forwards, and altogether.

A grand dinner was afterwards served up, at which the guests sat on carpets, with their legs across. There were twenty tables, and five or six people at each table. That of the general-in-chief and the sheik El Bekri was in the middle; a little slab of a precious kind of wood ornamented with mosaic work, was placed eighteen inches above the floor, and covered with a great number of dishes in succession. They were pilaws of rice, a particular kind of roast, entrées, and pastry, all very highly spiced. The sheiks picked every thing with their fingers. Accordingly water was brought to wash the hands three times during dinner. Gooseberry-water, lemonade, and other sorts of sherbets, were served to drink, and abundance of preserves and confectionary with the dessert. On the whole, the dinner was not disagreeable; it was only the manner of eating it that seemed strange to us.

In the evening the whole city was illuminated. After dinner the party went into the square of El Bekri, the illumination of which, in coloured glass, was very beautiful. An immense concourse of people attended. They were all placed in order, in ranks of from twenty to a hundred persons, who, standing close together, recited the prayers and litanies of the prophet with movements which kept increasing, until, at length, they seemed to be convulsive, and some of the most zealous fainted away.—*Memoirs of Napoleon.* (*Editor.*)

† From this Sir Walter Scott infers that he did not scruple to join the Mussulmans in the external ceremonies of their religion. He embellishes his romance with the ridiculous farce of the sepulchral chamber of the grand pyramid, and the speeches which were addressed to the general as well as to the muftis and imans; and he adds that Bonaparte was on the point of embracing Islamism. All that Sir Walter says on this subject is the height of absurdity, and does not

ligious tolerance was the natural consequence of his philosphic spirit.

Doubtless Bonaparte did, as he was bound to do, show respect for the religion of the country; and he found it necessary to act more like a Mussulman than a Catholic. A wise conqueror supports his triumphs by protecting, and even elevating the religion of the conquered people. Bonaparte's principle was, as he himself has often told me, to look upon religions as the work of men, but to respect them every where as a powerful engine of government. However, I will not go so far as to say that he would not have changed his religion, had the conquest of the east been the price of that change. All that he said about Mahomet, Islamism, and the Koran, to the great men of the country, he laughed at himself. He enjoyed the gratification of having all his fine sayings on the subject of religion translated into Arabic poetry, and repeated from mouth to mouth. This of course tended to conciliate the people.

The letter of the general-in-chief, in which he consigned the command to Kleber, contained the following passage:

"The Christians will always be our friends: but we must prevent them from being too insolent, lest the Turks should conceive against us the same fanatical hatred they cherish towards the Christians, in which case they would be irreconcilable."

On the 13th of March, 1799, he wrote to Menon—

"I thank you for the honours you have rendered to *our* prophet."

I confess that Bonaparte frequently conversed with the chiefs of the Mussulman religion, on the subject of his conversion; but only for the sake of amusement. The priests of the Koran, who would probably have been delighted to convert us, offered us the most ample concessions. But these conversations were merely started by way of entertainment, and never could have warranted a supposition of their leading to any serious result. If Bonaparte spoke as a Mussulman, it was merely in his character of a military and political chief, in a Mussulman country. To do so was essential to his success, to the safety of his army, and, consequently, to his glory. In every country he would have drawn up proclamations, and delivered addresses, on the same principle. In India, he would have been for Ali; at Thibet, for the Dalai-lama; and in China for Confucius.*

even deserve to be seriously refuted. Bonaparte never entered a mosque except from motives of curiosity, and he never for one moment afforded any ground for supposing that he *believed in the mission of Mahomet.*

* On the subject of his alleged conversion to Mahometanism, Bonaparte expressed himself at St. Helena as follows:

"I never followed any of the tenets of that religion. I never prayed in the mosques. I never abstained from wine, or was circumcised, neither did I ever profess it. I said merely that we were the friends of the Mussulmans, and that I respected Mahomet their prophet, which was true; I respect him now. I wanted to make the Imans cause prayers to be offered up in the mosques for me,

The general-in-chief had a Turkish dress made, which he once put on, merely in joke. One day, he desired me to go to breakfast without waiting for him, and that he would follow me. In about a quarter of an hour, he made his appearance, in his new costume. As soon as he was recognised, he was received with a loud burst of laughter. He sat down, very coolly; but he found himself so encumbered and ill at ease in his turban and oriental robe, that he speedily threw them off, and was never after tempted to assume the disguise.

About the end of August, Bonaparte wished to open negotiations with the Pasha of Acre, surnamed *the Butcher*. He offered Djezzar his friendship, sought his in return, and gave him the most consolitary assurances of the safety of his dominions. He promised to support him against the grand seignior, at the very moment when he was assuring the Egyptians that he would support the grand seignior against the beys. But Djezzar, confiding in his own strength, and in the protection of the English, who had anticipated Bonaparte, was deaf to every overture, and would not even receive Beauvoisin, who was sent to him on the 22d of August. A second envoy was beheaded at Acre. The occupations of Bonaparte, and the necessity of obtaining a more solid footing in Egypt, retarded, for the moment, the invasion of that pashalic, which provoked vengeance by its barbarities, besides being a dangerous neighbour.

As the end of August approached, the general-in-chief made preparations for celebrating the festival of the republic. His peculiar turn of mind was evinced, even in the orders which he dictated to me on that occasion. The desire of living in futurity

In order to make the people respect me still more than they actually did, and obey me more readily. The imans replied, that there was a great obstacle, because their prophet in the Koran had inculcated to them that they were not to obey, respect, or hold faith with infidels, and that I came under that denomination. I then desired them to hold a consultation, and see what was necessary to be done in order to become a Mussulman, as some of their tenets could not be practised by us. That as to circumcision, God had made us unfit for that. That with respect to drinking wine, we were poor cold people, inhabitants of the north, who could not exist without it. Therefore, that we could neither circumcise nor abstain from wine. They consulted together accordingly, and in about three weeks issued a fetham, declaring that circumcision might be omitted, because it was merely a profession; that as to drinking wine, it might be drunk by Mussulmans, but that those who drank it would not go to paradise, but to hell. I replied that this would not do; that we had no occasion to make ourselves Mussulmans in order to go to hell, that there were many ways of getting there without coming to Egypt, and desiring them to hold another consultation. Well, after deliberating and battling together for I believe three months, they finally decided that a man might become a Mussulman, and neither circumcise nor abstain from wine; but that in proportion to the wine drunk, some good works must be done. I then told them that we were all Mussulmans and friends of the prophet, which they really believed, as the French soldiers never went to church, and had no priests with them. For you must know that during the revolution there was no religion whatever in the French army. Menon," continued Napoleon, "really turned Mahometan, which was the reason I left him behind."—*Voice from St. Helena.*—(*Editor.*)

ruled all his thoughts. He wished to connect the ceremony with the names of those ancient monuments, which still survive, almost in perfection, while the names of those by whom they were produced are unknown, forgotten, or doubtful. It was determined that the ceremony of the festival should be celebrated round Pompey's Pillar; upon which were to be inscribed the names of the brave men killed in the taking of Alexandria. The tri-coloured flag was to wave on the ancient column, and the ruins of the city of the hundred palaces were to witness the festival of that republic, which, eighteen months later, was itself doomed to possess only an historical existence.

From the time he received the accounts of the disaster of Aboukir, until the revolt of Cairo, on the 22d of October, Bonaparte sometimes found the time hang heavily on his hands. Though he devoted attention to every thing, yet there was not sufficient occupation for his singularly active mind. When the heat was not too great, he rode on horseback; and on his return, if he found no despatches to read (which often happened), no orders to send off, or no letters to answer, he was immediately absorbed in reverie, and would sometimes converse very strangely. One day, after a long pause, he said to me—

"Do you know what I am thinking of?"—"Upon my word, that would be very difficult; you think of such extraordinary things."—"I don't know," continued he, "that I shall ever see France again; but if I do, my only ambition is to make a glorious campaign in Germany—in the plains of Bavaria; there to gain a great battle, and to avenge France for the defeat of Hochstadt. After that I would retire into the country, and live quietly."

He then entered upon a long dissertation on the preference he would give to Germany as the theatre of war; the fine character of the people, and the prosperity and wealth of the country, and its power of supporting an army. His conversations were sometimes very long; but always replete with interest.

In these intervals of leisure, Bonaparte was accustomed to retire to bed early. I used to read to him every evening. When I read poetry, he would fall asleep; but when he asked for the "Life of Cromwell," I counted on sitting up pretty late. In the course of the day, he used to read and make notes. He often expressed regret at not receiving news from France; for correspondence was rendered impracticable by the numerous English and Turkish cruisers. Many letters were intercepted, and scandalously published. Not even family secrets, and communications of the most confidential nature, were respected.

The festival of the first Vendémiaire, year VII. (22d of September, 1798), was celebrated by the French on every point which they occupied in Egypt, and was, as may be supposed, more brilliant in Cairo than elsewhere. In that city, upwards of one hundred and fifty Frenchmen and Turks partook of a

magnificent entertainment. The standard of Mahomet, and the flag of the republic, waved in friendly union; the crescent and the cap of liberty were side by side; and the Koran was the pendant to the Rights of Man.

Among the solemnities observed on this occasion, Bonaparte's address to his troops was not the least remarkable. It was as follows:

SOLDIERS,

We are celebrating the first day of the 7th year of the republic.

Five years ago, the independence of the French people was threatened: but you took Toulon, which was the presage of the ruin of our enemies.

A year after, you beat the Austrians at Dego.

The next year you were on the summit of the Alps.

You besieged Mantua two years ago, and gained the celebrated victory of Saint George.

Last year you were at the sources of the Drave and the Isonzo, returning from Germany.

Who would then have thought that you would now be on the banks of the Nile, in the centre of the ancient continent?

From the Briton, celebrated in the arts and commerce, to the hideous and ferocious Bedouin, you fix the attention of all mankind.

Soldiers, your destiny is noble, for you are worthy of your deeds and of the reputation you have acquired. You will die with glory like the heroes whose names are inscribed on yon pyramids; or you will return to your country, covered with laurels, and with the admiration of all nations.

During the five months that have elapsed since we quitted Europe, we have been the perpetual objects of the solicitude of our countrymen. This day, forty millions of citizens are celebrating the era of representative government. Forty millions of citizens are thinking of you. They all say, "It is to their exertions, to their blood, that we are indebted for a general peace, for the prosperity of trade, and the benefits of civil liberty."

The number of our troops, their manœuvres, the evolutions of our artillery, and the admirable order and discipline of all our corps, produced a profound and salutary impression on the Turks.

About the middle of September in this year, Bonaparte ordered to be brought to the house of Elfy Bey, half a dozen Asiatic women, whose beauty he had heard highly extolled. But their ungraceful obesity displeased him, and they were immediately dismissed. A few days after, he fell violently in love with Madame Fourés, the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. She was very pretty, and her charms were enhanced by the rarity of seeing a woman, in Egypt, who was calculated to please the eye of a European. Bonaparte engaged for her a house adjoining the palace of Elfy Bey, which we occupied. He frequently ordered dinner to be prepared there, and I used to go there with him at seven o'clock, and leave him at nine.

This connexion soon became the general subject of gossip at head-quarters. Through a feeling of delicacy to M. Fourés, the general-in-chief gave him a mission to the Directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who, being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Bonaparte wished to have a child by Madame Fourés, but this wish was not realized.

A celebrated soothsayer was recommended to Bonaparte by the inhabitants of Cairo, who confidentially vouched for the accuracy with which he could fortel future events. He was sent for, and when he arrived, I, Venture, and a sheik, were with the general. The prophet wished first to exercise his skill upon Bonaparte; who, however, proposed that I should have my fortune told first, to which I acceded without hesitation. To afford an idea of his prophetic skill, I must mention, that since my arrival in Cairo, I had been in a very weak state. The passage of the Nile, and the bad food we had had for twelve days, had greatly reduced me, so that I was miserably pale and thin.

After examining my hands, feeling my pulse, my forehead, and the nape of my neck, the fortune-teller shrugged his shoulders, and, in a melancholy tone, told Venture that he did not think it right to inform me of my fate. I gave him to understand that he might say what he pleased, as it was a matter of indifference to me. After considerable hesitation on his part, and pressing on mine, he announced to me, that *the earth of Egypt would receive me in two months.*

I thanked him, and he was dismissed. When we were alone, the general said to me, "Well, what did you think of that?" I observed, that the fortune-teller did not run any great risk in fortelling my death, which was a very probable circumstance, in the state in which I was; "but," added I, "if I procure the wines which I have ordered from France, you will soon see me get round again.

The art of imposing on mankind has, at all times, been an important part of the art of governing; and it was not that portion of the science of government which Bonaparte was the least acquainted with. He neglected no opportunity of showing off to the Egyptians the superiority of France, in arts and sciences; but it happened, oftener than once, that the natural instinct of the Egyptians thwarted his endeavours in this way. Some days after the visit of the pretended fortune-teller, he wished, if I may so express myself, to oppose conjurer to conjurer. For this purpose, he invited the principal sheiks to be present at some chemical experiments, performed by M. Berthollet. The general expected to be much amused at their astonishment; but the miracles of the transformation of liquids, electrical commotions and galvanism, did not elicit from them any symptom of surprise. They witnessed the operations of our

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able chemist with the most imperturbable indifference. When they were ended, the Sheik El Bekri desired the interpreter to tell M. Berthollet that it was all very fine; "but," said he, "ask him whether he can make me be in Morocco and here at one and the same moment?" M. Berthollet replied in the negative, with a shrug of his shoulders. Oh! then," said the sheik, "he is not half a conjurer."

Our music produced no greater effect upon them. They listened with insensibility to all the airs that were played to them, with the exception of Marlbrook. When that was played they became animated, and were all in motion, as if ready to dance.

An order which had been issued on our arrival in Cairo for watching the criers of the mosques, had for some weeks been neglected. At certain hours of the night these criers address prayers to the prophet. As it was merely a repetition of the same ceremony over and over again, in a short time no notice was taken of it. The Turks, perceiving this negligence, substituted for their prayers and hymns cries of revolt, and by this sort of verbal telegraph, insurrectionary excitement was transmitted to the northern and southern extremities of Egypt. By this means, and by the aid of secret emissaries, who eluded our feeble police, and circulated real or forged firmans of the grand seignior, disavowing the concord between France and the Porte, and provoking war, the plan of a revolution was organized throughout the country.

The signal for the execution of this plan was given from the minarets on the night of the 20th of October, and on the morning of the 21st it was announced at head-quarters that the city of Cairo was in open insurrection. The general-in-chief was not, as has been stated, in the isle of Raouddah: he did not hear the firing of the alarm-guns. He rose when the news arrived; it was then five o'clock. He was informed that all the shops were closed, and that the French were attacked. A moment after, he learned the death of General Dupuy, commandant of the garrison, who was killed by a lance in the street. Bonaparte immediately mounted his horse, and, accompanied by only thirty guides, advanced on all the threatened points, restored confidence, and, with great presence of mind, adopted measures of defence.

He left me at head-quarters with only one sentinel; but he had been accurately informed of the situation of the insurgents; and such was my confidence in his activity and foresight, that I had no apprehension, and awaited his return with perfect composure. This composure was not disturbed even when I saw a party of insurgents attack the house of M. Estève, our paymaster-general, which was situated on the opposite side of Ezbekyeh Place. M. Estève was, fortunately, able to resist the attack until troops from Boulaq came up to his assistance.

After visiting all the posts, and adopting every precautionary measure, Bonaparte returned to head-quarters. Finding me still alone with the sentinel, he asked me, smiling, "whether I had not been frightened?"—"Not at all, General, I assure you," replied I.

General Dupuy was killed at the head of his troops, whom he was leading against the insurgents. I had dined with him on the preceding day. On my way to his quarters, I saw an immense crowd assembled in the square of the Bazaar. A man who had stolen some dates was receiving the punishment of the bastinado. I was on horseback, attended by a servant. The aga, whom I met every day at head-quarters, saw me. He opened a passage for me through the crowd, and I got near the unfortunate criminal. His cries and entreaties, and those of some of the spectators, prevailed on me to intercede in his behalf. I urged the aga to consider the punishment already inflicted as sufficient for the offence. This was readily acceded to. The criminal was unbound and carried home. His feet were bleeding.

The insurrection was general from Sienna to Lake Marœotis.

It was about half-past eight in the morning, when Bonaparte returned to head-quarters, and while at breakfast he was informed that some Bedouin Arabs, on horseback, were trying to force their entrance into Cairo. He ordered his aide-de-camp, Sulkowsky, to mount his horse, to take with him fifteen guides, and proceed to the point where the assailants were most numerous. This was the Bab-en-Nassr, or the gate of victory. Croisier observed to the general-in-chief, that Sulkowsky had scarcely recovered from the wounds at Salehyeh, and he offered to take his place. He had his motives for this. Bonaparte consented; but Sulkowsky had already set out. Within an hour after, one of the fifteen guides returned, covered with blood, to announce that Sulkowsky and the remainder of his party had been cut to pieces. This was speedy work, for we were still at table when the sad news arrived.

Sulkowsky, as I have already observed, was a native of Poland, and a brave and intelligent young officer. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his loss was deeply deplored by the general. On the 2d September, Sulkowsky had read to the Egyptian Institute, of which he was a member, an excellent report, descriptive of the road from Cairo to Salehyeh.

Mortars were planted on Mount Moquatam, which commands Cairo. The populace, expelled from all the principal streets by the troops, assembled in the Square of the Great Mosque, and in the little streets running into it, which they barricadoed. The firing of the artillery on the heights was kept up with vigour for two days.

About twelve of the principal chiefs of Cairo were arrested and confined in an apartment at head-quarters. They awaited

with the calmest resignation the death they knew they merited; but Bonaparte merely detained them as hostages. The aga in the service of Bonaparte was astonished that sentence of death was not pronounced upon them; and he said, shrugging his shoulders, and with a gesture apparently intended to provoke severity, "You see they expect it."

On the third the insurrection was at an end, and tranquillity restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. In obedience to an order which I wrote every evening, twelve were put to death nightly. The bodies were then put into sacks and thrown into the Nile. There were many women included in these nocturnal executions. I am not aware that the number of victims amounted to thirty per day, as Bonaparte assured General Reynier in a letter which he wrote to him six days after the restoration of tranquillity. "Every night," said he, "we cut off thirty heads. This, I hope, will be an effectual example." I am of opinion, that in this instance he exaggerated the extent of his just revenge.

Some time after the revolt of Cairo, the necessity of ensuring our own safety urged the commission of a horrible act of cruelty. A tribe of Arabs in the neighbourhood of Cairo had surprised and massacred a party of French. The general-in-chief ordered his aide-de-camp, Croisier, to proceed to the spot, surround the tribe, destroy the huts, kill all the men, and conduct the rest of the population to Cairo. The order was to decapitate the victims, and bring their heads in sacks to Cairo to be exhibited to the people. Eugène Beauharnais accompanied Croisier, who joyfully set out on this horrible expedition, in hope of obliterating all recollection of the affair of Damanhour.

On the following day the party returned. Many of the poor Arab women had been delivered on the road, and the children had perished of hunger, heat and fatigue. About four o'clock, a troop of asses arrived in Ezbekyeh Place, laden with sacks. The sacks were opened and the heads rolled out before the assembled populace. I cannot describe the horror I experienced; but at the same time I must acknowledge that this butchery ensured for a considerable time the tranquillity and even the existence of the little caravans which were obliged to travel in all directions for the service of the army.

Shortly before the loss of the fleet, the general-in-chief had formed the design of visiting Suez, to examine the traces of the ancient canal, which united the Nile to the gulf of Arabia, and also to cross the latter. The revolt at Cairo caused this project to be adjourned until the month of December.

Before his departure for Suez, Bonaparte granted the commissary, Sucy, leave to return to France. He had received a wound in the right hand, when on board the zebeck, Cerf. I was conversing with him on deck, when he received this wound. At first it had no appearance of being serious; but, some time

after, he could not use his hand. General Bonaparte despatched a vessel with sick and wounded, who were supposed to be incurable, to the number of about eighty. All envied their fate, and were anxious to depart with them, but the privilege was conceded to very few. However, those who were disappointed had no cause for regret. We never know what we wish for. Captain Marengo, who landed at Augusta, supposing it to be a friendly land, was required to observe quarantine for twenty-two days, and information was given of the arrival of the vessel to the court, which was at Palermo. On the 25th of January, 1799, all on board the French vessel were massacred, with the exception of twenty-one, who were saved by a Neapolitan frigate, and conducted to Messina, where they were detained.

Before he conceived the resolution of attacking the Turkish advanced guard in the valleys of Syria, Bonaparte had formed a plan of invading British India from Persia. He had ascertained, through the medium of agents, that the Shah of Persia would, for a sum of money paid in advance, consent to the establishment of military magazines on certain points of his territory. Bonaparte frequently told me that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, he could have left fifteen thousand men in that country, and have had thirty thousand disposable troops, he would have marched on the Euphrates. He was frequently speaking about the deserts which were to be crossed to reach Persia. How many times have I seen him extended on the ground, examining the beautiful maps which he had brought with him, and he would sometimes make me lie down in the same position, to trace to me his projected march. This reminded him of the triumphs of his favourite hero, Alexander; but, at the same time, he felt that these projects were incompatible with our resources, the weakness of the government, and the dissatisfaction which the army already evinced. Privation and misery are inseparable from all these remote operations.

This favourite idea still occupied his mind a fortnight before his departure for Syria was determined on, and on the 25th of January, 1799, he wrote to Tippoo Saib as follows:

> You are of course already informed of my arrival on the banks of the Red Sea, with a numerous and invincible army. Eager to deliver you from the iron yoke of England, I hasten to request that you will send me, by the way of Marcate or Mokha, an account of the political situation in which you are. I also wish that you could send to Suez, or Grand Cairo, some able man, in your confidence, with whom I may confer.*

* It has often been stated that Tippoo Saib wrote to General Bonaparte. He could not reply to a letter written on the 25th of January, owing to the great difficulty of communication, the considerable distance, and the short interval which elapsed between the 25th of January and the fall of the Mysore, which happened on the 20th of April following.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1798—1799.

Bonaparte's departure for Suez—Crossing the desert—Passage of the Red Sea—The fountain of Moses—The Cenobites of Mount Sinai—Discovery of an ancient canal—Danger in recrossing the Red Sea—Napoleon's return to Cairo—Money borrowed at Genoa—New designs upon Italy—Dissatisfaction of the Ottoman Porte—MM. de Livron and Hamelin—Plan for invading Asia—Gigantic schemes—General Berthier's permission to return to France—His romantic love and the adored portrait—He gives up his permission to return home—Louis Bonaparte leaves Egypt—The first Cashmere shawl in France—Intercepted correspondence—Departure for Syria—Fountains of Messoodiah—Bonaparte jealous—Discontent of the troops—El-Arish taken—Aspect of Syria—Ramleh—Jerusalem.

On the 24th of December we set out for Suez, where we arrived on the 26th. On the 25th we encamped in the desert, some leagues before Ad-Jeroth. The heat had been very great during the day; but about eleven at night the cold became so severe, as to be just in an inverse ratio to the temperature of the day. This desert, which is the route of the caravans from Suez to Tor, and the countries situated on the north of Arabia, is strewed with the bones of the men and animals who, for ages past, have perished in crossing it. As there was no wood to be got, we collected a quantity of these bones for fuel. Monge, himself, was induced to sacrifice some of the curious skulls of animals, which he had picked up on the way and deposited in the berline of the general-in-chief. But no sooner had we kindled our fires, than an intolerable effluvium obliged us to raise our camp, and advance further on, for we could procure no water to extinguish the fires.

On the 27th, Bonaparte employed himself in inspecting the town and port of Suez, and in giving orders for some naval and military works. He feared—what indeed really occurred, after his departure from Egypt—the arrival of some corps from the East Indies, which he had intended to invade. These corps contributed to the loss of his conquest.

On the morning of the 28th we crossed the Red Sea, dry-shod,* to go to the Wells of Moses, which are nearly a myria-

* From time immemorial this ford has been called by the people of the country *El Mahadyeh*, the passage.

metre from the eastern coast, and a little south-east of Suez. The gulf of Arabia terminates at about five thousand metres north of that city. Near the port, the Red Sea is not above fifteen hundred metres wide, and is always fordable at low water. The caravans from Tor and Mount Sinai always pass at that part, either in going to or returning from Egypt. This abridges their journey nearly a myriametre. At high tide the water is five or six feet deep at Suez, and when the wind blows fresh, it often rises to nine or ten feet.

We spent a few hours, seated by the largest of the springs called the Wells of Moses, situated on the eastern shore of the gulf of Arabia. We made coffee with the water from these springs, which, however, gave it such a brackish taste, that it was scarcely drinkable.

I shall say nothing of the Cenobites of Mount Sinai, as I had not the honour of seeing them. Neither did I see the register containing the names of Ali, Salah-Eddin, Ibrahim or Abraham, on which Bonaparte is said to have inscribed his name. I perceived at a distance some high hills which were said to be Mount Sinai. I conversed, through the medium of an interpreter, with some Arabian chiefs of Tor, and its neighbourhood. They had been informed of our excursion to the Wells, and that they might there thank the French general for the protection granted to their caravans, and their trade with Egypt. On the 19th of December, before his departure from Suez, Bonaparte signed a sort of safeguard, or exemption from duties, for the convent of Mount Sinai. This had been granted out of respect to Moses and the Jewish nation, and also because the convent of Mount Sinai is a seat of learning and civilization amidst the barbarism of the deserts.

Though the water of the eight little springs, which form the Wells of Moses, is not so salt as that of many wells dug in other parts of the deserts, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly brackish, and does not allay thirst so well as fresh water. The water of these fountains is continually flowing, and has not a very disagreeable smell.

On our return to Suez, we went a little to the left to visit the ruins of a large reservoir, constructed, it is said, during the war between the Venetians and the Portuguese, which broke out after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Descending to the sea-coast, General Bonaparte was the first to discover a canal, three or four hundred metres in length. It was lined with good masonry, and might have been repaired at little expense. These canals serve to convey water to the vessels stationed on the eastern bank of the Arabian gulf.

Bonaparte returned to Suez that same night. It was very dark when we reached the sea-shore. The tide was coming up, and the water was pretty high. We deviated a little from the

way we had taken in the morning; we crossed a little too low down; we were thrown into disorder, but we did not lose ourselves in the marshes as has been stated.

I have read somewhere, though I did not see the fact, nor did I hear it mentioned at the time, that the tide which was coming up would have been the grave of the general-in-chief, had not one of the guides saved him by carrying him on his shoulders. If any such danger had existed, all who had not a similar means of escape must have perished.

This is a mere fabrication. General Caffarelli was the only person who was really in danger, for his wooden leg prevented him sitting firmly on his horse in the water; but some persons came to his assistance, and supported him.

Next morning the general-in-chief was walking with me on the western side of the gulf, when we saw a man on horseback advancing towards us. We stopped, and the horseman approached. He proved to be one of our guides, named Semin, who, on our return from the fountains, had lingered a little behind the rest, and hearing us calling upon each other as we were fording the sea in the dark, he concluded that some accident had happened, and would not venture forward alone. He therefore ascended the eastern bank, doubled the gulf, and was on his way back to Suez, when he met the general. When he had left us, Bonaparte said to me, "That fellow is no fool."

On his return to Cairo, the general-in-chief wished to discover the site of the canal, which, in ancient times, formed a junction between the Red Sea and the Nile, by Belbeys. M. Lepère, who was a member of the Egyptian Institute, and is now inspector-general of bridges and causeways, executed on the spot a beautiful plan, which may confidently be consulted by those who wish to form an accurate idea of that ancient communication, and the level of the two seas.

On his arrival at Cairo, Bonaparte again devoted all his thoughts to the affairs of the army, which he had not attended to during his short absence. The revenues of Egypt were far from being sufficient to meet the expenses of the army. To defray his own expenses, Bonaparte raised several considerable loans in Genoa, through the medium of M. James. The connexion of James with the Bonaparte family takes its date from this period.

Since the month of August, the attention of General Bonaparte had been constantly fixed on Syria. The period of the possible landing of an enemy in Egypt had now passed away, and could not return until the month of July, in the following year. Bonaparte was fully persuaded that that landing would take place, and he was not deceived. The Ottoman Porte had, indeed, been persuaded that the conquest of Egypt was not in her interest. She preferred enduring a rebel whom she hoped one day to subdue, to supporting a power which, under the

specious pretext of reducing her insurgent beys to obedience, deprived her of one of her finest provinces, and threatened the rest of the empire.

On his return to Cairo, the general-in-chief had no longer any doubt, as to the course which the Porte intended to adopt. The numerous class of persons who believed that the Ottoman Porte had consented to our occupation of Egypt, were suddenly undeceived. It was then asked how we could, without that consent, have attempted such an enterprise? Nothing, it was said, could justify the temerity of such an expedition, if it should produce a rupture between France, the Ottoman empire, and its allies. However, for the remainder of the year Bonaparte dreaded nothing except an expedition from Gazah and El-Arish, of which the troops of Djezzar had already taken possession. This occupation was justly regarded as a decided act of hostility; war was thus declared. "We must adopt anticipatory measures," thought Napoleon; "we must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman empire, overthrow the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre, ravage the country, destroy all her resources, so as to render the passage of an army impracticable." Thus was planned the expedition against Syria.

At the time fixed for his departure, Bonaparte learned that MM. Livron and Hamelin had arrived in the port of Alexandria. We had received no official news from Europe since the end of June, 1798. The general delayed his departure for Asia for some days, in the hope of receiving letters. There appeared to be something vague in the declarations of Hamelin, who had not come directly from France. He had left Trieste on the 24th of October, 1797, and had touched at Ancona and other ports. On the very day of his departure, Bonaparte declared, that if in the course of the month he should positively learn that France was at war with the powers of Europe, he would return. I mention this fact beforehand, to explain the departure which gave rise to so many absurd conjectures and incorrect assertions.

Bonaparte saw, with his usual quickness, the dangers which threatened him from the isthmus of Suez, and he made preparations for averting them; but these measures, which were perfectly natural in the circumstances in which we stood, served to veil one of those gigantic schemes in which his imagination loved to indulge. Had this scheme been put into execution, the fate of France would have depended on new and incalculable combinations. It was on the shore of Saint Jean d'Acre that he first mentioned to me that vast and incredible enterprise, of which he had probably conceived the idea when he wrote to Kleber, some time after the fatal night of the 1st of August: "If the English continue to inundate the Mediterranean, they will, perhaps, oblige us to do greater things than we otherwise would."

General Berthier, after repeated entreaties, had obtained per-

mission to return to France. The Courageuse frigate, which was to convey him home, was preparing at Alexandria; he had received his instructions, and was to leave Cairo on the 29th of January, ten days before Bonaparte's departure for Syria. Bonaparte was sorry to part with him; but he could not endure to see an old friend, and one who had served him well in all his campaigns, dying before his eyes, the victim of nostalgia and romantic love. Besides, Berthier had been, for some time past, any thing but active in the discharge of his duties. His passion, which amounted almost to madness, impaired the feeble faculties with which nature had endowed him. Some writers have ranked him in the class of sentimental lovers: be this as it may, the homage which Berthier rendered to the portrait of the object of his adoration, more frequently excited our merriment than our sensibility.

One day I went with an order from Bonaparte to the chief of his staff, whom I found on his knees before the portrait of Madame Visconti, which was hanging opposite the door. I touched him, to let him know I was there. He looked round, but did not think proper to interrupt his devotions.

The moment was approaching when the two friends were to part, perhaps, for ever. Bonaparte was sincerely distressed at this separation, and the chief of his staff was informed of the fact. At a moment when it was supposed Berthier was on his way to Alexandria, he presented himself to the general-in-chief. "You are, then, decidedly going to Asia?" said he.—"You know," replied the general, "that all is ready, and I shall set out in a few days."—"Well, I will not leave you. I voluntarily renounce all idea of returning to France. I could not endure to forsake you at a moment when you are going to encounter new dangers. Here are my instructions and my passport." Bonaparte, highly pleased with this resolution, embraced Berthier; and the coolness which had been excited by his request to return home was succeeded by a sincere reconciliation.

Louis Bonaparte, who was suffering from the effects of the voyage, was still at Alexandria. The general-in-chief, yielding to the pacific views of his younger brother, who was also beginning to evince some symptoms of nostalgia, consented to his return home. He could not, however, depart until the 11th of March, 1799.

On his return to France Louis passed through Sens, where he dined with Madame de Bourrienne, to whom he presented a beautiful shawl, which General Berthier had given me. This, I believe, was the first Cashmere that had ever been seen in France. Louis was much surprised when Madame de Bourrienne showed him the Egyptian correspondence, which had been seized by the English and printed in London. He found in the collection some letters addressed to himself, and there were others, he said, which were likely to disturb the peace of more than one family, on the return of the army.

On the 11th of February, 1799, we began our march for Syria, with about twelve thousand men. It has been erroneously published, that the army amounted to only six thousand: nearly that number was lost in the course of the campaign. However, at the very moment we were on our way to Syria, with twelve thousand men, scarcely as many being left in Egypt, the Directory published that, "according to the information which had been received," we had sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry; that the army had doubled its numbers, by battles; and that since our arrival in Egypt, we had lost only three hundred men. Is history to be written from such documents?

We arrived, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at Messoodiah, or, "the Fortunate Spot." Here we witnessed a kind of phenomenon, which was not a little agreeable to us. Messoodiah is a place situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, surrounded with little downs of very fine sand, which the copious rains of winter readily penetrate. The rain remains in the sand, so that on making with the finger holes of four or five inches in depth, at the bottom of these little hills, the water immediately flows out. This water was, indeed, rather thick, but its flavour was agreeable; and it would have become clear, if we could have spared time to allow it to rest, and disengage itself from the particles of foreign matter which it contained.

It was a curious spectacle to behold us all lying on the sand, digging wells in miniature, and displaying a laughable selfishness in our endeavours to obtain the most abundant source. This was a very important discovery to us. We found these sand-wells at the extremity of the desert, and it contributed, in no small degree, to revive the courage of our soldiers; besides, when men are, as was the case with us, subject to privations of every kind, the least benefit which accrues inspires the hope of a new advantage. We were approaching the confines of Syria, and we enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasure we were about to experience, on treading a soil which, by its variety of verdure and vegetation, would remind us of our much-loved native land. At Messoodiah we likewise possessed the advantage of bathing in the sea, which was not more than fifty paces from our unforeseen wells.

Whilst near the wells of Messoodiah, on our way to El-Arish, I one day saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often in the habit of doing. I stood at a little distance, and my eyes, I know not why, were fixed on him during their conversation. The general's countenance, which was always pale, had, without my being able to divine the cause, become paler than usual. There was something convulsive in his features—a wildness in his look, and he several times struck his head with his hand. After conversing with Junot about a quarter of an hour, he quitted him and came towards me. I never saw him exhibit such an air of dissatisfaction, or appear so much

under the influence of some prepossession. I advanced towards him, and as soon as we met, he exclaimed in an abrupt and angry tone, "So! I find I cannot depend upon you.—These women!—Josephine!—If you had loved me, you would before now have told me all I have heard from Junot—he is a real friend—Josephine!—and I six hundred leagues from her—you ought to have told me.—That she should thus have deceived me! Woe to them!—I will exterminate the whole race of fops and puppies!—As to her—divorce!—yes, divorce! a public and open divorce!—I must write!—I know all!—It is your fault—you ought to have told me!" These energetic and broken exclamations, his disturbed countenance, his altered voice, informed me but too well of the subject of his conversation with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a culpable indiscretion, and that, if Josephine had committed any faults, he had cruelly exaggerated them. My situation was one of extreme delicacy. However, I had the good fortune to retain my self-possession, and as soon as some degree of calmness succeeded to this first burst, I replied that I knew nothing of the reports which Junot might have communicated to him; that even if such reports, often the offspring of calumny, had reached my ear, and if I had considered it my duty to inform him of them, I certainly would not have selected for that purpose the moment when he was six hundred leagues from France. I also did not conceal how blamable Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous I considered it thus rashly to accuse a woman who was not present to justify or defend herself;—that it was no great proof of attachment to add domestic uneasiness to the anxiety already sufficiently great, which the situation of his brothers in arms, at the commencement of a hazardous enterprise, occasioned him.

Notwithstanding these observations, which, however, he listened to with some calmness, the word "divorce" still escaped his lips; and it is necessary to be aware of the degree of irritation to which he was liable when any thing seriously vexed him, to be able to form an idea of what Bonaparte was during this painful scene. However, I kept my ground. I repeated what I had said. I begged of him to consider with what facility tales were fabricated and circulated, and that gossip, such as that which had been repeated to him, was only the amusement of idle persons, and deserved the contempt of strong minds. I spoke of his glory. "My glory!" cried he, "I know not what I would not give if that which Junot has told me should be untrue; so much do I love Josephine! If she be really guilty, a divorce must separate us for ever. I will not submit to be a laughing-stock for all the imbeciles in Paris. I will write to Joseph: he will get the divorce declared."

Although his agitation continued long, intervals occurred in which he was less excited. I seized one of these moments of

comparative calm to combat this idea of divorce, which seemed to possess his mind. I represented to him especially, that it would be imprudent to write to his brother with reference to a communication which was probably false.—"The letter might be intercepted; it would betray the feelings of irritation which dictated it. As to a divorce, it would be time to think of that hereafter, but advisedly." These last words produced an effect on him which I could not have ventured to hope for so speedily. He became tranquil, listened to me as if he had suddenly felt the justice of my observations, dropped the subject, and never returned to it; except that, about a fortnight after, when we were before St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself greatly dissatisfied with Junot, and complained of the injury he had done him by his indiscreet disclosures, which he began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived afterwards that he never pardoned Junot for this indiscretion; and I can state, almost with certainty, that this was one of the reasons why Junot was not created a marshal of France, like many of his comrades whom Bonaparte had loved less. It may be supposed that Josephine, who was afterwards informed by Bonaparte of Junot's conversation, did not feel particularly interested in his favour.* He died insane, on the 27th of July, 1813.

* However indiscreet Junot might on this occasion have shown himself, in interfering in so delicate a matter, it is pretty certain that his suspicions were breathed to no other ear than that of Bonaparte himself. Madame Junot, in speaking of the ill-suppressed enmity between her husband and Madame Bonaparte, says that *he never uttered a word even to her of the subject of his conversation with the general-in-chief in Egypt.* That Junot's testimony, however, notwithstanding the countenance it obtained from Bonaparte's relations, ought to be cautiously received, the following passage from the Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes, demonstrative of the feelings of irritation between the parties, will show:

"Junot escorted Madame Bonaparte when she went to join the General-in-chief in Italy. I am surprised that M. de Bourrienne has omitted mentioning this circumstance in his Memoirs. He must have known it, since he was well acquainted with every thing relating to Josephine, and knew many facts of high interest in her life at this period, and subsequently. How happens it too that he makes no mention of Mademoiselle Louise, who might be called her *demoiselle de compagnie*, rather than her *femme-de-chambre.* At the outset of the journey to Italy, she was such a favourite with Josephine, that she dressed like her mistress, sat at table with her, and was in all respects her friend and confident.

"The journey was long, much too long for Junot, though he was very much in love with Mademoiselle Louise. But he was anxious to join the army, for to him, his General was always the dearest of mistresses. Junot has often spoken to me and *to me alone*, of the vexations he experienced on this journey. *He might have added to his circumstantial details relative to Josephine, the conversation he is reported to have had with Bonaparte in Egypt; but he never breathed a word on the subject; for his character was always noble and generous.* The journey to Italy did not produce the effect which usually arises from such incidents in common life; namely, a closer friendship and intimacy between the parties. On the contrary, Madame Bonaparte from that moment evinced some degree of ill-humour towards Junot, and complained with singular warmth of the want of respect which he had shown her, in making love to her *femme-de-chambre*, before her face."—*Editor.*

Our little army continued its march on El-Arish, where we arrived on the 17th of February. The fatigues experienced in the desert, and the scarcity of water, excited violent murmurs amongst the soldiers during their march across the isthmus. When any person on horseback passed them they studiously expressed their discontent. The advantage possessed by the horseman provoked their sarcasms. I never heard the verses which they are said to have repeated, but they indulged in the most violent language against the republic, the men of science, and those whom they regarded as the authors of the expedition. Nevertheless, these brave fellows, from whom it was not astonishing that such great privations should extort complaints, often compensated by their pleasantries for the bitterness of their reproaches.

Many times, during the crossing of the isthmus, I have seen soldiers, parched with thirst, and unable to wait till the hour for distribution of water, pierce the leathern bottles which contained it, and this conduct, so injurious to all, occasioned numerous quarrels.

El-Arish surrendered on the 17th of February. It has been erroneously stated that the garrison of this insignificant place, which was set at liberty on condition of not again serving against us, was afterwards found amongst the besieged at Jaffa. It has also been stated, that it was because the men, composing the El-Arish garrison, did not proceed to Bagdad, according to the capitulation, that we shot them at Jaffa. We shall presently see the falsehood of these assertions.

On the 28th of February we obtained the first glimpse of the green and fertile plains of Syria, which, in many respects, reminded us of the climate and soil of Europe. We now had rain, and sometimes rather too much. The feelings which the sight of the valleys and mountains called forth, made us, in some degree, forget the hardships and vexations of an expedition of which few persons could foresee the object or end. There are situations in life when the slightest agreeable sensation alleviates all our ills.

On the 1st of March we slept at Ramleh, in a small convent occupied by two monks, who paid us the greatest attention. They gave us the church for an hospital. These good fathers did not fail to tell us that it was through this place the family of Jesus Christ passed into Egypt, and showed us the wells at which they quenched their thirst. The pure and cool water of these wells delighted us.

Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, is situated at the base of a chain of mountains, the eastern extremity of which is washed by the Persian gulf, and the western by the Mediterranean. The recollections of our education, by which the great events t have occurred in these regions had been impressed on our

minds, made every remarkable place to which we came, produce a mysterious effect on our imagination. We were not more than about six leagues from Jerusalem. I asked the general-in-chief, whether he did not intend to direct his march by the way of that city, so celebrated in many respects. He replied, "Oh, no! Jerusalem is not in my line of operations. I do not wish to be annoyed by mountaineers in difficult roads. And, besides, on the other side of the mountain, I should be assailed by swarms of cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Cassius."

We therefore did not interfere with Jerusalem, which was not disturbed by the war. All we did was to send a written declaration to the persons in power at Jerusalem, assuring them that we had no design against that country, and only wished them to remain at peace. To this communication no answer was returned, and nothing more passed on the subject.*

We found, at Ramleh, between two and three hundred Christians in a pitiable state of servitude, misery, and dejection. On conversing with them, I could not help admiring how much the hope of future rewards may console men under present ills. But I learned from many of them, that they did not live in harmony together. The feelings of hatred and jealousy are not less common amongst these people, than amongst the better instructed inhabitants of rich and populous cities. The same passions exhibit themselves wherever men are congregated.

* Sir Walter Scott says, speaking of Bonaparte, that he believes that little officer of artillery dreamed of being king of Jerusalem. What I have just stated proves that he never thought of such a thing. Of what value is the gratuitous supposition of that writer? The "little officer of artillery" had a far more splendid dream in his head.

CHAPTER XIX.

1799.

Arrival at Jaffa—The siege—Beauharnais and Croisier—Four thousand prisoners—Scarcity of provisions—Councils of war—Dreadful necessity—The massacre—The plague—Lannes and the mountaineers—Barbarity of Djezzar—Arrival at St. Jean d'Acre, and abortive attacks—Death of Caffarelli—Sir Sydney Smith—Duroc wounded—Rash bathing—Monuments in Egypt—Loss of the Italie—Bonaparte's presentiment.

On arriving before Jaffa, where there were already some troops, the first person I met was Adjutant-General Grésieux, with whom I was well acquainted. I wished him good day, and offered him my hand. "Good God! what are you about?" said he to me, opposing my approach by a very abrupt gesture; "you may have the plague. People do not touch each other here." I mentioned the circumstance to Bonaparte, who said, "If he be afraid of the plague, he will die of it." We learned shortly after, at St. Jean d'Acre, that he was attacked by that malady, and soon sank under it. He had been appointed commandant of the provinces of Gazah and Ramleh on the 13th of March.

On the 4th of March we commenced the siege of Jaffa. That paltry place, which, to round a sentence, was pompously styled the ancient Joppa, held out only to the 6th of March, when it was taken by storm, and given up to pillage. The massacre was horrible. General Bonaparte sent his aides-de-camp, Beauharnais and Croisier, to appease the fury of the soldiers as much as possible, to observe what was passing, and to report to him. They learned that a considerable part of the garrison had retired into some vast buildings, a sort of caravanseras, which formed a large enclosed court. Beauharnais and Croisier, who were distinguished by wearing the aide-de-camp scarf on their arms, proceeded to that place. The Arnauts and Albanians, of whom these refugees were almost entirely composed, cried, from the windows, that they were willing to surrender upon an assurance that they would be exempted from the massacre to which the town was doomed; if not, they threatened to fire on the aides-de-camp, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The two officers thought that they ought to accede to the propo-

sition, notwithstanding the decree of death which had been pronounced against the whole garrison, in consequence of the town being taken by storm. They brought them to our camp in two divisions, one consisting of about two thousand five hundred men, the other of about fifteen hundred.

I was walking with General Bonaparte, in front of his tent, when he beheld this multitude of men approaching, and before he even saw his aides-de-camp, he said to me, in a tone of profound sorrow, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them?—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why in the devil's name have they served me thus?" After their arrival, and the explanations which the general-in-chief demanded, and listened to with anger, Eugène and Croisier received the most severe reprimand for their conduct. But the deed was done. Four thousand men were there. It was necessary to decide upon their fate. The two aides-de-camp observed, that they had found themselves alone in the midst of numerous enemies, and that he had directed them to restrain the carnage. "Yes, doubtless," replied the general-in-chief, with great warmth, "as to women, children, and old men—all the peaceable inhabitants; but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die, rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?" These words were pronounced in the most angry tone.

The prisoners were then ordered to sit down, and were placed, without any order, in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. A sombre fury was depicted in their countenances. We gave them a little biscuit and bread, squeezed out of the already scanty supply for the army.

On the first day of their arrival, a council of war was held in the tent of the general-in-chief, to determine what course should be pursued with respect to them. The council deliberated a long time without coming to any decision.

On the evening of the following day, the daily reports of the generals of division came in. They spoke of nothing but the insufficiency of the rations, the complaints of the soldiers—of their murmurs and discontent at seeing their bread given to enemies, who had been withdrawn from their vengeance, inasmuch as a decree of death, in conformity with the laws of war, had been passed on Jaffa. All these reports were alarming, and especially that of General Bon, in which no reserve was made. He spoke of nothing less than the fear of a revolt, which would be justified by the serious nature of the case.

The council assembled again. All the generals of division were summoned to attend, and for several hours together they discussed, under separate questions, what measures might be adopted, with the most sincere desire to discover and execute one which would save the lives of these unfortunate prisoners.

Should they be sent into Egypt? Could it be done?

To do so, it would be necessary to send with them a numerous escort, which would too much weaken our little army in the enemy's country. How, besides, could they and the escort be supported till they reached Cairo, having no provisions to give them on setting out, and their route being through a hostile territory, which we had exhausted, which presented no fresh resources, and through which we, perhaps, might have to return.

Should they be embarked?

Where were the ships?—Where could they be found? All our optical instruments, directed over the sea, could not descry a single friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded such an event as a real favour of fortune. It was, and I am glad to have to say it, this sole idea, this sole hope, which made him brave, for three days, the murmurs of his army. But in vain was help looked for seaward. It did not come.

Should the prisoners be set at liberty?

They would then instantly proceed to St. Jean d'Acre to reinforce the pasha, or else, throwing themselves into the mountains of Naplouse, would greatly annoy our rear and right flank, and deal out death to us, as a recompence for the life we had given them. There could be no doubt of this. What is a Christian dog to a Turk? It would even have been a religious and meritorious act in the eye of the prophet.

Could they be incorporated, disarmed, with our soldiers in the ranks?

Here again the question of food presented itself in all its force. Next came to be considered the danger of having such comrades, while marching through an enemy's country. What might happen in the event of a battle before St. Jean d'Acre? Could we even tell what might occur during the march?—and, finally, what must be done with them when under the ramparts of that town, if we should be able to take them there? The same embarrassments with respect to the questions of provisions and security would then recur with increased force.

The third day arrived without its being possible, anxiously as it was desired, to come to any conclusion favourable to the preservation of these unfortunate men. The murmurs in the camp grew louder—the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—danger was real and imminent.

The order for shooting the prisoners was given and executed on the 10th of March. We did not, as has been stated, separate the Egyptians from the other prisoners. There were no Egyptians.

Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division, which was fired on close to the sea-coast, at some distance from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks out of the reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the prisoners to return, employed the Egyptian signs of recon-

ciliation in use in the country. They came back; but as they advanced, they were killed, and disappeared among the waves.

I confine myself to these details of this act of dreadful necessity, of which I was an eyewitness. Others, who like myself, saw it, have fortunately spared me the recital of the sanguinary result. This atrocious scene, when I think of it, still makes me shudder, as it did on the day I beheld it; and I would wish it were possible for me to forget it, rather than be compelled to describe it. All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to that day of blood, would fall short of the reality.

I have related the truth, the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions, all the conferences, all the deliberations. I had not, as may be supposed, a deliberative voice; but I am bound to declare that the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative of the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity which existed.

War, unfortunately, presents too many occasions on which a law, immutable in all ages, and common to all nations, requires that private interests should be sacrificed to a great general interest, and that even humanity should be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether this terrible situation was that in which Bonaparte was placed. For my own part, I have a perfect conviction that he could not do otherwise than yield to the dire necessity of the case. It was the advice of the council, whose opinion was unanimous in favour of the execution, that governed him. Indeed I ought, in truth, to say, that he yielded only in the last extremity, and was one of those, perhaps, who beheld the massacre with the deepest pain.*

* The following is Napoleon's own account of this dreadful affair: I asked the emperor then if he had ever read Miot's history of the expedition to Egypt. "What, the commissary?" replied he. "I believe Las Cases gave me a copy; moreover, it was published in my time." He then desired me to bring the one which I had, that he might compare them. He observed, "Miot was a *polisson*, whom, together with his brother, I raised from the dirt. He says that I threatened him for writing the book, which is a falsehood. I said to his brother once that he might as well not have published untruths. He was a man who had always fear before his eyes. What does he say about the poisoning affair and the shooting at Jaffa?" I replied, that as to the poisoning, Miot declared he could say no more than that such had been the current report; but he positively asserted that he (Napoleon) had caused between three and four thousand Turks to be shot, some days after the capture of Jaffa. Napoleon answered, "It is not true that there were so many. I ordered about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot, which was done. The reason was, that amongst the garrison of Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time

After the siege of Jaffa, the plague began to exhibit itself with a little more virulence. We lost between seven and eight hundred men by the contagion during the campaign of Syria.*

During our march on St. Jean d'Acre, which was commenced on the 14th of March, the army neither obtained the brilliant triumphs nor encountered the numerous obstacles spoken of in certain works. Nothing of importance occurred but a rash skirmish of General Lannes, who, in spite of contrary orders from Bonaparte, obstinately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Naplouse. On returning, he found the mountaineers placed in ambush in great numbers amongst rocks, the windings of which they were well acquainted with, whence they fired close upon our troops, whose situation rendered them unable to defend themselves. During the time of this foolish and useless enterprise, especially while the firing was brisk, Bonaparte exhibited much impatience, and, it must be confessed, his anger was but natural. The Naplousians halted at the openings of the mountain defiles. Bonaparte reproached Lannes bitterly for having uselessly exposed himself, and "sacrificed, without any object, a number of brave men." Lannes excused himself by saying that the mountaineers had defied him, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are not in a condition to play the swaggerer," replied Napoleon.

before at El-Arish, and sent to Bagdat upon their parole not to serve again, or to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted twelve leagues on their way to Bagdat, by a division of my army. But those Turks, instead of proceeding to Bagdat, threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me a number of brave men to take it, whose lives would have been spared, if the others had not reinforced the garrison of Jaffa. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately afterwards we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now if I had spared them again, and sent them away upon their parole, they would have directly gone to St. Jean d'Acre, where they would have played over again the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already small and reduced in number, in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I, therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances; independently of the right given to me by taking the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners taken at El-Arish, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would," continued he, "do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."—*A Voice from St. Helena.* (*Editor.*)

* Sir Walter Scott says, that Heaven sent this pestilence amongst us, to avenge the massacre of Jaffa. This is double silliness. In the first place, it would have been far better for Heaven to have prevented the massacre; in the next place, Kleber's division caught the seeds of that dreadful malady at Damietta. It was developed and propagated on our march; and in fact it was carried into Syria with us.

On the 18th of March, we arrived before St. Jean d'Acre. On our arrival, we learned that Djezzar had cut off the head of our envoy, Mailly-de-Château-Renaud, and thrown his body into the sea in a sack. This cruel pasha was guilty of a great number of similar executions. The waves frequently drove dead bodies towards the coast, and we came upon them whilst bathing.

The details of the siege of Acre are well known. Although surrounded by a wall, flanked with strong towers, and having, besides, a broad and deep ditch defended by works, this little fortress did not appear likely to hold out against French valour and the skill of our corps of engineers and artillery: but the ease and rapidity with which Jaffa had been taken, occasioned us to overlook in some degree the comparative strength of the two places, and the difference of their respective situations. At Jaffa we had sufficient artillery: at St. Jean d'Acre we had not. At Jaffa we had to deal only with a garrison left to itself: at St. Jean d'Acre we were opposed by a garrison strengthened by reinforcements of men and supplies of provisions, supported by the English fleet, and assisted by European science.

Sir Sydney Smith was, without contradiction, the man who did us the greatest injury. Much has been said respecting his communications with the general-in-chief. The reproaches which the latter cast upon him for endeavouring to seduce the soldiers and officers of the army by tempting offers, were the more singular, even if they were well founded, inasmuch as these means are frequently employed by leaders in war.* As to the embarking of French prisoners on board a vessel in which the plague existed, the improbability of the circumstance alone, but especially the notorious facts of the case, repel this odious accusation. I observed the conduct of Sir Sydney Smith closely at the time, and I remarked in him a chivalric spirit, which sometimes hurried him into trifling eccentricities; but I affirm that

* These calumnies on our gallant countryman are repeated in the "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène." They are noticed here, merely as serving to introduce an anecdote characteristic both of Sir Sydney Smith and of Bonaparte:

"It cannot be denied," says the writer, "that Sir Sydney Smith was engaged in corrupting our army. Propagation of false intelligence from Europe—defamation of the general-in chief—alluring bribes offered to our officers and soldiers—such were the means employed by him. This has become public through his proclamations. At one time the French general was so disturbed by them as to endeavour to put a stop to them, which object he effected by interdicting all communication with the English, and signifying, in an order of the day, that their commodore was a madman. This, being believed in the army, so enraged Sir Sydney Smith, that, in his wrath, he sent a challenge to Napoleon. The latter replied, that he had too many weighty affairs on his hands to trouble himself in so trifling a matter. Had it, indeed, been the great Marlborough, it might have been worthy his attention. Still, if the English sailor was absolutely bent upon fighting, he would send him a hectoring bravo from the army, and allow them a small portion of neutral ground on the coast, where the mad commodore might land, and satisfy his humour to the full."—*Editor.*

THE ATTACK UPON ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

his behaviour towards the French was that of a gallant enemy. I have seen many letters, in which the writers informed him that they "were very sensible of the good treatment which the French experienced when they fell into his hands." Let any one examine Sir Sydney's conduct before the capitulation of El-Arish, and after its rupture, and then they can judge of his character.

All our manœuvres, our works, and attacks, were made with that levity and carelessness which over-confidence inspires. Kleber, whilst walking with me one day in the lines of our camp, frequently expressed his surprise and discontent. "The trenches," said he, "do not come up to my knees." Besieging artillery was, of necessity, required: we commenced with field artillery. This encouraged the besieged, who perceived the weakness of our resources. The besieging artillery, consisting only of three twenty-four pounders and six eighteen pounders, was not brought up until the end of April, and before that period three assaults had taken place with very serious loss. On the 4th of May our powder began to fail us. This cruel event obliged us to slacken our fire. We also wanted shot; and an order of the day fixed a price to be given for all balls, according to their calibre, which might be picked up after being fired from the fortress or the two ships of the line, the Tiger and Theseus, which were stationed on each side of the harbour. These two vessels embarrassed the communication between the camp and the trenches; but though they made much noise, they did little harm. A ball from one of them killed an officer on the evening the siege was raised.

The enemy had within the walls some excellent riflemen, chiefly Albanians. They placed stones one over the other, on the walls, put their fire-arms through the interstices, and thus, completely sheltered, fired with destructive precision.

On the 9th of April, General Caffarelli, so well known for his courage and talents, was passing through the trench, his hand resting as he stooped, on his hip, to preserve the equilibrium which his wooden leg impaired; his elbow only was raised above the trench. He was warned that the enemy's shot, fired close upon us, did not miss the smallest object. He paid no attention to any observation of this kind, and in a few instants his elbow-joint was fractured. Amputation of the arm was judged indispensable. The general survived the operation eighteen days. Bonaparte went regularly twice a day to his tent. By his order, added to my friendship for Caffarelli, I scarcely ever quitted him. Shortly before he expired, he said to me, "My dear Bourrienne, be so good as to read to me Voltaire's preface to the Esprit des Lois." When I returned to the tent of the general-in-chief, he asked, "How is Caffarelli?" I replied, "He is near his end; but he asked me to read him Voltaire's preface to the Esprit des Lois. He has just fallen asleep." Bonaparte said, "What, to

wish to hear that preface! how singular!" He went to see Caffarelli, but he was still asleep. I returned to him that evening, and received his last breath. He departed with the utmost composure. His death was equally regretted by the soldiers and the men of science who accompanied us. It was a just regret, fully due to that distinguished man, in whom very extensive information was united with great courage and an amiable disposition.

On the 10th of May, when an assault took place, Bonaparte proceeded at an early hour to the trenches. Croisier, who was mentioned on our arrival at Damanhour, and, on the capture of Jaffa, had in vain courted death since the commencement of the siege. Life had become insupportable to him since the unfortunate affair at Jaffa. He as usual accompanied his general to the trenches. Believing that the termination of the siege, which was supposed to be near, would postpone indefinitely the death which he sought, he mounted a battery. In this situation his tall figure uselessly provoked all the enemy's shots. "Croisier, come down, I command you; you have no business there," cried Bonaparte, in a loud and imperative tone. Croisier remained without making any reply. A moment after, a ball passed through his right leg. Amputation was not considered indispensable. On the day of our departure he was placed on a litter, which was borne by sixteen men, alternately, eight at a time. I received his last farewell between Gazah and El-Arish, where he died, of tetanus. His modest tomb will not be often disturbed.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre lasted sixteen days. During that time, eight assaults and twelve sorties took place. In the assault of the 8th of May, more than two hundred men penetrated into the town. Victory was already shouted; but the breach having been taken in reverse by the Turks, it was not approached without some degree of hesitation, and the two hundred men who had entered were not supported. The streets were barricadoed. The cries, the howlings of the women, who ran through the streets, throwing, according to the custom of the country, dust in the air, excited the male inhabitants to a desperate resistance, which rendered unavailing this short occupation of the town, by a handful of men, who, finding themselves left without assistance, retreated towards the breach. Many who could not reach it, perished in the town. During this assault, Duroc, who was in the trench, was wounded in the right thigh by the bursting of a howitzer, fired against the fortifications. Fortunately, this accident only carried away the flesh from the bone, which remained untouched. He had a tent in common with several other aides-de-camp; but, for his better accommodation, I gave him mine, and I scarcely ever quitted him. Entering his tent one day about noon, I found him in a profound sleep. The excessive heat had compelled

him to throw off all covering, and part of his wound was exposed. I perceived a scorpion, which had crawled up the leg of the camp bed, and approached very near to the wound. I had the good fortune to strike it to the ground. The sudden motion of my hand awoke Duroc.

We often bathed in the sea. Sometimes the English, perhaps after taking a double allowance of grog, would fire at our heads, which appeared above water. I am not aware that any accident was occasioned by their cannonade; but as we were beyond reach of their guns, we paid scarcely any attention to the firing. It was even a subject of amusement to us.

Had our attack on St. Jean d'Acre been less precipitate, and had the siege been undertaken according to the rules of war, the place would not have held out three days; one assault, like that of the 8th of May, would have been sufficient. If, in the situation in which we were on the day when we first came in sight of the ramparts of Acre, we had made a less inconsiderate estimate of the strength of the place; if we had likewise taken into consideration the active cooperation of the English and the Ottoman Porte; our absolute want of artillery of sufficient calibre; our scarcity of gunpowder, and the difficulty of procuring food, we certainly should not have undertaken the siege: and that would have been by far the wisest course.

Towards the end of the siege, the general-in-chief received intelligence of some trifling insurrections in northern Egypt. An angel had excited them, and the heavenly messenger, who had condescended to assume a name, was called Mahhady. This religious extravagance, however, did not last long, and tranquillity was soon restored. All that the fanatic, Mahhady, who shrouded himself in mystery, succeeded in doing, was, to attack our rear, by some vagabonds, whose illusions were dissipated by a few musket-shots.

I was astonished that we received no news from Upper Egypt. "Desaix is there," said Bonaparte to me. "I am under no apprehension." A few days afterwards, we received intelligence from that general, who was constantly beating and pursuing the indefatigable Mourad and his adherents. His despatches apprized Bonaparte that a very fine and large dejerm (a boat of the Nile), which had been named the Italie, had run aground at the village of Benouth, on the west bank of the Nile, after an obstinate engagement. This dejerm had on board a great part of the musicians of the 61st demi-brigade, a number of troops, some wounded soldiers, and a quantity of provisions. Morandi, the commander, by maintaining a desperate fire, killed a great number of Fellahs and Arabs; but, seeing no hope of success or escape, and being unwilling to surrender to the barbarians, he set fire to the powder-magazine, and blew up the dejerm. He perished in the waves. All who escaped the flames were massacred by the Arabs of Yambo, the

most ferocious tribe of the natives. The private letters, which accompanied this despatch, contained horrible pictures of the cruelties committed by these barbarians. They tied the prisoners to trees, and compelled the unfortunate musicians to play on their instruments, while their wretched comrades expired amidst the most dreadful torments. Next, the unfortunate musicians themselves, every individual, to the last man, perished in the same manner. This sad intelligence, with the name of the dejerm, made a deep impression on Bonaparte, who said to me, in a prophetic tone, "My dear friend, France has lost Italy. It is all over. My forebodings never deceive me." I observed to him, that there could, in reality, be no connexion between Italy and a bark destroyed, at the distance of eight hundred leagues from the country of which it bore the name. But nothing could remove his first impression. The reality of his presentiment, he firmly believed, would soon be confirmed.

CHAPTER XX.

1799.

The siege of Acre raised—Attention to names in bulletins—Gigantic project—The Druses—Mount Carmel—The wounded and infected—Order to march on foot—Loss of our cannon—A Naplousian fires at Bonaparte—Return to Jaffa—Bonaparte visits the plague hospital—A potion given to the sick—Bonaparte's statement at St. Helena.

THE siege of St. Jean d'Acre was raised on the 20th of May. It cost us a loss of nearly three thousand men, in killed, deaths by the plague, or wounds. A great number were wounded mortally. In those veracious documents, the bulletins, the French loss was made five hundred killed, and one thousand wounded, and the enemy's more than fifteen thousand.

Our bulletins may form curious materials for history; but their value certainly will not depend on the credit due to their details. Bonaparte attached the greatest importance to those documents, generally drawing them up himself, or correcting them, when written by another hand, if the composition did not please him.

It must be confessed, that at that time nothing so much flattered self-love as being mentioned in a bulletin. Bonaparte was well aware of this; he knew that to insert a name in a bulletin, was conferring a great honour, and that its exclusion was a severe disappointment. General Berthier, to whom I had expressed a strong desire to examine the works of the siege, took me over them; but, notwithstanding his promise of secrecy, he men-

Sir Sidney Smith

Drawn by J. Cawse from the Original Bust by Richard Westmacott Junr. R.A.

Sidney Smith

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tioned the circumstance to the general-in-chief, who had desired me not to approach the works. "What did you go there for?" said Bonaparte to me, with some severity; "that is not your place." I replied, that Berthier told me that no assault would take place that day; and he believed, there would be no sortie, as the garrison had made one the preceding evening. "What matters that? There might have been another. Those who have nothing to do in such places are always the first victims. Let every man mind his own business. Wounded or killed, I would not even have noticed you in the bulletin. You would have been laughed at, and that justly."

Bonaparte, not having at this time experienced reverses, having continually proceeded from triumph to triumph, confidently anticipated the taking of St. Jean d'Acre. In his letters to the generals in Egypt, he fixed the 25th of April for the accomplishment of that event. He reckoned that the grand assault against the tower could not be made before that day; it took place, however, twenty-four hours sooner. "The slightest circumstances produce the greatest events," said Napoleon, according to the memorial of St. Helena; "had St. Jean d'Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world." And again, "The fate of the east lay in that small town." This idea is not one which he first began to entertain at St. Helena; he often repeated the very same words at St. Jean d'Acre. On the shore of Ptolemais gigantic projects agitated him, as, doubtless, regret for not having carried them into execution tormented him at St. Helena.

Almost every evening Bonaparte and myself used to walk together, at a little distance from the sea-shore. The day after the unfortunate assault of the 8th of May, Bonaparte, afflicted at seeing the blood of so many brave men uselessly shed, said to me, "Bourrienne, I see that this wretched place has cost me a number of men, and wasted much time. But things are too far advanced not to attempt a last effort. If I succeed, as I expect, I shall find in the town the pasha's treasures, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will stir up and arm the people of Syria, who are disgusted at the ferocity of Djezzar, and who, as you know, pray for his destruction at every assault. I shall then march upon Damascus and Aleppo. On advancing into the country, the discontented will flock round my standard, and swell my army. I will announce to the people the abolition of servitude, and of the tyrannical governments of the pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with large masses of soldiery. I shall overturn the Turkish empire, and found, in the east, a new and grand empire, which will fix my place in the records of posterity. Perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople, or by Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." After I had made some observations, which these grand projects naturally suggested, he replied, "What! do you

not see that the Druses only wait for the fall of Acre, to rise in rebellion? Have not the keys of Damascus already been offered me? I only stay till these walls fall, because, until then, I can derive no advantage from this large town. By the operation which I meditate, I cut off all kind of succour from the beys, and secure the conquest of Egypt. I will have Desaix nominated commander-in-chief; but if I do not succeed in the last assault I am about to attempt, I set off directly. Time presses. I shall not be at Cairo before the middle of June. The winds will then be favourable for ships bound to Egypt from the north. Constantinople will send troops to Alexandria and Rosetta. I must be there. As for the army, which will arrive afterwards by land, I do not fear it this year. I will cause every thing to be destroyed, all the way to the entrance of the desert. I will render the passage of an army impossible for two years. Troops cannot exist amidst ruins."

As soon as I returned to my tent, I committed to paper this conversation, which was then quite fresh in my memory; and I may venture to say, that every word I put down is correct. It is but right to add, that during the siege our camp was constantly filled with the inhabitants, who invoked Heaven to favour our arms, and prayed fervently at every assault for our success, many of them on their knees, with their faces to the city. It is also true that the people of Damascus had offered the keys to Bonaparte. Thus every thing contributed to make him confident in his favourite plan.

The Druses, on whom Bonaparte reckoned so much, and who are commonly regarded as half Christians, adorers of the cross, and descendants of the crusaders, are neither one nor the other. This error has been again advanced in a recent work, where they are called a Christian population. My own opinions entirely agree with those of a judicious writer, whose accounts respecting the east never deceive, while M. Savary's are mere romances. We learned at Cairo, that he got up his travels seated very comfortably in his chamber, from information the most extraordinary and absurd; and that when he says, "I saw such and such a thing—I spoke to this or that sheik"—he saw nothing, and spoke to nobody.

The Druses, who inhabit that part of Syria situated between the river Rab and the valley of Beyac, as far as Sour, are a sect of Mussulmans, formed at the commencement of the eleventh century. They consider it useless to fast, pray, circumcise, to perform pilgrimages, or to observe festivals; that prohibitions from tasting pork or wine are absurd, and that marriages between brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters, are not unlawful, though few of the kind occur among them. In the first part of the seventeenth century, the Emir of the Druses, Fakr-el-Din, commonly called Fakardin, went to Florence, to the court of Medici, to solicit assistance against the Turks,

which, after some time, was promised. Pains were then taken to discover who were the Druses, and what was their religion—a religion so equivocal, that no one knew whether it was Christian or Mussulman. The crusades were then recurred to, and it was imagined that a people, seeking refuge in the mountains, and hostile to the Turks, must he a race of crusaders. Fakr-el-Din confirmed a prejudice which favoured his purpose, and had, besides, the address to claim a relationship with the house of Lorrain. The learned in etymologies, dazzled by the resemblance of names, would have it that Druses and Dreux are exactly one and the same thing, and on this foundation built the story of a supposed French colony, established in Lebanon, under a Count de Dreux. This fable, however, cannot be sustained, as Benjamin of Toledo mentions the Druses before the time of the crusades. Besides, the Druses speak pure Arabic, without the mixture of any European language. The true derivation of the word is from the founder of the sect, Mohammed-ben-Ismael, surnamed Eldorzi.

The troops left St. Jean d'Acre on the 20th of May, taking advantage of the night to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to conceal the retreat of the army, which had to march three leagues along the shore, exposed to the fire of the English vessels, lying in the roads of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick commenced on the 18th and 19th of May.

Bonaparte then made a proclamation, which, from one end to the other, offends against truth. It has been published in many works. The season of the year for hostile landing is there very dexterously placed in the foreground; all the rest is a deceitful exaggeration. It must be observed that the proclamations which Bonaparte regarded as calculated to dazzle an ever too credulous public, were amplifications often ridiculous and incomprehensible, upon the spot, and which only excited the laughter of men of common sense. In all Bonaparte's correspondence there is an endeavour to disguise his reverses, and impose on the public, and even on his own generals. For example, he wrote to General Dugna, commandant of Cairo, on the 15th of February, "I will bring you plenty of prisoners and flags!" One would almost be inclined to say, that he had resolved during his stay in the east, thus to pay a tribute to the country of fables.

We proceeded along the Mediterranean, and passed Mount Carmel. Some of the wounded were carried on litters, the remainder on horses, mules, and camels. At a short distance from Mount Carmel, we were informed that three soldiers, ill of the plague, who were left in a convent which served for an hospital, and abandoned too confidentially to the generosity of the Turks, had been barbarously put to death.

A most intolerable thirst, the total want of water, an excessive heat, and a fatiguing march over burning sand-hills, quite

disheartened the men, and made every generous sentiment give way to feelings of the grossest selfishness, and most shocking indifference. I saw officers, with their limbs amputated, thrown off the litters, whose removal in that way had been ordered, and who had themselves given money to recompense the bearers. I saw the amputated, the wounded, the infected, or those only suspected of infection, deserted and left to themselves. The march was illumined by torches, lighted for the purpose of setting fire to the little towns, villages, and hamlets, which lay in the route, and the rich crops with which the land was then covered. The whole country was in a blaze. Those who were ordered to preside at this work of destruction, seemed eager to spread desolation on every side, as if they could thereby avenge themselves for their reverses, and find in such dreadful havoc an alleviation of their sufferings. We were constantly surrounded by plunderers, incendiaries, and the dying who, stretched on the sides of the road, implored assistance in a feeble voice, saying, "I am not infected—I am only wounded; and to convince those whom they addressed, they reopened their old wounds, or inflicted on themselves fresh ones. Still nobody attended to them. "It is all over with him," was the observation applied to the unfortunate beings in succession, while every one pressed onward. The sun, which shone in an unclouded sky in all its brightness, was often darkened by our conflagrations. On our right lay the sea; on our left, and behind us, the desert made by ourselves; before were the privations and sufferings which awaited us. Such was our true situation.

We reached Tentoura on the 20th of May, when a most oppressive heat prevailed, and produced general dejection. We had nothing to sleep on, but the parched and burning sand; on our left lay a hostile sea; our losses in wounded and sick were already considerable, since leaving Acre; and there was nothing consolatory in the future. The truly afflicting condition, in which the remains of an army, called *triumphant*, were plunged, produced, as might well be expected, a corresponding impression on the mind of the general-in-chief. Scarcely had he arrived at Tentoura, when he ordered his tent to be pitched. He then called me, and with a mind occupied by the calamities of our situation, dictated an order that every one should march on foot; and that all the horses, mules, and camels, should be given up to the wounded, the sick, and infected, who had been removed, and who still showed signs of life. "Carry that to Berthier," said he; and the order was instantly despatched. Scarcely had I returned to the tent, when Vigogne, the general-in-chief's equerry, entered, and, raising his hand to his cap, said, "General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?" In the state of excitation in which Bonaparte was, this question irritated him so violently, that, raising his whip, he gave the equerry a severe blow on the head, saying, in a terrible voice,

"Every one must go on foot, you rascal—I the first. Do you not know the order? Be off."

Every one in parting with his horse was now anxious to avoid giving it to any unfortunate individual supposed to be suffering from plague. Much pains were taken to ascertain the nature of the diseases of the sick; and no difficulty was made in accommodating the wounded or amputated. For my part, I had an excellent horse, a mule, and two camels, all which I gave up with the greatest pleasure; but I confess that I directed my servant to do all he could to prevent an infected person from getting my horse. It was returned to me in a very short time. The same thing happened to many others. The reason may be easily conjectured.

The remains of our heavy artillery were lost in the moving sands of Tentoura, from the want of horses, the small number that remained being employed in more indispensable services. The soldiers seemed to forget their own sufferings, plunged in grief at the loss of their bronze guns, often the instruments of their triumphs, and which had made Europe tremble.

We halted at Cæsarea on the 22d of May, and we marched all the following night. Towards daybreak, a man, concealed in a bush, upon the left of the road (the sea was two paces from us on the right), fired a musket almost close to the head of the general-in-chief, who was sleeping on his horse. I was beside him. The wood being searched, the Naplousian was taken without difficulty, and ordered to be shot on the spot. Four guides pushed him towards the sea, by thrusting their carbines against his back; when close to the water's edge they drew the triggers, but all the four muskets hung fire: a circumstance which was accounted for by the great humidity of the night. The Naplousian threw himself into the water, and swimming with great agility and rapidity, gained a ridge of rocks so far off, that not a shot from the whole troop, which fired as it passed, reached him. Bonaparte, who continued his march, desired me to wait for Kleber, whose division formed the rear-guard, and to tell him not to forget the Naplousian. The poor fellow was, I believe, shot at last.

We returned to Jaffa on the 24th of May, and stopped there during the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. This town had lately been the scene of a horrible transaction, dictated by necessity, and it was again destined to witness the exercise of the same dire law. Here I have a severe duty to perform—I will perform it. I will state what I know, what I saw.

I have seen the following passage in a certain work:—"Bonaparte, having arrived at Jaffa, ordered three removals of the infected: one by sea, to Damietta, and also by land: the second, to Gazah; and the third, to El-Arish!" So many words, so many errors!

Some tents were pitched on an eminence near the gardens

east of Jaffa. Orders were given directly to undermine the fortifications and blow them up; and on the 27th of May, upon the signal being given, the town was in a moment laid bare. An hour afterwards, the general-in-chief left his tent and repaired to the town, accompanied by Berthier, some physicians and surgeons, and his usual staff. I was also one of the party. A long and sad deliberation took place on the question which now arose relative to the men who were incurably ill of the plague, or who were at the point of death. After a discussion of the most serious and conscientious kind, it was decided to accelerate a few moments, by a potion, a death which was inevitable, and which would otherwise be painful and cruel.

Bonaparte took a rapid view of the destroyed ramparts of the town, and returned to the hospital; where there were men whose limbs had been amputated, many wounded, many afflicted with ophthalmia, whose lamentations were distressing, and some infected with the plague. The beds of the last description of patients were to the right on entering the first hall. I walked by the general's side, and I assert that I never saw him touch any one of the infected. And why should he have done so? They were in the last stage of the disease. Not one of them spoke a word to him, and Bonaparte well knew that he possessed no protection against the plague. Is Fortune to be again brought forward here? She had, in truth, little favoured him during the last few months when he had trusted to her favours. I ask, why should he have exposed himself to certain death, and have left his army in the midst of a desert created by our ravages, in a desolate town, without succour, and without the hope of ever receiving any? Would he have acted rightly in doing so?—he who was evidently so necessary, so indispensable, to his army; —he, on whom depended at that moment the lives of all who had survived the last disaster, and who had proved their attachment to him by their sufferings, their privations, and their unshaken courage, and who had done all that he could have required of men, and whose only trust was in him.

Bonaparte walked quickly through the rooms, tapping the yellow top of his boot with a whip he held in his hand. As he passed along with hasty steps he repeated these words: "The fortifications are destroyed. Fortune was against me at Saint Jean d'Acre. I must return to Egypt to preserve it from the enemy, who will soon be there.—In a few hours the Turks will be here. Let all those who have strength enough, rise, and come along with us. They shall be carried on litters and horses." There were scarcely sixty cases of plague in the hospital; and all accounts stating a greater number, are exaggerated. The perfect silence, complete dejection, and general stupor of the patients, announced their approaching end. To carry them away in the state in which they were, would evidently have been doing nothing else than inoculating the rest of

the army with the plague. I have, it is true, learned, since my return to Europe, that some persons touched the infected with impunity; nay, that others went so far as to inoculate themselves with the plague, in order to learn how to cure those whom it might attack. It certainly was a special protection from Heaven to be preserved from it; but to cover in some degree the absurdity of such a story, it is added that they knew how to *elude* the danger, and that any one else who braved it, without using precautions, met with death for their temerity. This is, in fact, the whole point of the question. Either those privileged persons took indispensable precautions, and in that case their boasted heroism is a mere juggler's trick, or they touched the infected without using precautions, and inoculated themselves with the plague, thus voluntarily encountering death, and then the story is really a good one.

The infected were confided, it has been stated, to the head apothecary of the army, Roger, who, dying in Egypt three years after, carried the secret with him to the grave. But on a moment's reflection, it will be evident that the leaving of Roger alone in Jaffa, would have been to devote to certain death, and that a prompt and cruel one, a man who was extremely useful to the army, and who was at the time in perfect health. It must be remembered that no guard could be left with him, and that the Turks were close at our heels. Bonaparte truly said, while walking through the rooms of the hospital, that the Turks would be at Jaffa in a few hours. With this conviction, would he have left the head apothecary in that town?

People can never have enough, it would seem, of conquests, glory, and brilliant deeds; but, unfortunately, their share of misery must be taken along with them. The sounding boasts of glory and of triumph are preferred to the simple words of peace and happiness; let it not be forgotten that to those proud pretensions peace and happiness must often be sacrificed. Before fixing the stigma of cruelty on a military chief, who is precipitated by reverses and disastrous circumstances into fatal extremities, we ought first to place ourselves in his identical position, and then ask, with the hand on the heart, whether we could have acted otherwise. If we could not, it becomes us then to pity him, who was forced to do that, which will always be revolting; but at the same time, we ought to acquit him. Victory, it must be frankly avowed, is never acquired, and can never be acquired, but by such deeds of horror, or others of a like nature.

The official report of what passed at Jaffa was drawn up by Berthier, under the eye of Bonaparte. It has been published; but it may be remarked, that not a word about the infected, not a word of the visit to the hospital, or the touching of the plague-patients with impunity, is there mentioned. In no official report is any thing said about the matter. Why this silence?

Bonaparte was no the man to conceal a fact which would have afforded him so excellent and so allowable a text for talking about his fortune. If the infected were removed, why not mention it? Why be silent on so important an event? But it would have been necessary to confess, that the being obliged to have recourse to so painful a measure, was the unavoidable consequence of this unfortunate expedition. Very disagreeable details must have been entered into; and it was thought more advisable to be silent on the subject.

I am not unaware that there are several versions of this transaction, which might at once have been frankly avowed, showing at the same time that indispensable and cruel necessity impelled to it. For my part, I have just related what I believed to have been true at that time, and what I believe true at the present. I cannot say that I saw the potion administered. I should state an untruth if I did. I cannot name any person concerned in the matter, without hazarding a misrepresentation. But I well know that the decision was formed after that deliberation, which was due to so important a measure, that the order was given, and that the infected are dead. What! shall that which formed the subject of the whole conversation of the head-quarters, on the day after leaving Jaffa, and was spoken of without any question of its reality; which was regarded by us as a dreadful but unavoidable misfortune; which was never mentioned in the army but as a fact, of which there was no doubt, and only the details of which were inquired after—I appeal to every honourable man who was present for the truth of what I state—shall that, I say, be now stigmatized as a malignant calumny fabricated to injure the reputation of a hero, who, were this the only reproach that might be addressed to him, would go down with little blemish on his character, to posterity?

But what did Napoleon himself say on the subject, at St. Helena? His statement there was to the following effect:—"I ordered a consultation as to what was best to be done. The report which was made stated that there were seven or eight men (the question is not about the number) so dangerously ill that they could not live beyond twenty-four hours, and would besides infect the rest of the army with the plague. It was thought it would be an act of charity to anticipate their death a few hours." [Then comes the fable of the five hundred men of the rear-guard, who, it is pretended, saw them die.] "I make no doubt that the story of the poisoning was the invention of Den——. He was a babbler, who understood a story badly, and repeated it worse. I do not think it would have been a crime to have given opium to the infected. On the contrary, it would have been obedience to the dictates of reason. Where is the man, who would not, in such a situation, have preferred a prompt death, to being exposed to the lingering tortures inflicted by barbarians? If my child, and I believe I love him as much

as any father does his, had been in such a state, my advice would have been the same; if I had been among the infected myself, I should have demanded to be so treated."

Such was the reasoning at St. Helena, and such was the view which he and every one else took of the case twenty years ago, at Jaffa.*

* M. de Bourrienne's description of the extraordinary scene in the hospital of Jaffa, does not precisely correspond with that given by some other writers. The reader may feel interested in comparing it with the account given by the Duke de Rovigo in his Memoirs. It is as follows:

"The hospital contained many soldiers who were in a state bordering upon madness, much more owing to the terror which the malady inspired, than to the intensity of the pain. General Bonaparte determined to restore them to their wonted energy. He paid them a visit, reproached them for giving way to dejection, and yielding to chimerical fears; and in order to convince them, by the most obvious proof, that their apprehensions were groundless, he desired that the bleeding tumour of one of the soldiers should be uncovered before him, and pressed it with his own hand. This act of heroism restored confidence to the sick, who no longer thought their case desperate. Each one recruited his remaining strength, and prepared to quit a place which, but a moment before, he had expected never to leave. A grenadier, upon whom the plague had made greater ravages, could hardly raise himself from his bed. The general perceiving this, addressed to him a few encouraging words. "You are right, general," replied the warrior; "your grenadiers are not made to die in an hospital." Affected at the courage displayed by these unfortunate men, who were exhausted by uneasiness of mind no less than by the complaint, General Bonaparte would not quit them until he saw them all placed upon camels and the other means of transport at the disposal of the army. These, however, being found inadequate, he made a requisition for the officers' horses, delivered up his own, and, finding one of them missing, he sent for the groom, who was keeping it for his master, and hesitated to give it up. The general growing impatient at this excess of zeal, darted a threatening look; the whole stud was placed at the disposal of the sick; and yet it is this very act of magnanimity which the perverseness of human nature has delighted in distorting. I feel ashamed to advert to so atrocious a calumny; but the man, whose simple assertion was found sufficient to give it currency, has not been able to stifle it by his subsequent disavowal. I must, therefore, descend to the task of proving the absurdity of the charge. I do not wish to urge, as an argument, the absolute want of medicines to which the army was reduced by the rapacity of an apothecary; nor the indignation felt by General Bonaparte, when he learned that this wretch, instead of employing his camels to transport pharmaceutic preparations, had loaded them with provisions, upon which he expected to derive a profit. The necessity to which we were driven of using roots as a substitute for opium, is a fact known to the whole army. Supposing, however, that opium had been as plentiful as it was scarce, and that General Bonaparte could have contemplated the expedient attributed to him, where could there be found a man sufficiently determined in mind, or so lost to the feelings of human nature, as to force open the jaws of fifty wretched men on the point of death, and thrust a deadly preparation down their throats? The most intrepid soldier turned pale at the sight of an infected person; the warmest heart dared not relieve a friend afflicted with the plague; and is it to be credited, that brutal ferocity could execute what the noblest feelings recoiled at? or that there should have been a creature savage or mad enough to sacrifice his own life, in order to enjoy the satisaction of hastening the death of fifty dying men, wholly unknown to him, and against whom he had no complaint to make? The supposition is truly absurd, and only worthy of those who bring it forward in spite of the disavowal of its author."

The above account is confirmed by the statements of M. Desgenettes, the physician, General Andréossy, and M. d'Aure, who, as well as M. de Bourrienne, were present on the occasion referred to.—*Editor.*

Our little army arrived at Cairo on the 14th of June, after a painful and harassing march of twenty-five days. The heat, during the passage of the desert, between El-Arish and Belbeys, exceeded thirty-three degrees. On placing the bulb of the thermometer in the sand, the mercury rose to forty-five degrees. The deceitful mirage was even more vexatious than in the plains of Bohahireh. In spite of our experience, an excessive thirst, added to a perfect illusion, made us goad on our wearied horses towards lakes which vanished at our approach, and left behind nothing but salt and arid sand. In two days my cloak was completely covered with salt, left on it after the evaporation of the moisture, which held it in solution. Our horses, who ran eagerly to the brackish springs of the desert, perished in numbers, after travelling about a quarter of a league from the spots where they drank the deleterious fluid.

The ill success of the campaign of Syria gave rise to unmeasured complaints, and to reflections naturally caused by our situation. "Why," it was asked, "go to meet an army, which was not then in existence? Why, if that army must come some time or other to attack Eygpt, spare it the difficulties and inconveniences of crossing the desert; and why go and besiege that army in its own intrenchments, instead of waiting for it in the plains of Egypt? Was it not known that the sea, which must act so important a part in such an expedition, was the ally of our enemies?" This reasoning would have been unanswerable, had the real object of the expedition only been, what the proclamations and the official documents announced it to be; namely, to annihilate or to weaken the power of the butcher of Syria. But under that pretence was concealed one of those gigantic projects, which the ardent imagination of Bonaparte, and his indefatigable passion for action, was continually generating.

Bonaparte preceded his entry into the capital of Egypt, by one of those lying bulletins, which only imposed on fools. "I will bring with me," said he, "many prisoners and flags. I have razed the palace of the Djezzar and the ramparts of Acre—not a stone remains upon another. All the inhabitants have left the city by sea. Djezzar is severely wounded."

I confess that I experienced a painful sensation, in writing, by his dictation, these official words, every one of which was an imposition. Excited by all I had just witnessed, it was difficult for me to refrain from making some observation; but his constant reply was, "My dear fellow, you are a simpleton: you do not understand this business." And he observed, when signing the bulletin, that he would fill the world with admiration, and inspire historians and poets.

Our return to Cairo has been attributed to the insurrections which broke out during the unfortunate expedition into Syria. Nothing is more incorrect. The term insurrection cannot be *properly* applied to the foolish enterprises of the angel El-

Mahhady, in the Bohahireh, or to the less important disturbances in the Sharkyeh. The reverses experienced before St. Jean d'Acre, the fear, or rather the prudent anticipation of a hostile landing, were sufficient motives, and the only ones, for our return to Egypt. What more could we do in Syria, but lose men and time, neither of which the general had to spare?

CHAPTER XXI.

1799.

Bonaparte's talent for expressing his ideas—His notes on Egypt.

Of all the historical works handed down to us by antiquity, those rare and precious books are the most entitled to our regard, which have been produced in the leisure hours of superior men, who were gifted not only with the genius to conceive and execute great designs, but also with the art of suitably describing them. In the first rank of such works are to be placed Xenophon's "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," and Cæsar's "Commentaries." Bonaparte, whose name may, without flattery, be here introduced, after those two great men, excelled in the art of giving expression to his thought. This opinion, held by all those who were for any length of time near him and attended to the development of his grand ideas, will be adopted, I am persuaded, by every one who has read the examples of this faculty which I have already given, and who shall read the chapter I am now commencing. I may be permitted to say this, as the work I am about to insert is Bonaparte's, and not mine. I have merely ventured to add a note or two to his comprehensive and elevated views.

It was during the time which elapsed, between our return to Cairo and our departure for the Pyramids, that Bonaparte wrote his "Notes on Egypt." I have preserved the modest title of "Notes," because it was that which Bonaparte himself gave to his observations. He did not dictate these notes to me, but wrote them himself, and with a great deal of care. I have only part of the autograph manuscript in my possession, and I know not what has become of the rest: but the copy which I made in Cairo, from the original, is corrected in many places by the general's own hand, and I can assure the reader that there is not a word inserted which is not his.

NOTES.

I. Egypt is properly only the valley of the Nile, from Assuan to the sea.*

II. There are no habitable and cultivated spots, except where the inundation reaches, and where it deposits a slime, which the Nile washes down from the Abyssinian mountains. The analysis of this slime yields carbon.

III. The desert only produces some bushes, which serve towards the subsistence of camels. No man can live in the desert.

IV. Nothing so much resembles the sea as the desert, and a coast as the boundary of the Nile. The inhabitants of the villages, situated there, are exposed to frequent incursions of the Arabs.

V. The Mamelukes held possession of the villages as fiefs. Well armed and well mounted, they repelled the Arabs, of whom they were the terror. Yet they were by far too few to guard that immense line.

VI. This is the reason why each frontier, each road, is protected by Arab tribes, of the province, armed and mounted, who are obliged to repel the aggressions of foreign Arabs. On this account, they have villages, lands, and privileges.

VII. Thus when the government is powerful, the domiciliated Arabs fear it, and remain at peace; and Egypt is then almost entirely free from any danger of foreign incursion.

VIII. But when the government is weak, the Arabs revolt. Then they quit their lands, to rove about the desert, and unite with foreign Arabs, to pillage the country, into the adjoining provinces of which they make incursions.

IX. The foreign Arabs do not live in the desert, because the desert cannot support them. They live in Arabia, in Africa, and Asia. They learn that there is anarchy: they quit their country—traverse the desert, for twelve or fifteen days—establish themselves at some point on its frontiers—and thence proceed to ravage the interior of Egypt.†

X. The desert is sandy. Wells are rare, and their waters are scanty, and generally dirty, brackish, or sulphurous. There are, however, few routes in which wells are not to be met with once in thirty hours.

XI. Camels are employed to carry the water that is wanted, in leathern bottles. One camel can carry water sufficient to serve a hundred Frenchmen for a whole day.

XII. We have said that Egypt is merely the valley of the Nile: the soil of the valley was originally the same as that which surrounds

* Abd-el-Rachid-el-Backery, an Arabian geographer, who wrote a work in the year 815 of the Hegira, and 1412 of the common era, reckons the length of Egypt, from El-Arish to Assuan, and its breadth from Eylah to Bargah.

† The Arabs in general, but particularly those of the desert, scarcely know the name of the prophet and the Koran. They say that the religion of the prophet was not made for them, "for how," say they, "can we make ablutions who have no water? How bestow alms when we are not rich? Why keep the fast of the Rhamadan, when we fast all the year? And why go to Mecca, since *God is every* where?"

it; but the overflowings of the Nile, and the slime which they deposit, have rendered the valley through which that river flows, one of the most fertile and habitable portions of the globe.

XIII. The Nile rises in Messidor, and the inundation begins in Fructidor. All the country is then overflowed, and communications are difficult. The villages are situated at an elevation of sixteen or eighteen feet. A small road forms, sometimes, a communication; but often there is merely a narrow path for this purpose.

XIV. The Nile rises, more or less, in proportion to the degree of rain which falls in Abyssinia; but the inundation also depends on the irrigating canals.

XV. The Nile has, at present, only two branches, those of Rosetta and Damietta. If those two branches could be blocked up, so as to allow as little water as possible to flow into the sea, the inundation would be greater and more extensive, and the habitable country would be enlarged.

XVI. If the canals were well cleared, taken care of, and more numerous, it would be possible to retain the water in the grounds during the greater part of the year, and thereby to augment, to a certain degree, the valley and habitable country. In this manner have the oasis of Sharkyeh and part of the desert beyond Pelusium been irrigated; and all Bohahireh, Mangoutt, and the provinces of Alexandria, peopled and cultivated.

XVII. By a well-arranged system, the result of a good government, Egypt might be increased to the extent of eight or nine hundred leagues square.*

XVIII. If it be probable that the Nile once flowed into the Waterless River, which extends from Fayoum to the middle of the Natron Lake, and terminates at the sea, beyond the Arab's Tour, it would

* I ascertained from a calculation made in Egypt with the greatest care, that this country, which at present has only about a thousand leagues square of cultivated land, had formerly more than two thousand. The population which now is not above two millions, in ancient times exceeded eight millions. The sand has invaded the fertile soil. The action of the sand may not inaptly be compared to a cancer. It eats up all before it. The neglect of the irrigating canals, has augmented the evil. As to the population, it must have fallen off with the diminution of cultivation; but the extreme wretchednes which prevails' is a still more powerful cause of depopulation. The appearance alone of the children of Cairo, cannot leave a doubt as to the continual decrease of the population. It is really pitiable to behold their looks of misery. Never elsewhere did I meet with so afflicting a spectacle as these little creatures presented. They have the appearance of being constantly struggling against death. The eyes are sunken, the complexion is yellow, the countenance bloated, the belly puffed out, and the extremities wasted. How often have I sighed to see these little unfortunates heaped on one another, squatting naked under walls or gateways; their eyes, mouths, noses, and ears,covered with millions of flies feeding on them, and which, in their state of exhaustion, they do not even attempt to drive away. The mortality of children at Cairo, is inconceivable. I fear that it is the same throughout the rest of Egypt. This mortality would infallibly sweep off the entire population, but for the fecundity of the women, which in some degree establishes the equilibrium between life and death. Struck with the deplorable condition of these children, I obtained tables of the mortality during ten days of the season most favourable to health. The following is the result: Men 31; women 35; children 161—total 227.

then appear that Mœris had stopped up this branch of the Nile, and given rise to that celebrated lake, of which even Herodotus did not know the construction.

XIX. The government has more influence upon public prosperity than in any other country. For anarchy and tyranny have elsewhere no influence upon the course of the seasons and the rain. All land in Egypt might be equally fertile; but a dyke uncut, a canal not cleared, may render a whole province a desert; for seed-time and all the productions of the earth are governed, in Egypt, by the period and the quantity of the inundations.

XX. The government of Egypt having fallen into very negligent hands, during the last fifty years, the country is annually deteriorating in many parts.* The desert has gained on the valley, and has even formed little hills of sand on the banks of the Nile.† Twenty years more of a government, such as that of Ibrahim and Mourad Bey, and Egypt would lose a third of her cultivatable land. It would, perhaps, be very easy to prove that fifty years of a government, such as that of France, England, Germany, or Italy, would triple the amount of cultivation and population. Men would not be wanting for the soil, for they abound on all the coasts of Africa and Arabia.

XXI. The Nile, from Assuan until within three leagues north of Cairo, flows in a single branch. At this point, which is called the Cow's Belly, it divides into the branches of Rosetta and Damietta.‡

XXII. The waters of the Damietta branch have a marked tendency to flow into that of Rosetta. It ought to be a principle of our administration in Egypt, to aid this tendency, which is advantageous to Alexandria, and favourable to all the direct communications with Europe.

XXIII. Were the dyke of Fara or Nysh cut, the province of Bohahireh would gain two hundred villages, and that, with the canal which comes from Fayoum, would approximate the inundation and the cultivation to the walls of Alexandria. This operation, however, would do the greatest injury to the provinces of Sharkyeh, Damietta, and Massourah; its execution ought, therefore, to be delayed till a favourable moment. But it must be done some day.

XXIV. The canal which conveys the waters of the Nile from Ramahanyeh to Alexandria, ought to be deepened, so as to render it navigable throughout the year. Vessels of a hundred ton, might, during six months of the year, go from Alexandria to Cairo and Assuan, without passing any boghaz.

XXV. A work, which will one day be undertaken, will be to build dykes across the Damietta and Rosetta branches, at the Cow's Belly. By the aid of dams, all the waters of the Nile might thus be made to flow successively to the east and west, and thereby the inundation would be doubled.

* This was written in 1799. Since that time affairs appear to have had a tendency towards amelioration.

† I remarked that the violence of the south-west and west winds, carry across the Rosetta branch a vast quantity of sand, which annually spreads over the rich and beautiful province of Menoaffyeh.

‡ The greatest width of the valley of the Nile, from the entrance of the river into Egypt to Cairo, is not four leagues, and its smallest width is at least one league.

XXVI. During the inundation of the Nile, the waters reach to within seven leagues of Suez. The remains of the canal are to be seen in perfect preservation; and there is no doubt that vessels may yet convey goods from Suez to Alexandria.

XXVII. We have stated that Egypt is, properly speaking, the valley of the Nile. However, a great portion of the deserts which surround it form also part of Egypt, and in these deserts there are oases, as there are islands in the sea. On the western side, the deserts, which form part of Egypt, extend ten or twelve days' march from the waters of the Nile. The principal points are the three Syrahs oases and the Natron lakes. The first oasis is three days' journey from Syouth. There is no water to be met with on the route. In this oasis there are palm-trees, some wells of brackish water, and some ground capable of cultivation. Malignant fevers prevail here almost constantly.*

XXVIII. To go from Cairo to Tedigat, which is the first cultivated ground, requires thirty days through the desert. Five of these days are passed without finding water.

XXIX. The Natron lakes are situated at twelve hours' journey in the desert of Tarranneh. Excellent water is found there; also several lakes, and four convents of Cophts. The convents are fortresses. We have furnished them with Greek garrisons, and several pieces of cannon.

XXX. On the eastern side the deserts, which belong to Egypt extend to within a day's journey of El-Arish, and to beyond Tor and Mount Sinai. Quattyyeh is a kind of oasis. It contains five or six hundred palm-trees, water for six thousand men and a thousand horses, and is five leagues distant from Salehyeh. Water is met with twice on the road in small quantities. We have established a fort of palms on this important oasis.

XXXI. From Quattyyeh to El-Arish the distance is twenty leagues. El-Arish is an oasis. There was a very fine village here, which we demolished, and five or six thousand palm-trees which we cut down. The quantity of water, and the quantity of materials, together with the importance of the situation, have induced us to establish a fortress here, which is already in a respectable state of defence. From El-Arish to Gaza is a distance of sixteen leagues; water is met with several times. From Gaza the road proceeds to the village of Kan-you-Nesse.†

XXXII. Tor and Mount Sinai are ten days' journey from Cairo. The Arabs of Tor cultivate fruits, and make charcoal. They bring corn from Cairo. In this oasis the water is every where good, and abundant.

XXXIII The whole population of Fellahs, or Arabs, who inhabit the oasis, both of the eastern and western deserts, not comprised in the fourteen provinces, does not amount to thirty thousand.

XXXIV. The valley of the Nile is divided into Upper Egypt, Middle Egypt, and Lower Egypt. Upper Egypt contains the pro-

* The great oasis of Jupiter Ammon is on the west bank of the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It is by mistake Bonaparte is made to say that this oasis is situated on the right bank of that branch.

† A Syrian village.

vinces of Girgeh, Manfelout, and Mynieh. Middle Egypt comprises Fayoum, Beni-youcef, and Cairo. Lower Egypt includes Bohahireh, Alexandria, Rosetta, Garbiyyeh, Minoufiyyeh, Manssourah, Damietta, Kalyoubieh, and Sharkyeh.

XXXV. The coast extends from Cape Durazzo to within a day's journey of El-Arish. The first post where we had an establishment is Marabout, situated two leagues west of Alexandria. The ports of Alexandria are defended by a great number of batteries and forts, which secure them against any attack by sea or land. Fort Cretin is a model in fortification. Aboukir, situated about five leagues to the east of Alexandria, has a good road. Lake Maadyeh, where the branch of the Nile called the Canopic formerly flowed, extends to within one league of Alexandria, and two of Rosetta; and on the south, to within a league of Birkett. There is a boghaz in the mouth of the Rosetta branch, which it is not easy to pass. From Rosetta to Bourlos, the distance is five leagues. The lake of Bourlos is navigated by a hundred dejerms, and communicates with Mehel-el-Kebir by a canal. The mouth of the lake makes a very good port, having from ten to twelve feet depth of water. The mouth of the Damietta branch is defended by fort Lesbé. Lake Menzahleh, which extends to the ancient Pelusium, that is to say, a distance of twenty-five leagues, commences within half a league of Damietta. It has two mouths, namely, Dybeh and Farege. There is a great number of boats on this lake. The canal of Moez enters this lake a league below San.* Tineh, or the ancient Pelusium, is four leagues distant from Quattyyeh. We have already stated the distance of Quattyyeh from El-Arish. The banks are every where low and bad. Hills of sand extend for a league at least, and often for two or three leagues.

XXXVI. The population of Egypt is two millions five hundred thousand. The Arabs, who are domiciliated, and under the protection of government, in the different provinces, form a total of twelve thousand cavalry, and forty thousand infantry. There are about eighty thousand Cophts, fifty thousand Damascan Christians, and six thousand Jews.

XXXVII. The Porte had abandoned the government of Egypt to twenty-four beys, each of whom maintained a military establishment, more or less numerous. These establishments were formed by Georgian and Circassian slaves, whom they purchased at an expense of from three thousand to four thousand five hundred francs, and trained to military service. There might be, opposed to our army, eight thousand Mamelukes, all well mounted, well exercised, well armed, and very brave, belonging to the reigning beys. We may estimate the descendants of other Mamelukes, established in the villages, or living in Cairo, at double this number.

* Here General Andréossy found an antique cameo of Augustus, which was presented to Bonaparte. At St. Helena, however, Bonaparte stated that he had found the cameo, and that a striking resemblance between the head of Augustus and his had been discovered by Denon. Napoleon alleges that he gave the cameo to Andréossy, but upon Denon's discovery got it back again, and afterwards sent it to Josephine. The official report of General Andréossy made at the time, proves, however, that he was the real finder.

XXXVIII. The Pasha possessed no authority whatever. He was changed every year, like the Kadi-askier, who is sent by the Porte. There were besides, in Egypt, seven corps of auxiliaries, which have been so thinned by war, that now there exist but a thousand of them, old and infirm, without masters, except a few who are attached to the French army.

XXXIX. The Sherifs are the descendants of the tribe of the successors of Mahomet, or rather the descendants of the first conquerors of the country. They wear green turbans.

The Ulemas belong to the law and the church, but bear no resemblance to our judges or churchmen.

The head of the Ulemas of Cairo is called the Grand Sheik. He is regarded by the people with a veneration equal to that which was formerly paid to cardinals in Europe. These Ulemas say prayers in the mosques, and by this practice acquire a little revenue, and a great deal of consideration.

The great mosque of Cairo, called El-Azhar, is a large and handsome building, and has attached to it a great number of ulemas, of whom twenty-four are principal.

(Here Bonaparte's notes cease to be numbered.)

There are a great many coffee-houses in Cairo, where the people spend most of the day in smoking.

Beggars and travellers take up their quarters in the mosques at night, and during the heat of the day.

There are a vast number of public baths, to which the women resort to bathe, and repeat the gossip of the city.

The mosques are endowed like our churches.

The villages of Egypt are fiefs belonging to any person on whom the prince may bestow them. In consequence, there is a kind of tax the peasant is obliged to pay the superior.

The peasants are, however, the actual proprietors of the soil, for their possession is respected; and in the midst of all the revolutions and commotions, their privileges are not infringed.

Thus there are but two classes of people in Egypt, the occupiers of the soil, or peasants, and the feudal lords or superiors.

Two-thirds of the villages were appropriated to the Mamelukes, to defray the expenses of the government. The miri, properly so called, and which is but a moderate impost, was collected in the name of the Porte.

The revenues of the republic are of five kinds:—1. Custom duties 2. Various farmed taxes. 3. Miri, the tax of kaschefs and other imposts. 4. The rent, or signorial tax, on two-thirds of Egypt, the republic standing in the place of the former superiors. 5. Custom-duties of Suez, Guosseyr, Boulacq, Alexandria, Damietta, and Rosetta, amounting to between four and five millions.

The miri, the taxes of kaschefs, and the signorial rents, amount to fifteen millions.

The forced contributions amount to two millions. These extortions were one of the chief sources of revenue to the Mamelukes.

Egypt, then, taken altogether, might furnish twenty-four millions to the republic. In time of peace she might yield even thirty; and,

twenty-five years hence, fifty millions might be raised. In this estimate I do not include what may be expected from opening a trade with India. But during war, the suspension of every kind of commerce renders the country poor, and every thing suffers from it.

From our arrival in Messidor to Messidor last, that is, during twelve months, there have been raised in Egypt—500,000 francs in contributions from Alexandria; 150,000 from Rosetta; 150,000 from Damietta; 500,000 from the Cophts of Cairo; 500,000 from the Damascans; 1,000,000 from the Turkish dealers in coffee; 500,000 from different merchants; 500,000 from the Mamelukes' wives; 300,000 from the mint; and 8,500,000 in taxes on lands and professions, or custom-house duties.

These make altogether the sum of 12,100,000 francs.

There were, besides, very considerable sums due from the villages, the collection of which has been prevented by the military operations of the army.

CHAPTER XXII.

1799.

Sir Sydney Smith—Bonaparte's letter to Marmont—Marmont's letter to me—Murat and Murad-Bey at the Natron lakes—Bonaparte's departure for the pyramids—Sudden appearance of an Arab messenger—News of the landing of the Turks at Aboukir—Bonaparte marches against them—They are immediately attacked and destroyed in the battle of Aboukir—Interchange of communication with the English—Sudden determination to return to Europe—Outfit of two frigates—Bonaparte's dissimulation—His pretended journey to the Delta—Generous behaviour of Lanusse—Bonaparte's artifice—His bad treatment of General Kleber.

The offence Sir Sydney Smith had given by preventing the taking of St. Jean d'Acre and the conquest of Syria, and by returning good offices for very bad ones, had engendered in Bonaparte's mind some prejudices which nothing could efface. He believed that, by aspersing his adversary, he disguised his own failures. On the 2d of June, 1799, he wrote to Marmont in the following terms:

Smith is a young fool, who wants to make his fortune, and is continually thrusting himself forward. The best way to punish him is to treat him with silence. He should be dealt with as a captain of a fire-ship. He is, besides, a man capable of any folly, and to whom no able or reasonable project can be attributed. Thus, for example, he would be capable of forming a plan of descent with eight hundred men. He boasts of having entered Alexandria in disguise. I know not whether the fact be true; but it is possible he may have taken advantage of a flag of truce, to enter the city in the disguise of a sailor.

The rear-admiral was a far better man than the picture his enemy has drawn of him. Bravery, a vivid imagination, a generous heart, are surely none of the characteristics of folly.*

On our return to Cairo, I found many letters lying for me: among the rest was one from Marmont, dated from Alexandria. It ran thus:

I send you, my dear friend, a letter addressed to you, and which was enclosed in one from my wife. I trust it may contain good news for you, and that you may have the happiness of hearing your wife and children are well

I have had letters from my poor Hortense. She is uneasy, and impatiently expects me. God send, my friend, that I may soon be able, consistently with my duty, to visit her. If within two months our exertions in the field should terminate, and General Bonaparte still retain the friendship he had for me, I may indulge the hope of

* In this opinion, Napoleon himself, when at St. Helena, concurred, as we find by the following conversation with Mr. O'Meara:

"He spoke of Sir Sydney Smith. 'Sydney Smith,' said he, 'is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He took advantage of the discontent which he found to prevail amongst the French troops, at being so long away from France and other circumstances. He also manifested great honour in sending immediately to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army; if he had kept it a secret seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army necessarily obliged to surrender to the English. He also showed great humanity and honour in all his proceedings towards the French who fell into his hands. He landed at Havre, for some *sottise* of a bet he had made, according to some, to go to the theatre; others said it was for espionage; however that may be, he was arrested and confined in the Temple as a spy; and at one time it was intended to try and execute him. Shortly after I returned from Italy, he wrote to me from his prison, to request that I would intercede for him; but, under the circumstances in which he was taken, I could do nothing for him. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable; but I believe that he is *mezzo pazo*.'

"I asked if Sir Sydney had not displayed great talent and bravery at Acre? Napoleon replied, 'Yes; the chief cause of the failure there was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board of several small vessels. Had it not been for that, I would have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely, and was well seconded by Phillipeaux, a Frenchman of talent, who had studied with me as an engineer. There was a Major Douglas, also, who behaved very gallantly. The acquisition of five or six hundred seamen as cannoniers, was a great advantage to the Turks, whose spirits they revived, and whom they showed how to defend the fortress. But he committed a great fault in making sorties, which cost the lives of two or three hundred brave fellows, without the possibility of success. For it was impossible he could succeed against the number of the French who were before Acre. I would lay a wager that he lost half of his crew in them. He dispersed proclamations amongst my troops, which certainly shook some of them, and I in consequence published an order, stating that he was *mad*, and forbidding all communication with him. Some days after, he sent, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or a midshipman with a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him at some place he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man.'"—*Voice from St. Helena*, vol. i. p. 208. (*Editor.*)

seeing her. It is not a light and frivolous passion, nor a superficial sentiment, makes me thus eager to return to France, but a prudential calculation, which makes me dread evils apparently irreparable. Domestic happiness, the peace of my family, the satisfaction of my own mind, these, my dear Bourrienne, are the only things worth wishing for. These I still possess, but still I risk their loss; and surely I may expect that General Bonaparte, under whose auspices my marriage took place, would wish to render it happy.

Adieu, my dear friend. Remember me a thousand times to Duroc and all my comrades, and believe me yours,

A. Marmont.

Bonaparte had hardly set foot in Cairo, when he was informed that the brave and indefatigable Murad-Bey was descending by the Fayoum, in order to form a junction with reinforcements which had been for some time past collected in the Bohahireh. In all probability this movement of Murad-Bey was the result of news he had received respecting plans formed at Constantinople, and the landing which took place a short time after in the roads of Aboukir. Murad had selected the Natron Lakes for his place of rendezvous. To these lakes Murat was despatched. The bey no sooner got notice of Murat's presence, than he determined to retreat, and to proceed by the desert to Gyzeh and the great pyramids. I certainly never heard, until I returned to France, that he had ascended to the summit of the great pyramid for the purpose of passing his time in contemplating Cairo!

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that Murat might have taken Murad-Bey, had the latter remained four-and-twenty hours longer in the Natron Lakes. Now, the fact is, that, as soon as the bey heard of Murat's arrival he was off. The Arabian spies were far more serviceable to our enemies than to us: we had not, indeed, a single friend in Egypt.

Murad-Bey, on being informed by the Arabs, who acted as couriers for him, that General Desaix was despatching a column from the south of Egypt against him, that the general-in-chief was also about to follow his footsteps along the frontier of Gyzeh, and that the Natron Lakes and the Bohahireh were occupied by forces superior to his own, retired into Fayoum. This movement was only known to some Arabs.

Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of Murad, whom he looked upon as the bravest, the most active, and most dangerous of his enemies in Egypt. As all accounts concurred in stating that Murad, supported by the Arabs, was hovering about the skirts of the desert of the province of Gyzeh, Bonaparte proceeded to the pyramids, there to direct different corps against that able and dangerous partisan. He, indeed, reckoned him so redoubtable, that he wrote to Murat, saying, he wished fortune might reserve for him the honour of putting the seal on the conquest of Egypt by the destruction of this opponent.

On the 14th of July, Bonaparte left Cairo for the pyramids. He intended spending three or four days in examining the ruins of the ancient Necropolis of Memphis; but he was suddenly obliged to alter his plan. This journey to the pyramids, occasioned by the course of war, has given an opportunity for the invention of a little piece of romance. Some ingenious people have related that Bonaparte gave audiences to the mufti and ulemas, and that, on entering one of the great pyramids, he cried out, "Glory to Allah! God only is God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" Now the fact is, that Bonaparte never even entered the great pyramid. He never had any thought of entering it. I certainly should have accompanied him had he done so; for I never quitted his side a single moment in the desert. He caused some persons to enter into one of the great pyramids, while he remained outside, and received from them, on their return, an account of what they had seen. In other words, they informed him there was nothing to be seen!

On the evening of the 15th of July, while we were taking a walk, we perceived, on the road leading from Alexandria, an Arab riding up to us in all haste. He brought to the general-in-chief a despatch from General Marmont, who was intrusted with the command of Alexandria, and who had conducted himself so well, especially during the dreadful ravages of the plague, that he had gained the unqualified approbation of Bonaparte. The Turks had landed on the 11th of July at Aboukir, under the escort and protection of English ships of war. The news of the landing of from fifteen to sixteen thousand men did not surprise Bonaparte, who had for some time expected it. It was not so, however, with the generals most in his favour, whose apprehensions, for reasons which may be conjectured, he had endeavoured to calm. He had even written to Marmont, who, being in the most exposed situation, had the more reason to be vigilant, in these terms:

The army which was to have appeared before Alexandria, and which left Constantinople on the 1st of the Rhamadan, has been destroyed under the walls of Acre. If, however, that mad Englishman (Smith) has embarked the remains of that army, in order to convey them to Aboukir, I do not believe there can be more than two thousand men.

He wrote in the following strain to General Dugna, who had the command of Cairo

The English commander, who has summoned Damietta, is a madman. The combined army they speak of has been destroyed before Acre, where it arrived a fortnight before we left that place.

As soon as he arrived at Cairo, in a letter he despatched to Desaix, he said—

The time has now arrived when disembarkments have become prac-

ticable. I shall lose no time in getting ready. The probabilities, however, are, that none will take place this year.

What other language could he hold, when he had proclaimed, immediately after the raising of the siege of Acre, that he had *destroyed* those fifteen thousand men, who two months after landed at Aboukir?

It was doubtless to confirm this idea, which he endeavoured to impress on every body, that, before his brief excursion to the pyramids, he gave it out that his intention was to visit Upper Egypt. He had a strong desire to inscribe his name upon the marbles of Syenna, beside the names of the ancient conquerors of that country, which has always submitted to whoever attacked it. He seemed to relish this project much, and before his departure for the Lybian Desert, he unceasingly employed himself in making arrangements for this long and interesting journey. Day after day he expressed the regret he should experience were he to leave Egypt without seeing these magnificent ruins. For my part, I was enchanted with the idea: but a something, I know not what, impressed me with the belief that I should never behold Thebes of the hundred palaces.

No sooner had Bonaparte perused the contents of Marmont's letter, than he retired into his tent and dictated to me, until three in the morning, his orders for the departure of the troops, and for the routes he wished to be pursued, during his absence, by the troops who should remain in the interior. At this moment, I observed in him the development of that vigorous character of mind which was excited by obstacles until it overcame them, that celerity of thought which foresaw every thing. He was all action, and never for a moment hesitated. On the 16th of July, at four in the morning, he was on horseback, and the army in full march. I cannot help doing justice to the presence of mind, promptitude of decision, and rapidity of execution, which at this period of his life never deserted him on great occasions.

We reached Ooardan, to the north of Gyzeh, on the evening of the 16th: on the 19th we arrived at Rahahmanieh, and on the 23d at Alexandria, where every preparation was made for that memorable battle, which, though it did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval conflict of the same name, will always recal to the memory of Frenchmen one of the most brilliant achievements of their arms.*

* As M. de Bourrienne gives no details of this memorable battle, the following extract from Rovigo's Memoirs will supply the deficiency:

"He (Bonaparte) no sooner heard of the appearance of the Turkish fleet before Alexandria, than he sent a second order to General Desaix, directing him immediately to bring his division down the country into a position between Cairo and Alexandria, which he pointed out to him. He also left Cairo in the utmost haste, to place himself at the head of the troops which he had ordered to quit their cantonments and march down to the coast.

THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

London: Published by Richard Bentley 1836
Samuel Bentley, Printer.

After the battle, which took place on the 25th of July, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board the English Admiral's ship. Our intercourse was full of politeness; such as might be expected in the communications of the people of two civilized nations. The English admiral gave the flag of truce some presents, in exchange for some we sent, and likewise a copy of the French Gazette of Frankfort, dated 10th of June, 1799. For ten months we had received no news from France. Bonaparte glanced over this journal with an eagerness which may easily be conceived.*

"Whilst General Bonaparte was making these arrangements and coming in person from Cairo, the troops on board the Turkish fleet had effected a landing, and taken possession of the fort of Aboukir, and of a redoubt placed behind the village of that name, which ought to have been put into a state of defence six months before, but had been so completely neglected, that nothing was easier than to ride through the breaches, and through the spaces left by the falling in of the earth, in every direction.

"The Turks had nearly destroyed the weak garrisons that occupied those two military points, when General Marmont, who commanded at Alexandria, came to their relief. This general, seeing the two posts in the power of the Turks, returned to shut himself up in Alexandria, where he would probably have been blockaded by the Turkish army, had it not been for the arrival of General Bonaparte with his forces, who was very angry when he saw that the fort and redoubt had been taken; but, in reality, he did not blame Marmont for retreating to Alexandria: what, indeed, would have been his feelings, on the other hand, had he found this important city exposed to any danger by its garrison being engaged in disputing a barren desert with the Turkish army?

"General Bonaparte arrived at midnight, with his guides and the remaining part of his army, and ordered the Turks to be attacked the next morning. In this battle, as in the preceding ones, the attack, the encounter, and the route, were occurrences of a moment, and the result of a single movement on the part of our troops. The whole Turkish army plunged into the sea, to regain its ships, leaving behind them every thing they had brought on shore.

"The English sailors had the inhumanity to fire upon these unfortunate groups of soldiers, who, clothed in their wide vestments, attempted to swim across the two leagues of sea that separated them from their ships, which scarcely one of them reached in safety.

"Whilst this event was occurring on the sea-shore, a pasha had left the field of battle, with a corps of about three thousand men, in order to throw himself into the fort of Aboukir. They soon felt the extremities of thirst, which compelled them, after the lapse of a few days, to surrender unconditionally to General Menou, who was left on the ground, to close the operations connected with the Turkish army recently defeated.

"These three thousand prisoners, who were very fine men, were employed upon the works of Alexandria and Damietta (that is to say, of Lesbe), situated higher up on the right bank of the Nile, between Damietta and the sea, in front of the space where formerly stood the town of Damietta, which was taken by the crusaders; but of which we could not discover any traces."—*Memoirs of Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

* "The French on their return from St. Jean d'Acre, were totally ignorant of all that had taken place in Europe for several months. Napoleon eager to obtain intelligence, sent a flag of truce on board of the Turkish admiral's ship, under the pretence of treating for the ransom of the prisoners taken at Aboukir: not doubting but the envoy would be stopped by Sir Sydney Smith, who carefully prevented all direct communication between the French and the Turks. Accordingly the French flag of truce received directions from Sir Sydney to go on board his ship. He experienced the handsomest treatment; and the Eng-

"Heavens!" said he to me, "my presentiment is verified: the fools have lost Italy. All the fruits of our victories are gone! I must leave Egypt!"

He sent for Berthier, to whom he communicated the news, adding, that things were going on very badly in France—that he wished to return home—that he (Berthier) should go along with him, and that, for the present, only he, Gantheaume, and I, were in the secret. He recommended him to be prudent, not to betray any symptoms of joy, nor to purchase or sell any thing.

He concluded by assuring him that he depended on him. "I can answer," said he, "for myself and for Bourrienne." Berthier promised to be secret, and he kept his word. He had had enough of Egypt, and he so ardently longed to return to France, that there was little reason to fear he would disappoint himself by any indiscretion.

Gantheaume arrived, and Bonaparte gave him orders to fit out the two frigates, the Muiron and the Carrère, and the two small vessels, the Revanche and the Fortune, with a two months' supply of provisions for from four to five hundred men. He enjoined his secrecy, as to the object of these preparations, and desired him to act with such circumspection that the English cruisers might have no knowledge of what was going on. He afterwards arranged with Gantheaume the course he wished to take. Nothing escaped his attention.

Bonaparte concealed his operations with much care; but still some vague rumours crept abroad. General Dugna, the commandant of Cairo, whom he had just left, for the purpose of embarking, wrote to him on the 18th of August to the following effect:

I have this moment heard, that it is reported at the Institute, you are about to return for France, taking with you Monge, Berthollet, Berthier, Lannes, and Murat. This news has spread like lightning through the city, and I should not be at all surprised if it produce an unfavourable effect, which, however I hope you will obviate.

Bonaparte embarked five days after the receipt of Dugna's letter, and, as may be supposed, without replying to it.

On the 18th of August, he wrote to the divan of Cairo as follows:

I set out to-morrow for Menouf, whence I intend to make various

lish commander having, among other things, ascertained that the disasters of Italy were quite unknown to Napoleon, indulged in the malicious pleasure of sending him a file of newspapers. Napoleon spent the whole night in his tent, perusing the papers; and he came to the determination of immediately proceeding to Europe, to repair the disasters of France; and if possible, to save her from destruction."—*Mémorial de Sainte Hélène.* (*Editor.*)

excursions in the Delta, in order that I may myself witness the acts of oppression which are committed there, and acquire some knowledge of the people.

He told the army but half of the truth:

The news from Europe (said he) has determined me to proceed to France. I leave the command of the army to General Kebler. The army shall hear from me forthwith. At present I can say no more. It costs me much pain to quit troops to whom I am so strongly attached. But my absence will be but temporary, and the general I leave in command, has the confidence of the government, as well as mine.

I have now shown the true cause of General Bonaparte's departure for Europe. This circumstance, in itself perfectly natural, has been the subject of the most ridiculous conjectures, to those who always wish to assign extraordinary causes for simple events. There is no truth whatever in the assertion of his having planned his departure before the battle of Aboukir. Such an idea never crossed his mind. He had no thought whatever of his departure for France, when he made the journey to the pyramids, nor even when he received the news of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish force.

At the end of December, 1798, Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory: "We are without any news from France. No courier has arrived since the month of June."

Some writers have stated that we received news by the way of Tunis, Algiers, or Morocco: but there is no contradicting a positive fact. At that period, I had been with Bonaparte more than two years; and during that time, not a single despatch, on any occasion arrived, of the contents of which I was ignorant. How then should the news alluded to have escaped me?

Almost all those who endeavour to avert from Bonaparte the reproach of desertion, quote a letter from the Directory, dated the 26th of May, 1799. This letter may certainly have been written, but it never reached its destination. Why, then, should it be put upon record?

The circumstance I have stated above determined the resolution of Bonaparte, and made him look upon Egypt as an exhausted field of glory, which it was high time he had quitted, to play another part in France. On his departure from Europe, Bonaparte felt that his reputation was tottering. He wished to do something to raise up his glory, and to fix upon him the attention of the world. This object he had in great part accomplished; for, in spite of serious disasters, the French flag waved over the Cataracts of the Nile and the ruins of Memphis, and the battles of the Pyramids and Aboukir were calculated in no small degree to dazzle the imagination. Finding that the glory of his arms no longer supported the feeble power of the Directory, he was anxious to see whether he could not share it, or appropriate it to himself.

A great deal has been said about letters and secret communications from the Directory, but Bonaparte needed no such thing. He could do what he pleased: there was no power to check him; such had been the nature of his arrangements on leaving France. He followed only the dictates of his own will, and probably had not the fleet been destroyed, he would have departed from Egypt much sooner. To will and to do were with him one and the same thing. The latitude he enjoyed was the result of his verbal agreement with the Directory, whose instructions and plans he did not wish should impede his operations.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August, and on the 10th arrived at Cairo. He at first circulated the report of a journey to Upper Egypt. This seemed so much the more reasonable, as he had really entertained that design before he went to the pyramids, and the fact was known to the army and the inhabitants of Cairo. All on a sudden he wrote to the divan of Cairo the letter already alluded to, in which he announced his intention of visiting Menouf, and journeying through the Delta.

Up to this period, our secret had been studiously kept. However, General Lanusse, the commandant at Menouf, where we arrived on the 20th of August, suspected it. "You are going to France," said he to me. My negative reply confirmed his suspicion. This almost induced me to believe the general-in-chief had been the first to make the disclosure. General Lanusse, though he envied our good fortune, made no complaints. He expressed his sincere wishes for our prosperous voyage, but never opened his mouth on the subject to any one.

On the 21st of August we reached the wells of Birkett. The Arabs had rendered the water unfit for use, but the general-in-chief was resolved to quench his thirst, and for this purpose squeezed the juice of several lemons into a glass of the water; but he could not swallow it without holding his nose, and exhibiting strong feelings of disgust.

On the 22d of August we reached Alexandria, where the general informed all those who had accompanied him from Cairo, that France was their destination. At this announcement, joy was pictured in every countenance.

General Kleber, to whose command Bonaparte had resigned the army, was invited to come from Damietta to Rosetta, to confer with the general-in-chief on affairs of extreme importance. Bonaparte, in making an appointment which he never intended to keep, hoped to escape the unwelcome freedom of Kleber's reproaches. He afterwards wrote to him all he had to say;* and the cause he assigned for not keeping his appointment

* The letter from Bonaparte to Kleber, above alluded to, is not given by Bourrienne, but is inserted by the Duke de Rovigo, in his Memoirs, and is as follows:—(*Editor.*)

"General,—You will find enclosed an order directing you to assume the chief command of the army. I accelerate my departure by two or three days,

was, that his fear of being observed by the English cruisers, had forced him to depart three days earlier than he intended.

under the apprehension that from one moment to another the English cruiser may make its appearance. I take home with me Generals Berthier, Andréossy, Murat, Lannes, and Marmont, together with Citizens Monge and Berthollet.

"Herewith you will find the English and Frankfort papers up to the 10th of June. They will tell you that we have lost Italy, and that Mantua, Turin, and Tortona are blockaded. I have reason to hope that the first-mentioned city will hold out until the end of November. I hope to reach Europe before the beginning of October, should fortune be favourable to me.

"Annexed are two ciphers, the one to correspond with the government, the other with myself.

"I request you will send Junot home in the course of October, together with my servants, and all the effects which I have left at Cairo. I should have no objection, however, to your detaining in your own service such of my servants as it might suit you to keep.

"It is the intention of government that General Desaix should return to Europe in the course of November, unless any event of importance should require his further presence in this country.

"The commission of arts will return to France in a flag of truce, which you are to demand for that purpose, agreeably to the cartel of exchange, in the month of November, immediately after having completed the object of its mission. It is at present engaged in visiting Upper Egypt; you need not hesitate, however, in retaining such of its members as you may deem useful to you.

"The effendi made prisoner at Aboukir is now on his way to Damietta. I have written you word to send him to Cyprus: he is the bearer of a letter for the grand vizier, of which a copy is annexed.

"The arrival of our Brest squadron at Toulon, and of the Spanish squadron at Carthagena, removes every doubt as to the possibility of conveying to Egypt the muskets, swords, pistols, and cast iron you may stand in need of, and of which I have a very exact statement, together with a sufficient number of recruits to repair the losses of both campaigns.

"The government itself will then acquaint you with its intentions; and I shall, both in my public and private character, take every means to enable you to receive frequent intelligence from home.

"Should unforeseen events render all attempts fruitless, and you remain up to the month of May without receiving either news or assistance from France; and should the plague, notwithstanding every precaution, extend its ravages over Egypt this year, and carry off upwards of fifteen hundred soldiers, which would be a very serious loss, as being over and above what the chances of the war will occasion, I think that in such a case, you ought not to attempt to take the field; and that you would be justified in concluding a peace with the Ottoman Porte, even if the evacuation of Egypt should be its principal condition. You would then have only to put off carrying such a condition into effect until a general peace.

"You are as well enabled as I am to appreciate how important the possession of Egypt is to France: the Turkish empire is threatened with ruin, and is actually crumbling to pieces; and the evacuation of Egypt would be a misfortune so much the greater, as we should in our own time see that beautiful province fall into European hands.

"Your calculations must be greatly influenced by the news you may receive of the future success or reverses of the republic.

"If the Porte should reply to the overtures of peace which I made to it previously to your receiving my letters from France, you are to declare that you hold all the powers I possessed, and are to open negotiations, always persisting in the assertion which I have put forward, that France never had the intention

But when he wrote, Bonaparte well knew that he would be at sea before Kleber could receive his letter. Kleber, in his letter

of wresting Egypt from the Porte; you will demand that the Porte shall renounce taking part in the coalition, and grant us the trade of the Black Sea; that it shall set all French prisoners free; and lastly, consent to a six months' suspension of hostilities, so as to give time for exchanging the ratifications of peace.

"Supposing that circumstances should make you deem it advisable to conclude a treaty with the Porte, you will point out that you cannot execute such a treaty until it shall be ratified; and according to the usage amongst all nations, the interval between the signing of a treaty and its ratification must always be considered as a period of suspension of hostilities.

"You are acquainted, Citizen-general, with my sentiments respecting the internal politics of Egypt. Happen what may, the Christians will always be our friends. They must not be allowed to be overbearing, in order that the Turks may not be actuated by the same spirit of fanaticism against us as they are against them, which would have the effect of rendering them irreconcilable enemies. We must lull their fanaticism to sleep, in order to root it out. The good opinion of the whole of Egypt will be secured by obtaining that of the great sheiks of Cairo; and of all the chiefs to whom this people may show deference, none are less dangerous than the sheiks, who are cowardly, unable to fight, and like all priests, inspire fanaticism, without being fanatics themselves.

"With respect to the fortifications, Alexandria and El-Arish are the keys of Egypt. I had it in contemplation to raise redoubts with palm-trees this winter, two from Salahie to Catiëh, and two from Catiëh to El-Arish; one of these to be on the spot where General Menou found water fit for drinking.

"General Samson, commander of the engineers, and General Songis, commander of the artillery, will each inform you of what concerns their respective branches.

"Citizen Poussielgue has been exclusively charged with the finances. I have found him an industrious and meritorious man. He has already begun to acquire some insight into the chaos of the administration of Egypt.

"I had intended, should no fresh event interfere, to establish, this winter, a new mode of taxation, which would have enabled us to dispense almost entirely with the Cophts; before undertaking this, however, I recommend it to your mature consideration; it is better to embark rather too late than too soon in such an operation.

"French ships of war will undoubtedly make their appearance this winter at Alexandria, Bourlos, or Damietta. Cause a strong tower to be built at Bourlos; try to collect five or six hundred Mamelukes, whom, upon the arrival of the French ships, you will have arrested on the same day at Cairo and in the other provinces, and embark them for France. In default of Mamelukes some Arab hostages, or sheik belets, who might happen to be our prisoners, whatever may be the ground of their detention, might supply their place. These people, when arrived in France, will be detained there a year or two, and by witnessing the greatness of the French nation, and forming some idea of our manners and our language, will, on their return to Egypt, be so many partisans to our cause.

"I had often asked for a company of players; I will take especial care to send you some. This object is of great consequence to the army, and will tend to change the manners of the country.

"The important station you are going to hold, as chief in command, will now enable you to display the talents with which nature has endowed you. There is a very lively interest excited as to what passes here, and the results to commerce and civilization will be immense; from this epoch mighty revolutions will take their date.

to the Directory, complained bitterly of this deception. The singular fate that befel this letter, will by and by be seen.

"Accustomed to view in the opinion of posterity the recompence of the toils and troubles of life, I quit Egypt with the deepest regret. The interest of our country, its glory, obedience, the extraordinary events that have lately taken place, have alone determined me to force my way to France through the enemy's squadrons. Your successes will be as dear to me as those in which I may have a personal share; and I shall consider those days of my life ill employed on which I shall not do something for the army I leave under your command, and for the consolidation of the splendid establishment, the foundations of which have just been laid.

"I confide to you an army wholly composed of my children; at all times, and in the midst of the severest trials, they have ever shown me proofs of their attachment: nourish this sentiment in their breasts: you owe it to the very great regard I entertain for you, and to the sincere affection I bear towards them.

"BONAPARTE."

CHAPTER XXIII.

1799.

Our departure from Egypt—Nocturnal embarkation—M. Parseval Grandmaison—Our course—Adverse winds—Fear of the English—Favourable weather—Vingt-et-un—Chess—We land at Ajaccio—Bonaparte's pretended relations—Family domains—Want of money—Battle of Novi—Death of Joubert—Visionary schemes—Purchase of a boat—Departure from Corsica—The English squadron—Our escape—The roads of Frejus—Our landing in France—The plague or the Austrians—Joy of the people—The sanitary laws—Bonaparte falsely accused.

WE were now to return to our country—again to cross the sea, to us so pregnant with danger—Cæsar and his fortune were once more to embark. But Cæsar was not now advancing to the east to add Egypt to the conquests of the republic. He was revolving in his mind vast schemes, unawed by the idea of venturing every thing to change in his own favour the government for which he had fought. The hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the east no longer excited the imagination, as on our departure from France. Our last visionary dream had vanished before the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, and we were leaving on the burning sands of Egypt most of our companions in arms. An inconceivable destiny seemed to pursue us, and we were obliged to obey its decrees.

On the 23d of August* we embarked on board two frigates,

* It was neither in June or July, as stated by the Duke de Rovigo.

the Muiron and Carrère. Our number was between four and five hundred. Such was our squadron, and such the formidable army with which Bonaparte had resolved, as he wrote to the divan of Cairo, "to annihilate all his enemies." This boasting might impose on those who did not see the real state of things; but what were we to think of it? What Bonaparte himself thought the day after.

The night was dark when we embarked in the frigates which lay at a considerable distance from the port of Alexandria; but by the faint light of the stars we perceived a corvette, which appeared to be observing our silent nocturnal embarkation.*

Next morning, just as we were on the point of setting sail, we saw coming from the port of Alexandria a boat, on board of which was M. Parseval Grandmaison. This excellent man, who was beloved by all of us, was not included among the persons whose return to France had been determined by the general-in-chief. In his anxiety to get off, Bonaparte would not hear of taking him on board. It will readily be conceived how urgent were the entreaties of Parseval; but he would have sued in vain, had not Gantheaume, Monge, Berthollet, and I, interceded for him. With some difficulty we overcame Bonaparte's resistance, and our colleague of the Egyptian Institute got on board after the wind had filled our sails.

It has been erroneously said that Admiral Gantheaume had full control of the frigates, as if any one could command when Bonaparte was present. On the contrary, Bonaparte declared to the admiral, in my hearing, that he would not take the ordinary course, and get into the open sea. "Keep close along the coast of the Mediterranean," said he, "on the African side, until you get south of Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows, and a few pieces of artillery; if the English should appear, I will run ashore, and with my party make my way by land to Oran, Tunis, or some other port whence we may find an opportunity of getting home." This was his irrevocable determination.

For twenty-one days adverse winds, blowing from west or north-west, drove us continually on the coast of Syria, or in the direction of Alexandria. At one time it was proposed that we should again put into the port; but Bonaparte declared he would

* "The horses of the escort had been left to run loose on the beach, and all was perfect stillness in Alexandria, when the advanced posts of the town were alarmed by the wild galloping of horses, which, from a natural instinct, were returning to Alexandria through the desert. The picket ran to arms on seeing horses ready saddled and bridled, which were soon discovered to belong to the regiment of guides. They at first thought that a misfortune had happened to some detachment in its pursuit of the Arabs. With these horses came also those of the generals who had embarked with General Bonaparte; so that Alexandria was, for a time, in considerable alarm. The cavalry was ordered to proceed in all haste in the direction whence the horses came; and every one was giving himself up to the most gloomy conjectures, when the cavalry returned to the city with the Turkish groom, who was bringing back General Bonaparte's horse to Alexandria."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo. (Editor.)*

rather brave every danger than do so. During the day we tacked to a certain distance northward, and in the evening we stood towards Africa, until we came within sight of the coast. Finally, after twenty-one days of impatience and disappointment, a favourable east wind carried us past that point of Africa on which Carthage formerly stood, and we soon doubled Sardinia. We kept very near the western coast of that island, where Bonaparte had determined to land in case of our falling in with the English squadron. From thence his plan was to reach Corsica, and there to await a favourable opportunity of returning to France.

Every thing had contributed to render our voyage dull and monotonous; and, besides, we were not entirely without uneasiness as to the steps which might be taken by the Directory, for it was certain that the publication of the intercepted correspondence must have occasioned many unpleasant disclosures. Bonaparte used often to walk on deck to superintend the execution of his orders. The smallest sail that appeared in view excited his alarm. The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him. That was what he dreaded most of all, and yet, at a subsequent period, he trusted to the generosity of his enemies.

However, in spite of our well-founded alarm, there were some moments in which we sought to amuse ourselves, or, to use a common expression, to kill time. Cards afforded us a source of recreation, and even this frivolous amusement served to develop the character of Bonaparte. In general he was not fond of cards; but if he did play, Vingt-et-un was his favourite game, because it is more rapid that many others, and because, in short, it afforded him an opportunity of cheating. For example, he would ask for a card; if it proved a bad one he would say nothing, but lay it down on the table and wait till the dealer had drawn his. If the dealer produced a good card, then Bonaparte would throw aside his hand, without showing it, and give up his stake. If, on the contrary, the dealer's card made him exceed twenty-one, Bonaparte also threw his cards aside without showing them, and asked for the payment of his stake. He was much diverted by these little tricks, especially when they were played off undetected; and I confess that even then we were courteous enough to humour him, and wink at his cheating. I must, however, mention that he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these little dishonesties; for at the end of the game he gave up all his winnings, and they were equally divided. Gain, as may readily be supposed, was not his object; but he always expected that fortune would grant him an ace or a ten at the right moment, with the same confidence with which he looked for fine weather on the day of battle. If he were disappointed he wished nobody to know it.

Bonaparte also played at chess, but very seldom, because he

was only a third-rate player, and he did not like to be beaten at that game, which, I know not why, is said to bear a resemblance to the grand game of war. At this latter game, Bonaparte certainly feared no adversary. This reminds me that when we were leaving Passeriano, he announced his intention of passing through Mantua, he was told that the commandant of that town, I believe General Beauvoir, was a great chess-player, and he expressed a wish to play a game with him. General Beauvoir asked him to point out any particular pawn with which he would be checkmated; adding, that if the pawn were taken, he, Bonaparte, should be declared the winner. Bonaparte pointed out the last pawn on the left of his adversary. A mark was put upon it, and it turned out that he actually was checkmated with that very pawn. Bonaparte was not very well pleased at this. He liked to play with me, because, though rather a better player than himself, I was not always able to beat him. As soon as a game was decided in his favour, he declined playing any longer, preferring to rest on his laurels.

The favourable wind which had constantly prevailed after the first twenty days of our voyage, still continued while we kept along the coast of Sardinia; but after we had passed that island, the wind again blew violently from the west, and on the 1st of October we were forced to enter the gulf of Ajaccio. We sailed again next day; but we found it impossible to work our way out of the gulf. We were therefore obliged to put into the port, and land at Ajaccio. Adverse winds obliged us to remain there until the 7th of October. It may readily be imagined how much this delay annoyed Bonaparte. He sometimes expressed his impatience, as if he could enforce the obedience of the elements, as well as of men. He was losing time, and time was every thing to him.

There was one circumstance which seemed to annoy him as much as any of his more serious vexations. "What will become of me," said he, "if the English, who are cruising hereabout, should learn that I have landed in Corsica? I shall be forced to stay here. That I could never endure. I have a torrent of relations pouring upon me." His great reputation had certainly prodigiously augmented his family. He was overwhelmed with visits, congratulations, and requests. The whole town was in a commotion. Every one of its inhabitants wished to claim him as their cousin; and from the prodigious number of his pretended godsons and goddaughters, it might have been supposed that he had held one-fourth of the children of Ajaccio at the baptismal font.

Bonaparte frequently walked with us in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio; and when in the height of his power, he did not count his crowns with greater pleasure, than he evinced in pointing out to us the little domains of his ancestors.

While we were at Ajaccio, M. Fesch paid Bonaparte French money in exchange for a number of Turkish sequins, amounting in value to seventeen thousand francs. This sum was all that the general brought with him from Egypt. I mention this fact because he was unjustly calumniated in letters written after his departure, and which were intercepted and published by the English. I ought also to add, that as he would never for his own private use, resort to the money-chest of the army, the contents of which were, indeed, never half sufficient to defray the necessary expenses, he several times borrowed from Genoa, and drew upon funds which he had left in Paris. I can bear witness that in Egypt I never saw him touch any money beyond his pay; and that he left the country poorer than he had entered it, is a fact that cannot be denied. In his notes on Egypt, it appears, that in one year twelve millions six hundred thousand francs was received. In this sum were included at least two millions of contributions, which were levied at the expense of many decapitations. Bonaparte was fourteen months in Egypt, and he is said to have brought away with him twenty millions. Calumny may be very gratifying to certain persons, but they should at least give it a colouring of probability. The fact is, that Bonaparte had scarcely enough to maintain himself at Ajaccio, and to defray our posting expenses to Paris.

On our arrival at Ajaccio, we learned the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, which was fought on the 15th of August. Bonaparte was tormented by anxiety; he was in a state of utter uncertainty as to the future. From the time we left Alexandria till our arrival in Corsica, he had frequently talked of what he should do during the quarantine, which he supposed he would be required to observe on reaching Toulon, the port at which he had determined to land.

Even then he cherished some illusions respecting the state of affairs; and he often said to me, "But for that confounded quarantine, I would hasten ashore, and place myself at the head of the army of Italy. All is not over: and I am sure that there is not a general who would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me, would reach Paris as soon as the battle of Aboukir: that, indeed, would be excellent."

In Corsica, his language was very different. When he was informed of our reverses, and saw the full extent of the evil, he was for a moment overwhelmed. His grand projects then gave way to the consideration of matters of minor import, and he thought about his detention in the Lazaretto of Toulon. He spoke of the Directory, of intrigues, and of what would be said of him. He reminded me of the conversation between Lacuée and La Vallette.* He accounted his enemies those who envied him, and those who could not be reconciled to his glory, and the

* See the letter, p. 89.

influence of his name. He sometimes betrayed fears of another kind. Though willing to submit to the urgency of the law, yet the Directory, he thought, would not abridge the period of his stay at the Lazaretto. Amidst all these anxieties, Bonaparte was still himself, though he was not the same as usual.

Providing against every chance of danger, he had purchased at Ajaccio, a boat which was intended to be towed by the Muiron, and it was manned by twelve of the best sailors the island could furnish. His resolution was, in case of inevitable danger, to jump into this boat and get ashore. This precaution had wellnigh proved useful.*

After leaving the gulf of Ajaccio, the voyage was prosperous and undisturbed for one day: but, on the second day, just at sunset, an English squadron of fourteen sail hove in sight. The English, having advantage of the light, which we had in our faces, saw us better than we could see them. They recognised our two frigates as Venetian built; but, luckily for us, night came on, for we were not far apart. We saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to our left; and we thought it was the intention of the cruisers to intercept us on the south-east. Under these circumstances, Bonaparte had reason to thank fortune; for it is very evident that had the English suspected our two frigates of coming from the east, and going to France, they would have shut us out from land by running between us and it, which to them was very easy. Probably they took us for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the darkness that we were indebted for escaping with no worse consequence than a fright.†

During the remainder of the night, the utmost agitation prevailed on board the Muiron. Gantheaume, especially, was in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness: he was quite beside himself, for a disaster appeared inevitable, He proposed to return to Corsica. "No, no!" replied Bonaparte, imperiously. "No! spread all sail! every man at his post! To the north-west! To the north-west!" This order saved us; and I am enabled to affirm, that in the midst of almost general alarm, Bonaparte was solely occupied in giving orders. The rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in

* Sir Walter Scott, at the commencement of his Life of Napoleon, says that Bonaparte did not see his native city after 1793. Probably to avoid contradicting himself, the Scottish historian observes that Bonaparte was *near* Ajaccio on his return from Egypt. He spent eight days there.

† Here Bourrienne says in a note, "Where did Sir Walter Scott learn that we were neither seen nor recognised? We were not recognised, but certainly seen." This is corroborated by the testimony of the Duke de Rovigo, who, in his Memoirs, says, "I have met officers of the English navy who assured me that the two frigates had been seen, but were considered by the admiral to belong to his squadron, as they steered their course towards him; and as he knew we had only one frigate in the Mediterranean, and one in Toulon harbour, he was far from supposing that the frigates which he had descried could have General Bonaparte on board."—*Editor.*

the face of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my mind. The hours lingered on; and none of us could guess upon what new dangers the morrow's sun would shine.

However, Bonaparte's resolution was taken: his orders were given, his arrangements made. During the evening he had resolved upon throwing himself into the long-boat; he had already fixed on the persons who were to share his fate, and had already named to me the papers which he thought it most important to save. Happily, our terrors were vain and our arrangements useless. By the first rays of the sun, we discovered the English fleet sailing to north-east, and we immediately stood for the wished-for coast of France.

The 8th of October, at eight in the morning, we entered the roads of Frejus. The sailors not having recognised the coast during the night, we did not know where we were. There was, at first, some hesitation whether we should advance. We were by no means expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which had been changed during our absence. Some guns were even fired upon us by the batteries on the coast; but our bold entry into the roads, the crowd upon the decks of the two frigates, and our signs of joy, speedily banished all doubt of our being friends. We were in the port, and approaching the landing-place, when the rumour spread that Bonaparte was on board one of the frigates. In an instant the sea was covered with boats. In vain we begged them to keep at a distance: we were carried ashore, and when we told the crowd both of men and women who were pressing about us the risk they ran, they all exclaimed, *We prefer the plague to the Austrians!*

What were our feelings when we again set foot on the soil of France, I will not attempt to describe. Our escape from the dangers that threatened us seemed almost miraculous. We had lost twenty days at the beginning of our voyage, and at its close we had been almost touched by an English squadron. Under these circumstances, how rapturously we inhaled the balmy air of Provence. Such was our joy, that we were scarcely sensible to the disheartening news which arrived from all quarters. At the first moment of our arrival, by a spontaneous impulse, we all repeated, with tears in our eyes, the beautiful lines which Voltaire has put into the mouth of the exile of Sicily.

Bonaparte has been reproached with having violated the sanitary laws; but after what I have already stated respecting his intentions, I presume there can remain no doubt of the falsehood of this accusation. All the blame must rest with the inhabitants of Frejus, who, on this occasion found the law of necessity more imperious than the sanitary laws. Yet when it is considered that four or five hundred persons, and a quantity of effects were landed from Alexandria, where the plague had been raging during the summer, it is almost a miracle that France and indeed Europe escaped the scourge.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1799.

Effect produced by Bonaparte's return—His justification—Letter to my wife—Bonaparte's intended dinner at Sens—Louis Bonaparte and Josephine—Fortune and genius—Bonaparte's eagerness for news—He changes his intended route—Melancholy situation of the provinces—Necessity of a change—Bonaparte's ambitious views—Influence of popular applause—What Bonaparte was, and what he might have been—Arrival in Paris—His reception of Josephine—Their reconciliation—Bonaparte's visit to the Directory—His contemptuous treatment of Siéyès.

The effect produced in France and throughout Europe by the mere intelligence of Bonaparte's return, is well known. I shall not yet speak of the vast train of consequences which that event entailed. I must, however, notice some accusations which were brought against him from the time of our landing to the 9th of November. He was reproached for having left Egypt, and it was alleged that his departure was the result of long premeditation. But I, who was constantly with him, am enabled positively to affirm, that his return to France, was merely the effect of a sudden resolution. Of this, the following fact is in itself sufficient evidence:

While we were at Cairo, a few days before we heard of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish fleet, and at the moment when we were on the point of setting off to encamp at the pyramids, Bonaparte despatched a courier to France. I took advantage of this opportunity to write to my wife. I almost bade her an eternal adieu. My letter breathed expressions of grief such as I had not before evinced. I said, among other things, that we knew not when or how it would be possible for us to return to France. If Bonaparte had then entertained any thought of a speedy return, I must have known it; and in that case I should not certainly have distressed my family by a desponding letter, when I had not had an opportunity of writing for seven months before.

Two days after the receipt of my letter, my wife was awoke very early in the morning, to be informed of our arrival in France. The courier who brought this intelligence, was the bearer of a second letter from me, which I had written on board

ship, and dated from Frejus. In this letter, I mentioned that Bonaparte would pass through Sens, and dine with my mother.

In fulfilment of my directions, Madame de Bourrienne set off for Paris at five in the morning. Having passed the first post, she met a berline containing four travellers, among whom she recognised Louis Bonaparte, going to meet the general on the Lyons road. On seeing Madame de Bourrienne, Louis desired the postilion to stop. He drew up to her carriage, and asked her whether she had heard from me? She told him what she knew, and assured him that we should pass through Sens, where the general wished to dine with my mother, who had made every preparation for receiving him. Louis then continued his journey. About nine o'clock my wife met another berline, in which were Madame Bonaparte and her daughter. As they were asleep, and both carriages were driving at a very rapid rate, Madame de Bourrienne did not stop. Josephine followed the route taken by Louis. Both missed the general, who changed his mind at Lyons, and proceeded by the way of Bourbonnais. He arrived fifteen hours after my wife; and those who had taken the Burgundy road, proceeded to Lyons uselessly.

The mention of my letter from Cairo, has led me in some measure to anticipate the progress of events.

But to return to General Bonaparte, who now, after a forty-eight days' voyage, on a sea, beset with enemies, had reached his native land in safety. We often talk of the luck which some people are favoured with, and which accompanies them through life. Without attaching faith to this sort of predestination, when I think of the numerous and various dangers which beset Bonaparte, and from which, in his different enterprises, he escaped, of the risks he ran, the hazards he faced, I can understand how it is that others entertain this belief. But having myself long studied the "man of destiny," I have remarked, that that which he called his fortune, was, in fact, his genius; that his good luck resulted from his keen insight into things; from the calculations he made, rapid as lightning; from the simultaneity of his actions and his conceptions; and from the conviction which he himself cherished, that boldness is often wisdom. If, for example, during the voyage from Alexandria to Frejus, Bonaparte had not imperiously insisted on deviating from the course usually taken; if, at the outset, he had consented to put back to the port of Alexandria; or, towards the end of the voyage, to return to Ajaccio, after he had left it would he have triumphed over the dangers that threatened him? Probably not. And was all this the mere effect of chance? Certainly not.

No sooner had he arrived at Frejus, than Bonaparte, in his anxiety for news, eagerly questioned every person he met

He now ascertained the full extent of our reverses in Italy, which he had already learned in a less detailed way, at Ajaccio. The idea he had conceived, before his landing in Corsica, now entirely vanished from his mind. "The evil is too great," said he; "there is no remedy." This must have been a painful sacrifice; for I shall never forget the boundless delight with which, on the voyage, he pictured to himself the effect that would be produced in Paris by the intelligence of a victory, gained in Italy, at the same moment when the news of the battle of Aboukir should arrive. He delighted in every thing that was calculated to strike the imagination.

Determined to repair, in all haste, to Paris, he left Frejus on the afternoon of the day of our landing. He himself had despatched the courier to Sens, to inform my mother of his intended visit to her; and it was not until he got to Lyons, that he determined to take the road of the Bourbonnais. His reason for doing so will presently be seen. All along the road, at Aix, at Lyons, in every town and village, he was received, as at Frejus, with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy. Only those who witnessed his triumphant journey, can form any notion of it; and it required no great discernment to foresee something like the 18th Brumaire.

The provinces, a prey to anarchy and civil war, were continually threatened with foreign invasion. Almost all the south presented the melancholy spectacle of one vast arena of conflicting factions. The nation groaned beneath the yoke of tyrannical laws; despotism was systematically established; the law of hostages struck a blow at personal liberty, and forced loans menaced every man's property. The generality of the citizens had declared themselves against a pentarchy, devoid of power, justice, and morality, and which had become the sport of faction and intrigue. Disorder was general; but, in the provinces, abuses were felt more sensibly than elsewhere. In great cities it was found more easy to elude the hand of despotism and oppression.

A change so earnestly wished for, could not fail to be realized, and to be received with transport. The majority of the French people longed to be relieved from the situation in which they then stood. There were two dangers to cope with—anarchy and the Bourbons. Every one felt the urgent and indispensable necessity of concentrating the power of the government in a single hand; at the same time maintaining those institutions which the spirit of the age demanded, and which France, after having so dearly purchased, was now about to lose. The country looked for a man who was capable of restoring her to tranquillity; but, as yet, no such man had appeared. A soldier of fortune presented himself, covered with glory; he had planted the standard of France on the capitol and on the pyramids. The whole world acknowledged his superior talent; his charac-

ter, his courage, and his victories, had raised him to the very highest rank. His great works, his gallant actions, his speeches, and his proclamations, ever since he had risen to eminence, left no doubt of his wish to secure happiness and freedom to France, his adopted country. At that critical moment, the necessity of a temporary dictatorship, which sometimes secures the safety of a state, banished all reflections on the consequences of such a power, and nobody seemed to think glory incompatible with personal liberty. All eyes were therefore directed on the general, whose past conduct guaranteed his capability of defending the republic abroad, and liberty at home;—on the general, whom his flatterers, and, indeed, some of his sincere friends, styled, "the *hero of liberal ideas*," the title to which he aspired.

Under every point of view, therefore, he was naturally chosen as the chief of a generous nation, confiding to him her destiny, in preference to a troop of mean and fanatical hypocrites, who, under the names of republicanism and liberty, had reduced France to the most abject slavery.

And could it ever have been believed, that after being raised to the first magistracy, Bonaparte would have employed his power only to trample upon the principles which he had so often proclaimed, and to which he owed his elevation? Could it have been foreseen, that he would supersede, by the most absolute forms of despotism, that constitutional liberty, for which France yearned, and the tranquil enjoyment of which she had long sought to secure, even by fatal means? Yet, true it is, that when his ambition was gratified—when he had sacrificed all to obtain his object—he restored and defended those very principles which he had opposed so energetically on the 13th Vendémiaire and the 18th Brumaire. In spite of that eagle glance, which often enabled him to scan, rapidly and accurately, the most complicated things, he did not perceive, in the ascending progress of his power, that if unfortunate chance should ever place him on the declivity, he would not be supported by national feeling, nor aided by the patriotism which he disavowed and deceived. Could he venture to hope, that in the course of the immense enterprises which filled up his life, fate would never frown upon him for a single moment? Did he not see that when a man is in himself *all*, all must fall with him; and that when the destiny of a nation depends on the winning or losing of a battle, it depends on nothing?

Among the schemes which Bonaparte was incessantly revolving in his mind, may undoubtedly be ranked the project of attaining the head of the French government; but it would be a mistake to suppose, that, on his return from Egypt, he had formed any fixed plan. There was something vague in his ambitious aspirations; and he was, if I may so express myself, fond of building those imaginary edifices, called castles in the

air. The current of events was in accordance with his wishes; and it may truly be said, that the whole French nation smoothed, for Bonaparte, the road which led to power. Certainly, the unanimous plaudits and universal joy which accompanied him along a journey of more than two hundred leagues, must have induced him to regard as a national mission that step which was at first prompted merely by his wish of meddling with the affairs of the republic.

This spontaneous burst of popular feeling, unordered and unpaid for, loudly proclaimed the grievances of the people, and their hope that the man of victory would become their deliverer. The general enthusiasm excited by the return of the conqueror of Egypt, delighted him to a degree which I cannot express; and was, as he has often assured me, a powerful stimulus in urging him to the object to which the wishes of France seemed to direct him.

Among people of all classes and all opinions, an 18th Brumaire was desired and expected. Many royalists even believed that a change would prove favourable to the king. So ready are we to persuade ourselves of the reality of what we wish.

In times of disorder, when all powers are confounded, and nothing can establish a counterpoise, the cleverest, the strongest, and the boldest, may easily oppress the rest. Bonaparte's military superiority over his contemporaries, the ascendancy of his good fortune and glory, and the influence of his name, assisted him at this time, as they did throughout two-thirds of his career.

If, when master of the power which was offered to him, he had followed the principles he previously professed, and for which he had heretofore fought and conquered;—if he had defended, with all the influence of his glory, that liberty, which the nation claimed, and which the age demanded;—if he had rendered France as happy and as free, as he rendered her glorious, posterity could not have refused him the very first place among those great men, at whose side he will be ranged. But not having done for the welfare of mankind what he undertook for his own glory, posterity will judge of him by what he has achieved. He will have full credit for his victories, but not for his conquests, which produced no result, and not one of which he preserved. His claim to the title of one of the greatest captains that ever lived, will be undisputed; but he left France less than when she was intrusted to him, and less than she had been left by Louis XIV. His brilliant campaigns in Italy gave Venice to Austria, and the Ionian Isles to England. His Egyptian expedition gave Malta to the English, destroyed our navy, and cost us twenty-two thousand men. The civil code is the only one of Bonaparte's legislative acts which can be sanctioned by philosophy and reason. All his other laws were null, and rested only on his existence. Did he, either in his character of consul or emperor, contribute to the happiness of France?

Posterity will answer in the negative. Indeed, if we weigh, in one scale, all our victories and all our glory, and in the other, Europe in Paris, and the disgraceful treaty of 1815, with its accessaries and consequences, it will be seen on what side the balance will turn.

The causes which rendered a change necessary, and the motives which made it desirable, are obvious. Intrigue, however, crept into the proceedings of the 18th Brumaire; and if, as it cannot be denied, that day saw the extinction of anarchy and disorder, it also witnessed the extinction of liberty.

As soon as it was suspected that Bonaparte would accept the power offered him, an outcry was raised about a conspiracy against the republic, and measures were sought for preserving it. But necessity, and, indeed, it must be confessed, the general feeling of the people, consigned the execution of those measures to him who was to subvert the republic. On his return to Paris, Bonaparte spoke and acted like a man who felt his own power; he cared neither for flattery, dinners, nor balls—his mind took a higher flight.

We arrived in Paris on the 24th Vendémiaire (the 16th of October). As yet he knew nothing of what was going on; for he had seen neither his wife nor his brothers, who were looking for him on the Burgundy road. The news of our landing at Frejus, had reached Paris by a telegraphic despatch. Madame Bonaparte, who was dining with M. Gohier, when that despatch was communicated to him, as president of the Directory, immediately set off to meet her husband, well knowing how important it was that her first interview with him should not be anticipated by his brothers.

The imprudent communications of Junot, at the Fountains of Messoudiah, will be remembered; but, after the first ebullition of jealous rage, all traces of that feeling had apparently disappeared. Bonaparte, however, was still harassed by secret suspicion; and the painful impressions produced by Junot, were either not entirely effaced, or were revived after our arrival in Paris. We reached the capital before Josephine returned. The recollection of the past, the ill-natured reports of his brothers, and the exaggeration of facts, had irritated Napoleon to the very highest pitch, and he received Josephine with studied coldness, and with an air of the most cruel indifference. He had no communication with her for three days, during which time he frequently spoke to me of suspicions, which his imagination converted into certainty; and threats of divorce escaped his lips with no less vehemence than when we were on the confines of Syria. I took upon me the office of conciliator, which I had before discharged with success. I represented to him the dangers to be apprehended from the publicity and scandal of such an affair; and that the moment when his grand views might possibly be realized, was not the fit time to entertain France

and Europe with the details of a charge of adultery. I spoke to him of Hortense and Eugène, to whom he was much attached. Reflection, seconded by his ardent affection for Josephine, brought about a complete reconciliation. After these three days of conjugal misunderstanding, their happiness was never afterwards disturbed by a similar cause.*

* In speaking of the unexpected arrival of Bonaparte from Egypt, and of the meeting between him and Josephine, Madame Junot says—

"On the 19th Vendémiaire, Josephine set off to meet her husband; but without knowing exactly what road he would take. She thought it likely he would come by the way of Burgundy, and therefore Louis and she set off for Lyons.

"Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well-founded uneasiness. Whether she were guilty, or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce. The elder M. de Caulaincourt stated to us his apprehensions on this point; but whenever the subject was introduced, my mother changed the conversation, because, knowing as she did, the sentiments of the Bonaparte family, she could not reply without either committing them, or having recourse to falsehood. She knew, moreover, the truth of many circumstances which M. de Caulaincourt seemed to doubt, and which her situation with respect to Bonaparte, prevented her from communicating to him.

"Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault in neglecting at this juncture to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her against those who sought her ruin; and, indeed, effected it nine years later; for the divorce in 1809 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon's most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte, or as Empress, had done nothing to make her friends.

"Bonaparte on his arrival in Paris, found his house deserted; but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and, in short, every member of his family, except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, came to him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home and its desertion by its mistress, was profound and terrible, and nine years afterwards, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed for ever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family, he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. He considered her journey to Lyons as a mere pretence.

"M. de Bourrienne says, that for some days after Josephine's return, Bonaparte treated her with *extreme coldness*. As he was an eye-witness, why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return, Bonaparte *refused to see her, and did not see her?* It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness, acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age. Bonaparte was, at this period, much attached to Eugène Beauharnais, who, to do him justice, was a charming youth. He knew less of Hortense; but her youth and sweetness of temper, and the protection of which, as his adopted daughter, she besought him not to deprive her, proved powerful advocates, and overcame his resistance.

"In this delicate negotiation, it was good policy not to bring any other person into play, whatever might be their influence with Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte did not, therefore, have recourse either to Barras, Bourrienne, or Berthier. It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say any thing without the possibility of a reply. Now, Bonaparte could not with any degree of propriety explain to such children as Eugène or Hortense, the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was therefore constrained to silence, and had no argument to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet, exclaiming, "Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart! And ought injustice to take from us poor orphans, whose natural protector the scaffold

On the day after his arrival, Bonaparte visited the directors. The interview was cold. On the 24th of October, he said to me, "I dined yesterday at Gohier's; Siéyès was present, and I pretended not to see him. I observed how much he was enraged at this mark of disrespect."—"But are you sure he is against you?" inquired I.—"I know nothing yet; but he is a systemizing man, and I don't like him." Even at that time Bonaparte had thoughts of getting himself elected a member of the Directory, in the room of Siéyès.

has already deprived us of, the support of one whom Providence has sent to replace him!

"The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and painful, and the two children, at length, introduced their mother, and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture.

"Whatever might be his wife's errors, Bonaparte appeared entirely to forget them, and the reconciliation was complete. Of all the members of the family, Madame Leclerc was most vexed at the pardon which Napoleon had granted to his wife. Bonaparte's mother was also very ill pleased; but she said nothing. Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who was always very amiable, took no part in these family quarrels; therefore, she could easily determine what part to take when fortune smiled on Josephine. As to Madame Bacciochi, she gave free vent to her ill-humour and disdain; the consequence was, that her sister-in-law could never endure her. Christine, who was a beautiful creature, followed the example of Madame Joseph, and Caroline was so young, that her opinion could have no weight in such an affair. As to Bonaparte's brothers, they were at open war with Josephine."—*Editor.*

CHAPTER XXV.

1799.

Moreau and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's opinion of Bernadotte False report—The crown of Sweden and the constitution of the year III.—Intrigues of Bonaparte's brothers—Angry conversation between Bonaparte and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's version—Josephine's version—An unexpected visit—The Manège Club—Salicetti and Joseph Bonaparte—Bonaparte invites himself to breakfast with Bernadotte—Country excursion—Bernadotte dines with Bonaparte—The plot and conspiracy—Conduct of Lucien—Dinner given to Bonaparte by the council of Five Hundred—Bonaparte's wish to be chosen a member of the Directory—His reconciliation with Siéyès—Offer made by the Directory to Bonaparte—He is falsely accused by Barras.

To throw a clear light on the course of the great events which will presently be developed, it is necessary to state briefly what intrigues had been hatched, what ambitious hopes had risen up, while we were in Egypt; and finally, all those things which we were so eager to learn on our return home. When

in Egypt, Bonaparte was entirely deprived of any means of knowing what was going on in France; and in our rapid journey from Frejus to Paris, we had no opportunity of collecting much information. Yet it was very important that we should know the real state of affairs, and the sentiments of those whom Bonaparte had counted among his rivals in glory, and whom he might now meet among his rivals in ambition. Moreau's military reputation stood very high, and Bernadotte's firmness appeared inflexible. Generally speaking, Bonaparte might have reckoned among his devoted partisans the companions of his glory in Italy, and also those whom he subsequently denominated "his Egyptians." But brave men had distinguished themselves in the army of the Rhine; and if they did not withhold their admiration from the conqueror of Italy, they felt, at least, more personally interested in the admiration which they lavished on him who had repaired the disaster of Scherer. Besides, it must be borne in mind that a republican spirit prevailed, almost without exception, in the army, and that the Directory appeared to be a government invented expressly to afford patronage to intriguers. All this planted difficulties in our way, and rendered it indispensably necessary that we should know our ground. We had, it is true, been greeted by the fullest measure of popular enthusiasm on our arrival; but this was not enough. We wanted suffrages of a more solid kind.

During the campaign of Egypt, Bernadotte, who was a zealous republican, had been war minister, but he had resigned the portfolio to Dubois-Crancé, three weeks before Bonaparte's return to France. Some partisans of the old minister were endeavouring to get him recalled, and it was very important to Bonaparte's interests that he should prevent the success of this design. I recollect that, on the second day of our arrival, Bonaparte said to me, "I have learned many things; but we shall see what will happen. Bernadotte is a singular man. When he was war minister, Augereau, Salicetti, and some others, informed him that the constitution was in danger, and that it was necessary to get rid of Siéyès, Barras, and Fouché, who were at the head of a plot. What did Bernadotte do? Nothing. He asked for proofs. None could be produced. He asked for powers. Who could grant them? Nobody. He should have taken them; but he would not venture on that. He wavered. He said he could not enter into the schemes which were proposed to him. He only promised to be silent on condition that they were renounced. Bernadotte is not a help; he is an obstacle. I have heard, from good authority, that a great number of influential persons wished to invest him with extensive power for the public good; but he was obstinate, and would listen to nothing."

After a brief interval of silence, during which Bonaparte rubbed his forehead with his right hand, he thus resumed:—

"I believe I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. I know he would prefer military to political power. The promise of the command of an army would gain him over. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He has been to my brothers. He does not like me, and I am almost certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture any thing. And, yet, you recollect in what a lukewarm way he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. This devil of a fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But, after all, we have but just arrived, and know not what may happen."

Bernadotte, it was reported, had advised that Bonaparte should be brought to a court-martial, on the twofold charge of having abandoned his army and violated the sanitary laws. This report came to the ears of Bonaparte; but he refused to believe it, and he was right. Bernadotte thought himself bound to the constitution which he had sworn to defend. Hence, the opposition he manifested to the measures of the 18th Brumaire. But he cherished no personal animosity against Bonaparte as long as he was ignorant of his ambitious designs. The extraordinary and complicated nature of subsequent events have rendered his possession of the crown of Sweden no way incompatible with his fidelity to the constitution of the year III.

On our first arrival in Paris, though I was almost constantly with the general, yet, as our routine of occupation was not yet settled, I was enabled, now and then, to snatch an hour or two from business. This leisure time I spent in the society of my family and a few friends, and in collecting information as to what had happened during our absence, for which purpose I consulted old newspapers and pamphlets. I was not surprised to learn that Bonaparte's brothers—that is to say, Joseph and Lucien—had been engaged in many intrigues. I was told that Siéyès had, for a moment, thought of calling the Duke of Brunswick to the head of the government; that Barras would not have been very averse to favouring the return of the Bourbons; and that Moulins, Roger Ducos, and Gohier, alone believed, or affected to believe, in the possibility of preserving the existing form of government. From what I heard at the time, I have good reasons for believing that Joseph and Lucien made all sorts of endeavours to inveigle Bernadotte into their brother's party, and in the hope of accomplishing that object, they had assisted in getting him appointed war minister. However, I cannot vouch for the truth of this. I was told that Bernadotte had at first submitted to the influence of Bonaparte's two brothers; but that their urgent interference in their client's behalf induced him to shake them off, to proceed freely in the

exercise of his duties, and to open the eyes of the Directory on what the republic might have to apprehend from the enterprising character of Bonaparte. It is certain that what I have to relate respecting the conduct of Bernadotte to Bonaparte is calculated to give credit to these assertions.

All the generals who were in Paris, with the exception of Bernadotte, had visited Bonaparte, during the first three days which succeeded his arrival. Bernadotte's absence was the more remarkable, because he had served under Bonaparte in Italy. It was not until a fortnight had elapsed, and then only on the reiterated entreaties of Joseph and Madame Joseph Bonaparte (his sister-in-law), that he determined to go and see his old general-in-chief. I was not present at their interview, being at that moment occupied in the little cabinet of the Rue Chantereine. But I soon discovered that their conversation had been warm; for, as soon as it was ended, Bonaparte entered the cabinet exceedingly agitated, and said to me, "Bourrienne, how do you think Bernadotte has behaved? You travelled with me from Frejus;—you witnessed the enthusiasm which my return excited;—you yourself told me that you saw in that enthusiasm the desire of the French people to be relieved from the disastrous position in which our reverses have placed them. Well! would you believe it? Bernadotte boasts, with ridiculous exaggeration, of the brilliant and victorious situation of France! He talks about the defeat of the Russians, the occupation of Genoa, the innumerable armies that are rising up every where. In short, I know not what nonsense he has got in his head."—"What can all this mean?" said I, "Did he speak about Egypt?"—"Oh! yes. Now you remind me. He actually reproached me for not having brought the army back with me.—'But,' observed I, 'have you not just told me that you are absolutely overrun with troops; that all your frontiers are secure, that immense levies are going on, and that you will have two hundred thousand infantry?—If this be true, what do you want with a few thousand men, who may ensure the preservation of Egypt?' He could make no answer to this. But he is quite elated by the honour of having been war minister; and he told me boldly that he looked upon the army of Egypt as lost. Nay, more. He made insinuations. He spoke of enemies abroad and enemies at home; and as he uttered these last words, he looked significantly at me. I, too, gave him a glance! But stay a little. The pear will soon be ripe! You know Josephine's grace and address. She was present. The scrutinizing glance of Bernadotte did not escape her, and she adroitly turned the conversation. Bernadotte saw from my countenance that I had had enough of it, and he took his leave. But, don't let me interrupt you further. I am going back to speak to Josephine."

I must confess that this strange story made me very impatient

to find myself alone with Madame Bonaparte, for I wished to hear her account of the scene. An opportunity occurred that very evening. I repeated to her what I had heard from the general, and all that she told me tended to confirm its accuracy. She added that Bernadotte seemed to take the utmost pains to exhibit to the general a flattering picture of the prosperity of France; and she reported to me, as follows, that part of the conversation which was peculiarly calculated to irritate Bonaparte: "'I do not despair of the safety of the republic, which, I am certain, will triumph over her enemies, both abroad and at home.' As Bernadotte uttered these last words," continued Josephine, "his glance made me shudder. One word more and Bonaparte could have commanded himself no longer. It is true," added she, "that it was in some degree his own fault, for it was he who turned the conversation on politics; and Bernadotte, in describing the flourishing condition of France, was only replying to the general, who had drawn a very opposite picture of the state of things. You know, my dear Bourrienne, that Bonaparte is not always very prudent. I fear he has said too much to Bernadotte about the necessity of changes in the government." Josephine had not yet recovered from the agitation into which this violent scene had thrown her. After I took leave of her I made notes of what she had told me.

A few days after, when Bonaparte, Josephine, Hortense, Eugène, and I, were together in the drawing-room, Bernadotte unexpectedly entered. His appearance, after what had passed, was calculated to surprise us. He was accompanied by a person whom he requested permission to introduce to Bonaparte. I have forgotten his name, but he was, I think, secretary-general while Bernadotte was in office. Bonaparte, betrayed no appearance of astonishment. He received Bernadotte with perfect ease, and they soon entered into conversation. Bonaparte, who seemed to acquire confidence from the presence of those who were about him, said a great deal about the agitation which prevailed among the republicans, and expressed himself in very decided terms against the Manège Club. I seconded him by observing that M. Moreau de Worms, of my department, who was a member of that club, had himself complained to me of the violence that prevailed in it. "But, general," said Bernadotte, "your brothers were its most active originators. Yet," added he in a tone of firmness, "if you accuse me of having favoured that club, I repel the charge. It cannot be otherwise than false. When I came into office I found every thing in the greatest disorder. I had no leisure to think about any club to which my duties did not call me. You know well that your friend Salicetti, and that your brother, who is in your confidence, are both leading men in the Manège Club. To the instructions of *I know not whom*, is to be attributed the violence of which you complain." At these words, and especially the tone in which Bernadotte uttered *I know not*

whom, Bonaparte could no longer restrain himself. "Well, general," exclaimed he, furiously, "I tell you plainly, I would rather live wild in the woods, than in a state of society which affords no security."—Bernadotte then said, with great dignity of manner—"Heavens! General, what security would you have?" From the warmth evinced by Bonaparte, I saw plainly that the conversation would soon be converted into a dispute, and in a whisper I requested Madame Bonaparte to change the conversation, which she immediately did, by addressing a question to some one present. Bernadotte, observing Madame Bonaparte's design, checked his warmth. The subject of conversation was changed, and it became general. Bernadotte soon took up his hat and departed.

One morning, when I entered Bonaparte's chamber—it was, I believe, three or four days after the second visit of Bernadotte—he said,

"Well, Bourrienne, I wager you will not guess with whom I am going to breakfast this morning?"—"Really, general, I ——" "With Bernadotte; and the best of the joke is, that I have invited myself. You would have seen how it was all brought about if you had been with us at the Theatre Français, yesterday evening. You know we are going to visit Joseph to-day, at Mortfontaine. Well, as we were coming out of the theatre, last night, finding myself side by side with Bernadotte, and not knowing what to talk about, I asked him whether he was to be of our party to-day? He replied in the affirmative; and as we were passing his house in the Rue Cisalpine, I told him, without any ceremony, that I should be happy to come and take a cup of coffee with him this morning. He seemed pleased. What do you think of that, Bourrienne?"—"Why, general, I hope you may have reason, on your part, to be pleased with him."—"Never fear, never fear. I know what I am about. This will compromise him with Gohier. Remember, you must always meet your enemies with a good face, otherwise they think they are feared, and that gives them confidence."

Bonaparte stepped into the carriage with Josephine, who was always ready when she had to go out with him, for he did not like to wait. They proceeded first to Bernadotte's to breakfast, and from thence to Mortfontaine. On his return, Bonaparte told me very little about what had passed during the day, and I could see that he was not in the best of humours. I afterwards learned that Bonaparte had conversed a good deal with Bernadotte, and that he had made every effort to render himself agreeable, which he very well knew how to do, when he chose; but that, in spite of all his conversational talent, and supported as he was by the presence of his three brothers, and Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, he could not withstand the republican firmness of Bernadotte. However, the number of his partisans daily augmented; for all had not the uncompromising spirit of

Bernadotte; and it will soon be seen, that Moreau himself undertook the guard of the directors who were made prisoners on the 18th Brumaire.

Bernadotte's shrewd penetration made him one of the first to see clearly into Bonaparte's designs. He was well convinced of his determination to overthrow the constitution, and possess himself of power. He saw the Directory divided into two parties; the one, duped by the promises and assurances of Bonaparte, and the other conniving with him for the accomplishment of his plans. In these circumstances, Bernadotte offered his services to all persons connected with the government, who, like himself, were averse to the change which he saw good reason to apprehend. But Bonaparte was not the man to be outdone in cunning or activity; and every moment swelled the ranks of his adherents.

On the 16th Brumaire I dined in the Rue de la Victoire. Bernadotte was present, and, I believe, General Jourdan also. While the grand conspiracy was hastening to its accomplishment, Madame Bonaparte and I had contrived a little plot of a more innocent kind. We let no one into our secret, and our 16th Brumaire was crowned with complete success. We had agreed to be on the alert, to prevent any fresh exchange of angry words. All succeeded to the utmost of our wishes. The conversation was rather dull during dinner; but it was not dulness that we were afraid of. It turned on the subject of war, and in that vast field Bonaparte's superiority over his interlocutors was nde niable.

When we retired to the drawing-room, a great number of evening visiters poured in, and the conversation then became animated, and even gay. Bonaparte was in high spirits. He said to some one, smiling, and pointing to Bernadotte, "You are not aware that the general yonder is a Chouan."—"A Chouan," repeated Bernadotte, also in a tone of pleasantry, "Ah! general, you contradict yourself. Only the other day you taxed me with favouring the violence of the friends of the republic, and now you accuse me of protecting the Chouans. You should, at least, be consistent." A few moments after, availing himself of the confusion occasioned by the throng of visiters, Bernadotte slipped off.

As a mark of respect to Bonaparte, the council of Five Hundred appointed Lucien its president. The event proved how important this nomination was to Napoleon. Up to the 19th Brumaire, and especially on that day, Lucien evinced a degree of activity, intelligence, courage, and presence of mind, which are rarely found united in one individual. I have no hesitation in stating, that, to Lucien's nomination and exertions, must be attributed the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The general had laid down a plan of conduct, from which he never deviated during the twenty-three days which intervened

between his arrival in Paris and the 18th Brumaire. He refused almost all private invitations, in order to avoid indiscreet questions, unacceptable offers, and answers which might compromise him.

It was not without some degree of hesitation that he yielded to a project started by Lucien, who, by all sorts of manœuvring, had succeeded in prevailing on a great number of his colleagues to be present at a grand subscription dinner to be given to Bonaparte by the council of Five Hundred.

The disorder which unavoidably prevailed in a party amounting to upwards of two hundred and fifty persons, animated by a diversity of opinions and sentiments; the anxiety and distrust arising in the minds of those who were not in the grand plot, rendered this meeting one of the most disagreeable I ever witnessed. It was all restraint and dulness. Bonaparte's countenance sufficiently betrayed his dissatisfaction: besides, the success of his schemes demanded his presence elsewhere. Almost as soon as he had finished his dinner, he rose, saying to Berthier and me, "I am tired: let us be gone." He went round to the different tables, addressing to the company compliments and trifling remarks, and departed, leaving at table the persons by whom he had been invited.

This short political crisis was marked by nothing more grand, dignified, or noble, than the previous revolutionary commotions. All these plots were so contemptible, and were accompanied by so much trickery, falsehood, and treachery, that, for the honour of human nature, it is desirable to cover them with a veil.

General Bonaparte's thoughts were first occupied with the idea he had conceived even when in Italy, namely, to be chosen a director. Nobody dared yet accuse him of being a deserter from the army of the east. The only difficulty was to obtain a dispensation on the score of age. And was this not to be obtained? No sooner was he installed in his humble abode, in the Rue de la Victoire, than he was assured that, on the retirement of Rewbell, the majority of suffrages would have devolved on him, had he been in France, and had not the fundamental law required the age of forty; but that not even his warmest partisans were disposed to violate the yet infant constitution of the year III.

Bonaparte soon perceived that no efforts would succeed in overcoming this difficulty, and he easily resolved to possess himself wholly of an office of which he would nominally have had only a fifth part, had he been a member of the Directory.

As soon as his intentions became manifest, he found himself surrounded by all those who recognised in him the man they had long looked for. These persons, who were able and influential in their own circles, endeavoured to convert into friendship the animosity which existed between Siéyès and Bonaparte. This angry feeling had been increased by a remark made

by Siéyès, and reported to Bonaparte. He had said, after the dinner at which Bonaparte treated him so disrespectfully, "Do you see how that little insolent fellow behaves to the member of a government which would do well to order him to be shot?"

But all was changed when able mediators pointed out to Bonaparte the advantage of uniting with Siéyès for the purpose of overthrowing a constitution which he did not like. He was assured how vain it would be to think of superseding him, and that it would be better to flatter him with the hope of helping to subvert the constitution and raising up a new one. One day, some one said to Bonaparte, in my hearing, "Seek for support among the party who call the friends of the republic Jacobins, and be assured that Siéyès is at the head of that party."

On the 25th Vendémiaire (17th of October), the Directory summoned General Bonaparte to a private sitting. "They offered me the choice of any army I would command," said he to me the next morning. "I would not refuse; but I asked to be allowed a little time for the recovery of my health; and, to avoid any other embarrassing offers, I withdrew. I shall go to no more of their sittings. [He attended only one after this.] "I am determined to join Siéyès's party. It includes a greater diversity of opinions than that of the profligate Barras. He proclaims every where that he is the author of my fortune. He will never be content to play an inferior part, and I will never bend to such a man. He cherishes the mad ambition of being the support of the republic. What would he do with me? Siéyès, on the contrary, has no political ambition."

No sooner did Siéyès begin to grow friendly with Bonaparte, than the latter learned from him, that Barras had said, "The little corporal has made his fortune in Italy, and does not want to go back again." Bonaparte repaired to the Directory for the sole purpose of contradicting this allegation. He complained to the directors of its falsehood, boldly affirmed that the fortune he was supposed to possess had no existence, and that even if he had made his fortune, it was not, at all events, at the expense of the republic. "You know," said he to me, "that the mines of Hydria have furnished the greater part of what I possess."—"Is it possible," said I "that Barras could have said so, when you know so well of all the peculations of which he has been guilty since your return?"

Bonaparte had confided the secret of his plans to very few persons—to those only whose assistance he wanted. The rest mechanically followed their leaders and the impulse which was given to them: they passively awaited the realization of the promises they had received, and on the faith of which they had pledged themselves.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1799.

Cambacérès and Lebrun—Gohier deceived—My nocturnal visit to Barras—The command of the army given to Bonaparte—The morning of the 18th Brumaire—Meeting of the generals at Bonaparte's house—Bernadotte's firmness Josephine's interest for Madame Gohier—Disappointment of the directors—Review in the gardens of the Tuileries—Bonaparte's harangue—Proclamation of the ancients—Dialogue circulated in Paris—Proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris—Moreau, jailer of the Luxembourg—My conversation with La Vallette—Bonaparte at Saint Cloud.

THE parts in the great drama which was shortly to be enacted, were well distributed. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire, every one was at his post. Lucien, with equal activity and intelligence, forwarded the conspiracy in the two councils; Siéyès had the management of the Directory; Real, under the instructions of Fouché, negotiated with the departments, and dexterously managed, without comprising Fouché, to ruin those from whom that minister had received his power. There was no time to lose; and Fouché said to me, on the 14th Brumaire, "Tell your general to be speedy; if he delays, he is lost."

On the 17th, Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely told Bonaparte that the overtures made to Cambacérès and Lebrun had not been received in a very decided way. "I will have no tergiversation," replied Bonaparte, with warmth. "Let them not flatter themselves that I stand in need of them. They must decide to-day; to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself strong enough now to stand alone."

Cambacérès and Lebrun were almost utter strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte had cast his eyes on the minister of justice to be one of his colleagues, when he should be at liberty to name them, because his previous conduct had pledged him as a partisan of the revolution. To him Bonaparte added Lebrun, to counterbalance the first choice. Lebrun was distinguished for honourable conduct and moderate principles. By selecting these two men, Bonaparte hoped to please every one: besides, neither of them

were able to contend against his fixed determination and ambitious views.

What low intrigues marked the 17th Brumaire! On that day I dined with Bonaparte; and after dinner he said, "I have promised to dine to-morrow with Gohier; but, as you may readily suppose, I do not intend going. However, I am very sorry for his obstinacy. By way of restoring his confidence, Josephine is going to invite him to breakfast with us to-morrow. It will be impossible for him to suspect any thing. I saw Barras this morning, and left him much disturbed. He asked me to return and visit him to-night. I promised to do so, but I shall not go. To-morrow all will be over. There is but little time; he expects me at eleven o'clock to-night. You shall therefore take my carriage, go there, send in my name, and then enter yourself. Tell him that a severe headache confines me to my bed, but that I will be with him without fail to-morrow. Bid him not be alarmed, for all will soon be right again. Elude his questions as much as possible; do not stay long, and come to me on your return."

At precisely eleven o'clock, I reached the residence of Barras, in General Bonaparte's carriage. Solitude and silence prevailed in all the apartments through which I passed to Barras's cabinet. Bonaparte was announced, and when Barras saw me enter instead of him, he manifested the greatest astonishment, and appeared much cast down. It was easy to perceive that he looked on himself as a lost man. I executed my commission, and stayed only a short time. I rose to take my leave, and he said, while showing me out, "I see that Bonaparte is deceiving me: he will not come again. He has settled every thing; yet to me he owes all." I repeated that he would certainly come to-morrow, but he shook his head, in a way which plainly denoted that he did not believe me. When I gave Bonaparte an account of my visit, he appeared much pleased. He told me that Joseph was going to call that evening on Bernadotte, and to ask him to come to-morrow. I replied, that, from all I knew, he would be of no use to him. "I believe so too," said he; "but he can no longer injure me, and that is enough. Well, good night; be here at seven in the morning." It was then one o'clock.

I was with him a little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and on my arrival I found a great number of generals and officers assembled. I entered Bonaparte's chamber and found him already up—a thing rather unusual with him. At this moment he was as calm as on the approach of a battle. In a few moments, Joseph and Bernadotte arrived. Joseph had not found him at home on the preceding evening, and had called for him that morning. I was surprised to see Bernadotte in plain clothes, and I stepped up to him and said, in a low voice, "General, every one here, except you and I, are

in uniform."—"Why should I be in uniform?" said he. As he uttered these words, Bonaparte, struck with the same surprise as myself, stopped short while speaking to several persons around him, and turning quickly towards Bernadotte, said, "How is this? you are not in uniform!"—"I never am on a morning when I am not on duty;" replied Bernadotte. "You will be on duty presently."—"I have not heard a word of it: I should have received my orders sooner."

Bonaparte then led Bernadotte into an adjoining room. Their conversation was not long, for there was not time to spare.

On the other hand, by the influence of the principal conspirators, the removal of the legislative body to St. Cloud was determined on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and the command of the army was given to Bonaparte.

All this time Barras was, no doubt, waiting for Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte was expecting Gohier to breakfast. At Bonaparte's were assembled all the generals who were devoted to him. I never saw so great a number before in the Rue de la Victoire. They were all, except Bernadotte, in full uniform; and there were, besides, half a dozen persons there, initiated in the secrets of the day. The little hotel of the conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage, and several persons were standing in the courtyard. Bonaparte was acquainted with the decree of the council of Ancients, and only waited for its being brought to him, before he should mount his horse. That decree was adopted in the council of Ancients, by what may be called a false majority, for the members of the council were summoned at different hours, and it was so contrived, that sixty or eighty of them, whom Lucien and his friends had not been able to gain over, should not receive their notices in time.

As soon as the message from the council of Ancients arrived, Bonaparte requested all the officers at his house to follow him. At that announcement, a few, who were in ignorance of what was going on, did not follow—at least, I saw two groups separately leave the hotel. Bernadotte said to me, "I shall stay with you." I perceived there was a good deal of suspicion about him. Bonaparte, before going down the stairs which led from the small round dining-room into the courtyard, returned quickly to bid Bernadotte follow him. He would not, and Bonaparte then said to me, while hurrying off, "Gohier is not come—so much the worse for him," and leaped on his horse. Scarcely was he off, when Bernadotte left me. Josephine and I being now left alone, she acquainted me with her anxiety. I assured her that every thing had been so well prepared, that success was certain. She felt much interest about Gohier, on account of her friendship for his wife. She asked me whether I was well acquainted with Gohier?—"You know, Madame," replied I, "that we have been only twenty days in Paris, and that during that time I have scarcely gone any where. I have

seen M. Gohier several times, when he came to visit the general, and have talked to him about the situation of our affairs in Switzerland, Holland, France, and other political matters, but I never exchanged a word with him as to what is now going on. This is the whole extent of acquaintance with him."

"I am sorry for it," resumed Josephine, "because I should have asked you to write to him, and beg him to make no stir, but imitate Siéyès and Roger, who will voluntarily retire, and not to join Barras, who is probably at this very moment forced to do so. Bonaparte has told me, that if Gohier voluntarily resigns, he will do every thing for him." I believe Josephine communicated directly with the president of the Directory, through a friend of Madame Gohier's.

Gohier and Moulins, no longer depending on Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, waited for their colleague, Barras, in the hall of the Directory, to adopt some measure on the decree for removing the councils to Saint Cloud. But they were disappointed; for Barras, whose eyes had been opened by my visit on the preceding night, did not join them. He had been invisible to his colleagues from the moment that Bruix and M. de Talleyrand had informed him of the reality of what he already suspected, and insisted on his retirement.

On the 18th Brumaire, a great number of military, amounting to about 10,000 men, were assembled in the gardens of the Tuileries, and were reviewed by Bonaparte, accompanied by Generals Bournonville, Moreau, and Macdonald. Bonaparte read the decree of the council of Ancients, by which the legislative body was removed to St. Cloud, and by which he himself was intrusted with the execution of that decree, and appointed to the command of all the military force in Paris.

He then delivered the following address to the troops:

SOLDIERS,

The extraordinary decree of the council of Ancients, which is conformable to the articles 102 and 103 of the constitution, has appointed me to the command of the city and the army.

I accept that appointment with the view of seconding the measures which the council is about to adopt, and which are entirely favourable to the people.

The republic has been badly governed for two years past. You hoped that my return would put an end to the evil. You have celebrated that return in a way which imposes on me duties which I am ready to perform. You will also perform your duty, and second your general with the energy, firmness, and confidence you have always manifested.

Liberty, victory, and peace, will restore the French republic to the rank it has occupied in Europe, and which it could have lost only by folly and treason.

Whilst Bonaparte was thus haranguing the soldiers, the council of Ancients published an address to the French people, —

which it was declared, that the seat of the legislative body was changed, in order to put down the factions, whose object was to control the national representation.

A dialogue on the affairs of the day was posted up at the doors of the councils, and distributed in great numbers in the reading-rooms. I quote a part of it, for it is curious to know, at the present time, what words were then put into the mouth of Bonaparte.

The Member of the Five Hundred.—Between ourselves, my friend, I am afraid of the interference of Bonaparte in this affair. His reputation, his influence, the just confidence which the soldiers place in his talents, and, above all, his talent itself, may give him a most formidable ascendancy over the destinies of the republic. Shall the fate of liberty depend on him? If he prove a Cæsar! a Cromwell!

The Member of the Ancients.—A Cæsar! a Cromwell! Bad, worn out characters, unworthy of a man of sense, even if they were not unworthy of an honest man. "It would be a sacrilegious thought," said Bonaparte himself, at one time, "to make any attempt against a representative government in the present age of knowledge and liberty. He would be a mere fool," he said, at another time, "who would wantonly stake the republic against European royalty, after having contended for it with so much glory and peril."

On the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte caused the following proclamation to be printed, and posted about Paris. He was so certain of what the council of Ancients would do, that he had dictated it to me before the decree mentioned in it was passed:

CITIZENS,

The council of Ancients, the depositary of the national wisdom, has just issued the annexed decree, which is authorized by Art. 102 and 103 of the constitution.

I am directed to take measures for the protection of the national representation. Its removal is necessary and urgent. The legislative body is competent to extricate the representative body from the danger into which the disorganization of all departments of the government is hurrying us.

On this important occasion, the union and the confidence of all true patriots is necessary. Rally round the council. That is the only means of establishing the republic on the bases of civil liberty, internal happiness, victory, and peace.

While all this was passing abroad, I was at the general's house in the Rue de la Victoire; which I never left during the whole day. Madame Bonaparte and I were not without anxiety in Bonaparte's absence. I learned from Josephine, that Joseph's wife had received a visit from Adjutant-General Rapatel, who had been sent by Bonaparte and Moreau to bring her husband to the Tuileries. Joseph was from home at the time, and so the message was useless. This circumstance, however, awakened hopes, which we had scarcely dared to entertain. Moreau was

then in accordance with Bonaparte, for Rapatel was sent in the name of both generals. This alliance, so long despaired of, appeared to augur favourably. It was one of Bonaparte's happy strokes. Moreau, who was a slave to military discipline, regarded his successful rival only as a chief nominated by the council of Ancients. He received his orders and obeyed them. Bonaparte appointed him commander of the guard of the Luxembourg, where the directors were under confinement. He accepted the command, and no circumstance could have contributed more effectually to the accomplishment of Bonaparte's views, and to the triumph of his ambition.

At length Bonaparte, whom we had impatiently expected, returned. Almost every thing had gone well with him, for he had had only to do with soldiers. In the evening he said to me, "I am sure that the committee of inspectors of the hall are at this very moment engaged in settling what is to be done at St. Cloud to-morrow. It is better to let them decide the matter, for by that means their vanity is flattered. I will obey orders which I have myself concerted." What Bonaparte was speaking of, had been arranged nearly two or three days previously. The committee of inspectors was under the influence of the principal conspirators.

In the evening of this anxious day, which was destined to be succeeded by a stormy morrow, Bonaparte, pleased with having gained over Moreau, spoke to me of Bernadotte's visit in the morning. "I saw," said he, "that you were as much astonished as I at Bernadotte's behaviour. A general out of uniform! He might as well have come in slippers. Do you know what passed when I took him aside? I told him all; I thought that the best way. I assured him that his Directory was hated, and his constitution worn out; that it was necessary to turn them all off, and give another impulse to the government. 'Go and put on your uniform,' said I: 'I cannot wait for you long. You will find me at the Tuileries, with the rest of our comrades. Do not depend on Moreau, Bournonville, or the generals of your party. When you know them better, you will find that they promise much, but perform little. Do not trust them.' Bernadotte then said, that he would not take part in what he called a rebellion. A rebellion! Bourrienne, only think of that. A set of imbeciles, who from morning to night do nothing but debate in their little clubs! But all was in vain. I could not move Bernadotte. He is a bar of iron. I asked him to give me his word that he would do nothing against me—what do you think was his answer?"—"Something unpleasant, no doubt."—"Unpleasant! that is too mild a word. He said, 'I will remain quiet as a citizen; but if the Directory order me to act, I will march against all disturbers.' But I can laugh at all that now. My measures are taken, and he will have no command. However, I set him at ease as to

what would take place. I flattered him with a picture of private life, the pleasures of the country, and the charms of Malmaison; and I left him with his head full of pastoral dreams. In a word, I am very well satisfied with my day's work. Good night, Bourrienne; we shall see what will turn up to-morrow."

On the 19th I went to St. Cloud with my friend, La Vallette. As we passed the Place Louis XV., now Louis XVI., he asked me what was doing, and what my opinion was as to the coming events? Without entering into any detail, I replied, "My friend, either we shall sleep to-morrow at the Luxembourg, or there will be an end of us." Who could tell which of the two things would happen! Success legalized a bold enterprise, which the slightest accident might have changed into a crime.

The sitting of the Ancients, under the presidency of Lemercier, commenced at one o'clock. A warm discussion took place upon the situation of affairs, the resignation of the members of the Directory, and the immediate election of others. Great heat and agitation prevailed during the debate. Intelligence was every minute carried to Bonaparte of what was going forward, and he determined to enter the hall and take part in the discussion. He entered in a hasty and angry way, which did not give me a favourable foreboding of what he was about to say. We passed through a narrow passage to the centre of the hall; our backs were turned to the door. Bonaparte had the president to his right. He could not see him full in the face. I was close to the general on his right. Berthier was at his left.

All the speeches which have been subsequently passed off as having been delivered by Bonaparte on this occasion, differ from each other; as well they may, for he delivered none, unless his confused answers to the president, which were alike devoid of dignity and sense, are to be called a speech. He talked of his "brothers in arms," and the "frankness of a soldier." The questions of the president followed each other rapidly: they were clear; but it is impossible to conceive any thing more confused or worse delivered than the ambiguous and perplexed replies of Bonaparte. He talked without end of "volcanoes, secret agitations, victories, a violated constitution!" He blamed the proceedings of the 18th Fructidor, of which he was the first promoter, and the most powerful supporter. He pretended to be ignorant of every thing until the council of Ancients had called him to the aid of his country. Then came "Cæsar—Cromwell—tyrant!" and he several times repeated, "I have nothing more to say to you!" though, in fact, he had said nothing. He alleged that he had been called to assume the supreme authority, on his return from Italy, by the desire of the nation, and afterwards by his comrades in arms. Next followed the words "liberty—equality!" though it was evident he had not come to St. Cloud for the sake of either. No sooner

did he utter these words, than a member of the Ancients, named, I think, Linglet, interrupting him, exclaimed, "You forget the constitution!" His countenance immediately lighted up; yet nothing could be distinguished but "The 18th Fructidor—the 30th Prairial—hypocrites—intriguers—I will disclose all!—I will resign my power, when the danger which threatens the republic shall have passed away!"

Bonaparte, believing all his assertions to be admitted as proved, assumed a little confidence, and accused the two directors, Barras and Moulins, "of having proposed to put him at the head of a party whose object was to oppose all men professing liberal ideas."

At these words, the falsehood of which was odious, a great tumult arose in the hall. A general committee was loudly called for, to hear the disclosures. "No, no!" exclaimed others, "no general committee! Conspirators have been denounced: it is right that France should know all!"

Bonaparte was then required to enter into the particulars of his accusation against Barras and Moulins, and of the proposals which had been made to him: "You must no longer conceal any thing."

Embarrassed by these interruptions and interrogatories, Bonaparte believed that he was completely lost. Instead of giving an explanation of what he had said, he began to make fresh accusations; and against whom? The council of Five Hundred, who, he said, wished for "scaffolds, revolutionary committees, and a complete overthrow of every thing."

Violent murmurs arose, and his language became more and more incoherent and inconsequential. He addressed himself at one moment to the representatives of the people, who were quite overcome by astonishment: at another, to the military in the courtyard, who could not hear him. Then, by an unaccountable transition, he spoke of "the thunderbolts of war!" and added, that he was "attended by the God of war and the God of fortune."

The president, with great calmness, told him that he saw nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which the council could deliberate; that there was vagueness in all he had said. "Explain yourself; reveal the plot in which you say you were urged to join."

Bonaparte repeated again the same things. But only those who were present can form any idea of his manner. There was not the slightest connexion in what he stammered out. Bonaparte was no orator. It may well be supposed that he was more accustomed to the din of war than to the discussions of the tribunes. He was more at home before a battery than before a president's chair.

Perceiving the bad effect which this unconnected babbling produced on the assembly, as well as the embarrassment of

Bonaparte, I said, in a low voice, pulling him gently by the skirt of his coat, "Withdraw, general; you know not what you are saying." I made signs to Berthier, who was on his left, to second me in persuading him to leave the hall; and, all at once, after having stammered out a few more words, he turned round, exclaiming, "Let those who love me follow me!" The sentinels at the door offered no opposition to his passing. The person who went before him quietly drew aside the tapestry which concealed the door, and General Bonaparte leaped upon his horse, which stood in the courtyard. It is hard to say what would have happened, if, on seeing the general retire, the president had said, "Grenadiers, let no one pass!" Probably, instead of sleeping next day at the Luxembourg, he might have ended his career on the Place de la Révolution!

CHAPTER XXVII.

1799.

The two councils—Barras's letter—Bonaparte at the council of Five Hundred—False reports—Tumultuous sitting—Lucien's speech—He resigns the presidency of the council of Five Hundred—He is carried out by grenadiers—He harangues the troops—A dramatic scene—Murat and his soldiers drive out the Five Hundred—Council of Thirty—Consular commission—Decree—Return to Paris—Conversation with Bonaparte and Josephine respecting Gohier and Bernadotte—Intercepted letter of the directors Gohier and Moulins to the Ancients.

The scene which occurred at the sitting of the council of the Ancients was very different from that which passed outside. Bonaparte had scarcely reached the courtyard, and mounted his horse, when cries of *Vive Bonaparte!* resounded on all sides. But this was only a sunbeam between two storms. He had yet to brave the council of Five Hundred, which was far more excited than the council of Ancients. Every thing tended to create a dreadful uncertainty; but it was too late to draw back. We had already played deeply. The game was desperate, and every thing was to be ventured. In a few hours all would be determined.

Our apprehensions were not without foundation In the council of Five Hundred agitation was at its height. The most serious alarm marked its deliberations. It had been determined to announce to the Directory the installation of the councils, and to inquire of the council of Ancients their reasons for resolving on an extraordinary convocation. But the Directory no longer existed. Siéyès and Roger-Ducos had joined Bonaparte's

party. Gohier and Moulins were prisoners in the Luxembourg, and in the custody of General Moreau; and at the very moment when the council of Five Hundred had drawn up a message to the Directory, the council of Ancients transmitted to them the following letter, received from Barras. This letter, which was addressed to the council of Ancients, was immediately read by Lucien Bonaparte, who was president of the council of Five Hundred.

CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

Having entered into public affairs, solely from my love of liberty, I consented to share the first magistracy of the state, only that I might be able to defend it in danger; to protect against their enemies the patriots, compromised in its cause; and to ensure to the defenders of their country that attention to their interests, which no one was more calculated to feel than a citizen, long the witness of their heroic virtues, and always sensible to their wants.

The glory which accompanies the return of the illustrious warrior to whom I had the honour of opening the path of glory, the striking marks of confidence given him by the legislative body, and the decree of the National Convention, convinces me that, to whatever post he may henceforth be called, the dangers of liberty will be averted, and the interests of the army ensured.

I cheerfully return to the rank of a private citizen: happy, after so many storms, to resign, unimpaired, and even more glorious than ever, the destiny of the republic, which has been, in part, committed to my care.

BARRAS.

This letter occasioned a great sensation in the council of Five Hundred. A second reading was called for, and a question was started, whether the retirement was legal, or was the result of intrigue, and of the influence of Bonaparte's agents;—whether to believe Barras, who declared the dangers of liberty averted, or the decree for the removal of the legislative corps, which was passed and executed under the pretext of the existence of imminent peril? At that moment, Bonaparte appeared, followed by a party of grenadiers, who remained at the entrance of the hall.

I did not accompany him to the council of Five Hundred. He had directed me to send off an express to ease the apprehensions of Josephine, and to assure her that every thing would go well. It was some time before I joined him again.

However, without speaking as positively as if I had myself been an eyewitness of the scene, I do not hesitate to declare, that all that has been said about assaults and poniards is pure invention. I am bound to rely on what was told me, on the very night, by persons well worthy of credit, and who were witnesses of all that passed.

As to what passed at the sitting, the accounts, given both at the time and since, have varied according to opinions. Some have alleged that unanimous cries of indignation were excited by the appearance of the military. From all parts of the hall

resounded, "The sanctuary of the laws is violated. Down with the tyrant!—down with Cromwell!—down with the Dictator!" Bonaparte stammered out a few words, as he had done before the council of Ancients, but his voice was immediately drowned by cries of "Vive la République!" "Vive la Constitution!" "Outlaw the Dictator!" The grenadiers are then said to have rushed forward, exclaiming, "Let us save our general!" at which, indignation reached its height, and cries, even more violent than ever, were raised;—that Bonaparte falling insensible into the arms of the grenadiers, said, "They mean to assassinate me!" All that regards the exclamations and threats, I believe to be correct; but I rank with the story of the poniards, the assertion of the members of the Five Hundred being provided with fire-arms, and the grenadiers rushing into the hall; because Bonaparte never mentioned a word of any thing of the sort to me, either on the way home, or when I was with him in his chamber. Neither did he say any thing on the subject to his wife, who had been extremely agitated by the different reports which reached her.

After Bonaparte left the council of Five Hundred, the deliberations were continued with great violence. The excitement caused by the appearance of Bonaparte was nothing like subsided when propositions of the most furious nature were made. The president, Lucien, did all in his power to restore tranquillity. As soon as he could make himself heard, he said, "The scene which has just taken place in the council proves what are the sentiments of all;—sentiments which I declare are also mine. It was, however, natural to believe that the general had no other object than to render an account of the situation of affairs, and of something interesting to the public. But I think none of you can suppose him capable of projects hostile to liberty."

Each sentence of Lucien's address was interrupted by cries of "Bonaparte has tarnished his glory! He is a disgrace to the republic!"

Lucien made fresh efforts to be heard, and wished to be allowed to address the assembly as a member of the council, and for that purpose resigned the presidentship to Chasal. He begged that the general might be introduced again, and heard with calmness. But this proposition was furiously opposed. Exclamations of "Outlaw Bonaparte! outlaw him!" rang through the assembly, and were the only reply given to the president. Lucien, who had reassumed the president's chair, left it a second time, that he might not be constrained to put the question of outlawry demanded against his brother. Braving the displeasure of the assembly, he mounted the tribune, resigned the presidentship, renounced his seat as a deputy, and threw aside his robes.

Just as Lucien left the council, I entered. Bonaparte, who was well informed of all that was passing, had sent in soldiers to the assistance of his brother; they carried him off from the

midst of the council, and Bonaparte thought it a matter of no little importance to have with him the president of an assembly, which he treated as rebellious. Lucien was reinstalled in office; but he was now to discharge his duties, not in the president's chair, but on horseback, and at the head of a party of troops ready to undertake any thing. Roused by the danger to which both his brother and himself were exposed, he delivered on horseback the following words, which can never be too often remembered, as showing what a man then dared to say, who never was any thing, except from the reflection of his brother's glory:

CITIZENS, SOLDIERS,

The president of the council of Five Hundred declares to you, that the majority of that council is at this moment held in terror by a few representatives of the people, who are armed with stilettos, and who surround the tribune, threatening their colleagues with death, and maintaining most atrocious discussions.

I declare to you that these brigands, who are doubtless in the pay of England, have risen in rebellion against the council of Ancients, and have dared to talk of outlawing the general, who is charged with the execution of its decree, as if the word "outlaw" was still to be regarded as the death-warrant of persons most beloved by their country.

I declare to you, that these madmen have outlawed themselves, by their attempts upon the liberty of the council. In the name of that people, which for so many years have been the sport of terrorism, I consign to you the charge of rescuing the majority of their representatives; so that, delivered from stilettos by bayonets, they may deliberate on the fate of the republic.

General, and you, soldiers, and you citizens, you will not acknowledge, as legislators of France, any but those who rally round me. As for those who remain in the orangery, let force expel them. They are not the representatives of the people, but the representatives of the poniard. Let that be their title, and let it follow them every where: and whenever they dare show themselves to the people, let every finger point at them, and every tongue designate them by the well-merited title of representatives of the poniard!

Vive la République!

Notwithstanding the cries of *Vive Bonaparte!* which followed this harangue, the troops still hesitated. It was evident that they were not fully prepared to turn their swords against the national representation. Lucien then drew his sword, exclaiming, "I swear that I will stab my own brother to the heart, if he ever attempt any thing against the liberty of Frenchmen." This dramatic action was perfectly successful; hesitation vanished; and at a signal given by Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of his grenadiers, rushed into the hall, and drove out the representatives. Every one yielded to the reasoning of bayonets, and thus terminated the employment of the armed force on that memorable day.

At ten o'clock at night, the palace of St. Cloud, where so

many tumultuous scenes had occurred, was perfectly tranquil. All the deputies were still there, pacing the hall, the corridors, and the courts. Most of them had an air of consternation; others affected to have foreseen the event, and to appear satisfied with it; but all were to return to Paris, which they could not do until a new order revoked the order for the removal of the councils to St. Cloud.

At eleven o'clock, Bonaparte, who had eaten nothing all day, but who was almost insensible to physical wants in moments of great agitation, said to me, "We must go and write, Bourrienne; I intend this very night to address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow morning I shall be all the conversation of the capital." He then dictated to me the following proclamation, which proves, no less than some of his reports from Egypt, how much Bonaparte excelled in the art of twisting the truth to his own advantage:

19 Brumaire, 11 o'clock, P.M.

On my return to France, I found division reigning amongst all the authorities. They agreed only on this single point, that the constitution was half destroyed, and was unable to protect liberty!

All parties came to me, confided to me their designs, imparted their secrets, and requested my support. I refused to be the man of a party.

The council of Ancients appealed to me. I answered their appeal. A plan of general restoration had been concerted by men whom the nation has been accustomed to regard as the defenders of liberty, equality, and property. This plan required calm and free deliberation, exempt from all influence, and all fear. The Ancients, therefore, resolved upon the removal of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud. They placed at my disposal the force necessary to secure their independence. I was bound in duty to my fellow-citizens, to the soldiers perishing in our armies, and to the national glory, acquired at the cost of so much blood, to accept the command

The councils assembled at St. Cloud. Republican troops guaranteed their safety from without; but assassins created terror within Many members of the council of Five Hundred, armed with stilettos and pistols, spread menaces of death around them.

The plans which ought to have been developed were withheld. The majority of the council was rendered inefficient; the boldest orators were disconcerted, and the inutility of submitting any salutary proposition was quite evident.

I proceeded, filled with indignation and grief, to the council of Ancients. I beseeched them to carry their noble designs into execution. I directed their attention to the evils of the nation, which were their motives for conceiving those designs. They concurred in giving me new proofs of their uniform good will.

I presented myself before the council of Five Hundred, alone, unarmed, my head uncovered, just as the Ancients had received and applauded me. My object was to restore to the majority the expression of its will, and to secure to it its power.

The stilettos, which had menaced the deputies, were instantly raised against their deliverer. Twenty assassins rushed upon me,

and aimed at my breast. The grenadiers of the legislative body, whom I had left at the door of the hall, ran forward, and placed themselves between me and the assassins. One of these brave grenadiers (Thome)* had his clothes pierced by a stiletto. They bore me off.

At the same moment, cries of "Outlaw him!" were raised against the defender of the law. It was the horrid cry of assassins against the power destined to repress them.

They crowded round the president, uttering threats. With arms in their hands they commanded him to declare "the outlawry." I was informed of this. I ordered him to be rescued from their fury, and six grenadiers of the legislative body brought him out. Immediately afterwards, some grenadiers of the legislative body charged into the hall, and cleared it.

The factious, intimidated, dispersed and fled. The majority, freed from their assaults, returned freely and peaceably into the hall, listened to the propositions made for the public safety, deliberated, and drew up the salutary resolution which will become the new and provisional law of the republic.

Frenchmen, you doubtless recognise in this conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, of a citizen devoted to the republic. Preservative, tutelary, and liberal ideas resumed their authority upon the dispersion of the factious, who domineered in the councils, and who, in rendering themselves the most odious of men, did not cease to be the most contemptible.

The day had been passed in destroying a government—it was necessary to devote the night to framing a new one. Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Siéyès, were at St. Cloud. The council of Ancients assembled, and Lucien set himself about finding some members of the Five Hundred on whom he could reckon. He succeeded in getting together only thirty, who, with their president, represented the numerous assembly of which they formed part. This ghost of representation was important, for Bonaparte, notwithstanding his violation of all law on the preceding day, wished to make it appear that he was acting legally. The council of Ancients had, however, already decided that a provisional executive commission should be appointed, composed of three members, and was about to name the members of the commission—a measure which should have originated with the Five Hundred—when Lucien came to acquaint Bonaparte that his chamber *introuvable*, was assembled.

This chamber, which called itself the council of Five Hundred, though that council had now no more existence than the council of Trent, hastily passed a decree, the first article of which was as follows:

The Directory exists no longer; and the individuals hereafter named are no longer members of the national representation, on account of

* Thome merely had a small part of his coat torn by a deputy, who took him by the collar. This constituted the whole of the attempted assassinations of the 19th Brumaire.

the excesses and illegal acts which they have constantly committed, and more particularly the greatest part of them, in the sitting of this morning.

Then follow the names of sixty-one members.

By other articles of the same decree, the council instituted a provisional commission, similar to that which the ancients had proposed to appoint, resolved that the said commission should consist of three members, who should assume the title of consuls; and nominated as consuls, Siéyès, Roger-Ducos, and Bonaparte. The other provisions of the nocturnal decree of St. Cloud, had for their object merely the carrying into effect those already described. This nocturnal sitting was very calm, and indeed it would have been strange had it been otherwise, for no opposition could be feared from the members of the Five Hundred, who were prepared to concur with Lucien. All knew beforehand what they would have to do. Every thing was concluded by three o'clock in the morning; and the palace of St. Cloud, which had been so agitated since the previous evening, resumed in the morning its wonted stillness, and pr - sented the appearance of a vast solitude.

The number of persons who called upon me, the brief notes which I had to write to many friends, and the conversations in which I was compelled to take part, prevented me from dining before one o'clock in the morning. It was not till then that Bonaparte, having gone to take the oath as consul before the Five Hundred, afforded me an opportunity of taking some refreshment with Admiral Bruix and some other officers.

At three o'clock in the morning I accompanied Bonaparte, in his carriage, to Paris. He was extremely fatigued after so many trials and tribulations. A new future was opened before him. He was completely absorbed in thought, and did not utter a single word during the journey. But when he arrived at his house, in the Rue de la Victoire, he had no sooner entered his chamber, and wished good morning to Josephine, who was in bed, and in a state of the greatest anxiety on account of his absence, than he said, before me, "Bourrienne, I said many ridiculous things."—"Not so very bad, general."—"I like better to speak to soldiers than to lawyers. Those fellows intimidated me. I have not been used to public assemblies: but that will come in time."

We then began, all three, to converse. Madame Bonaparte became calm, and Bonaparte resumed his wonted confidence. The events of the day naturally formed the subject of our conversation. Josephine, who was much attached to the Gohier family, mentioned the name of that director in a tone of kindness. "What would you have, my dear?" said Bonaparte to her. "It is not my fault. He is a respectable man, but a simpleton. He does not understand me!—I ought, perhaps, to have him banished. He wrote against me to the council of

Five Hundred; but I have his letter, and they know nothing about it. Poor man! he expected me to dinner yesterday. And this man thinks himself a statesman!—Speak no more of him."

During our discourse, the name of Bernadotte was also mentioned. "Have you seen him, Bourrienne?" said Bonaparte to me.—"No, general."—"Neither have I. I have not heard him spoken of. Would you imagine it? I had intelligence today of many intrigues in which he is concerned. Would you believe it? he wished nothing less than to be appointed my colleague in authority. He talked of mounting his horse, and marching with the troops that might be placed under his command. He wished, he said, to maintain the constitution: nay, more; I am assured that he had the audacity to add that, if it were necessary to outlaw me, the government might come to him, and he would find soldiers to carry the decree into execution."—"All this, general, should give you an idea how inflexible his principles are."—"Yes, I am well aware of it; there is something in that: he is honest. But for his obstinacy, my brothers would have brought him over. They are related to him. His wife, who is Joseph's sister-in-law, has ascendancy over him. As for me, have I not, I ask you, made sufficient advances to him? You have witnessed them. Moreau, who has a higher military reputation than he, came over to me at once. However, I repent of having cajoled Bernadotte. I am thinking of separating him from all his coteries without any one being able to find fault with the proceeding. I cannot revenge myself in any other manner. Joseph loves him. I should have every body against me. These family considerations are follies! Good night, Bourrienne.—By the way, we will sleep in the Luxembourg to-morrow."

I then left the general, whom, henceforth, I must call the first consul, after having remained with him constantly during nearly twenty-four hours, with the exception of the time when he was at the council of Five Hundred. I retired to my lodging, in the Rue Martel, at five o'clock in the morning.

It is certain that if Gohier had come to breakfast on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, according to Madame Bonaparte's invitation, he would have been one of the members of the government. But Gohier acted the part of the stern republican. He placed himself, according to the common phrase of the time, a-horseback on the constitution of the year III.; and as his steed made a sad stumble, he fell with it. Gohier had, in fact, in conjunction with Moulins, written the following letter to the council of Ancients:

CITIZENS, REPRESENTATIVES,

A great aggression has been committed, which, doubtless, is only the prelude to still greater offences. The directorial palace has been

taken possession of by an armed force. The magistrates of the people, to whom you have confided the executive power, are at this moment guarded from the public view, even by those whom they alone have a right to command.

Their crime consists in having maintained the unshaken resolution of fulfilling the duties which your confidence imposed on them—in having indignantly rejected the proposition to abandon the reins of government, which it was attempted to wrest from their hands—in having refused to give in their resignation

It is now, representatives of the French people, necessary to proclaim the republic in danger! It is necessary to defend it. Whatever may be the fate which the enemies of the republic reserve for us, we swear fidelity to the constitution of the year III., and to the integrity of the national representation

May our oaths not prove to be the last cries of expiring liberty.

The two directors, prisoners in their palace.

MOULINS.
GOHIER, Pres.

It was a singular circumstance which prevented Gohier and Moulins from defending their beloved constitution. It was from their respect for the constitution that they allowed it to perish, because they would have been obliged to violate the article which did not allow less than three directors to deliberate.—Thus a king of Castile was burnt to death, because there did not happen to be in his apartment men of such rank as etiquette would permit to touch the person of the monarch.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1799.

Bonaparte's alleged eloquence—General approbation of the 18th Brumaire—Distress of the treasury—M. Collot's generosity—Bonaparte's ingratitude—Gohier set at liberty—Constitution of the year VIII.—The senate, tribunate, and council of state—Notes required on the character of candidates—Bonaparte's love of integrity and talent—Influence of habit over him—His hatred of the tribunate—Provisional concessions—The first consular ministry—Mediocrity of La Place—Proscription lists—Cambacérès's report—M. Moreau de Worms—Character of Siéyès—Bonaparte at the Luxembourg—Distribution of the day and visits—Le Brun's opposition—Bonaparte's singing—His boyish tricks—Resumption of the titles Madame and Monseigneur—The men of the revolution and the partisans of the Bourbons—Bonaparte's fears—Confidential notes on candidates for office and the assemblies.

NOTHING is more difficult than to ensure the triumph of truth, when it is opposed by generally accredited errors. This

difficulty I now experience. Every thing I have stated, respecting the days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire, is the exact truth. But how is this tardy truth to be reconciled with so many erroneous descriptions? How can the latter be driven from the position which they already occupy in history? What singular mania are some writers possessed with! No sooner have they chosen their hero, than they strip him of all the weaknesses of humanity: they endow him, during his power, and after his death, with every virtue, talent, and good quality: like those kind fairies who, according to our worthy ancestors, assisted at the births of princes, and bestowed every perfection upon them. Why insist that a great general was also a great orator? Because he was first in the field of battle, did it follow that he must be first in the tribune? Writers have asserted, and still do assert, that Bonaparte displayed a Ciceronian eloquence before an imposing assembly, which had his fate at its disposal. His fanatical admirers will have it that he appeared in the midst of the deputies, who wished to outlaw him, quite as much at his ease as he did at the head of the legions which he had so often led to victory; and, although his education had been very limited, in every thing that regarded the art of speaking, they pretend that this art was communicated to him, as if by enchantment, at a time when he was a prey to the most poignant anxiety. M. Gourgaud, speaking of the sitting of the council of Ancients, on the 19th Brumaire, says, "There were moments when he spoke like a god; others, when he expressed himself like the most ordinary mortal." Half of this is true; but I was present, and I can affirm that I did not hear the god.

How is it possible that I could now be deceived with respect to the events of which I am speaking? They are not of a description that would long remain buried, without recurring to the memory. What I now relate, I related next morning to many persons. I wrote my relation then, and it is not likely that the paper has altered the statements then inscribed upon it. Since that period, I have often told the same story to all unprejudiced men who wished to be informed of the particulars of the affair of St. Cloud. I certainly am sorry to find myself opposed to every body; but I cannot make up my mind to play the part of a flatterer to a great man, by attributing to him eloquence which he did not possess. The position which he will occupy in history will be sufficiently great, without its being necessary to have recourse to the artifices of adulation. Besides, it must have been observed, and will be observed again, that if I adhere to the plain truth, in cases with respect to which Bonaparte has received unmerited praise, I perform the same duty, and with more satisfaction, when it is necessary to refute the calumnies of which he has been the object. Bonaparte was not guilty of an act of cruelty at Jaffa; but he stammered, and talked non-

sense, before the council of Five Hundred.* What, after all, do his words signify? his actions are known. The eloquence of bayonets was sure to help him more than the finest speech. He was not next morning less the chief of the republic, and afterwards Emperor of the French, for all his bad oratory.

Doubtless the legality of the acts of the 18th Brumaire may be disputed; but who will venture to say that the immediate result of that day ought not to be regarded as a great blessing to France? Whoever denies this, can have no idea of the wretched state of every branch of the administration at that deplorable epoch. Many a fine phrase has been written about the "oppressed representation," the "violated constitution," "military tyranny," "the usurpation of power," and the "upstart soldier;" still it cannot be denied that France hailed, almost with unanimous voice, Bonaparte's accession to the consulship as a blessing of Providence. I do not speak now of the ulterior consequences of that event; I speak only of the fact itself, and its first results, such as the repeal of the law of hostages, and the compulsory loan of a hundred millions. A few persons blamed the 18th Brumaire; but no one regretted the Directory, with the exception, perhaps, of the five directors themselves. But we will say no more of the directorial government. What an administration! In what a state were the finances of France! Would it be believed? on the second day of the consulate, when Bonaparte wished to send a courier to General Championnet, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, the treasury had not twelve hundred francs disposable, to give to the courier!

It may be supposed, that, in the first moments of a new government, money would be wanted. M. Collot, who had served under Bonaparte in Italy, and whose conduct and administration deserved nothing but praise, was one of the first who came to the consul's assistance. In this instance, M. Collot was as zealous as disinterested. He gave the consul five hundred thousand francs, in gold, for which service he was badly rewarded. Bonaparte afterwards behaved to M. Collot, as though he were anxious to punish him for being rich. This sum, which at the time made so fine an appearance in the consular treasury, was not repaid for a long time after, and then without interest. This was not, indeed, the only instance in which M. Collot had cause to complain of Bonaparte, who was never inclined to acknowledge his important services, nor even to render justice to his conduct.

On the morning of the 20th Brumaire, Bonaparte sent his brother Louis to inform the director Gohier that he was free. This haste in relieving Gohier was not without a reason, for

* Napoleon never acquired the habit of speaking well in public except to soldiers.

Bonaparte was anxious to instal himself in the Luxembourg, and we went there that same evening.

Every thing was to be created. Bonaparte had with him almost the whole of the army, and on the soldiers he could rely. But the military force was no longer sufficient for him. Wishing to possess a great civil power, established by legal forms, he immediately set about the composition of a senate and tribunal; a council of state and a new legislative body; and, finally, a new constitution.*

As Bonaparte had not time to make himself acquainted with the persons by whom he was about to be surrounded, he required from the most distinguished men of the period, well acquainted with France and the revolution, notes respecting the individuals worthy and capable of entering the senate, the tribunal, and the council of state. From the manner in which all these notes were drawn up, it was evident that the writers of them studied to make their recommendation correspond with what they conceived to be Bonaparte's views, and that they imagined he participated in the opinions which were at that time popular. Accordingly they stated, as grounds for preferring particular canditates, their patriotism, their republicanism, and their having had seats in preceding assemblies.

Of all qualities, that which most influenced the choice of the first consul was inflexible integrity; and it is but just to say, that in this particular he was rarely deceived. He sought earnestly for talent; and although he did not like the men of the revolution, he was convinced that he could not do without them. He had conceived an extreme aversion for mediocrity, and generally rejected a man of that character when recommended to him; but if he had known such a man long, he yielded to the influence of habit, dreading nothing so much as change, or, as he was accustomed to say himself, new faces.

Bonaparte then proceeded to organize a complaisant senate, a mute legislative body, and a tribunate which was to have the semblance of being independent, by the aid of some fine speeches, and high-sounding phrases. He easily appointed the senators, but it was different with the tribunate. He hesitated long before he fixed upon the candidates for that body, which inspired him with an anticipatory fear. However, on arriving at power he dared not oppose himself to the exigencies of the moment, and he consented for a time to delude the ambitious

* The constitution of the year VIII. was presented on the 13th of December, 1799 (22 Frimaire, year VIII.), and accepted by the people on the 7th of February, 1800 (18th Pluviose, year VIII). It established a consulary government, composed of Bonaparte, first consul, appointed for ten years; Cambacérès, second consul, also for ten years; and Lebrun, third consul, appointed for five years. It established a conservative senate, a legislative body of three hundred members, and a tribunate composed of one hundred members. The establishment of the council of state took place on the 24th of December, 1799. The installation of the new legislative body and the tribunate, was fixed for the 1st of January, 1800.

dupes who kept up a buzz of fine sentiments of liberty, around him. He saw that circumstances were not yet favourable for refusing a share in the constitution to this third portion of power, destined apparently to advocate the interests of the people before the legislative body. But, in yielding to necessity the mere idea of the tribunate filled him with the utmost uneasiness; and, in a word, Bonaparte could not endure the public discussions on law projects.

Bonaparte composed the first consular ministry as follows: Berthier was minister of war; Gaudin, formerly employed in the administration of the post-office, was appointed minister of finance; Cambacérès remained minister of Justice; Forfait was minister of marine; La Place of the interior; Fouché of police; and Reinhard of foreign affairs.

Reinhard and La Place were soon replaced, the former by the able M. Talleyrand, the latter by Lucien.* It may be said that Lucien merely passed through the ministry on his way to his lucrative embassy to Spain. As to La Place, Bonaparte always entertained a high opinion of his talents. His appointment to the ministry of the interior was a compliment paid to science; but it was not long before the first consul repented of his choice. La Place, so happily calculated for science, displayed the most inconceivable mediocrity in administration. He was incompetent to the most trifling matters: as if his mind, formed to embrace the system of the world, and to interpret the laws of Newton and Kepler, could not descend to the level of subjects of detail, or apply itself to the duties of the department with which he was intrusted for a short, but yet, with regard to him, too long a time.

On the 26th Brumaire (17th November 1799), the consuls issued a decree, in which they stated, that conformably with Article III. of the law of the 19th of the same month, which specially charged them with the re-establishment of public tranquillity, they decreed, that thirty-eight individuals, who were named, should quit the continental territory of the republic, and, for that purpose, should proceed to Rochefort, to be afterwards conducted to, and detained in, the department of French Guiana. They likewise decreed, that twenty-three other individuals, who were named, should proceed to the commune of Rochelle, in the department of the lower Charente, in order to be afterwards fixed and detained in such part of that department as should be pointed out by the minister of general police. I was fortunate enough to keep M. Moreau de Worms, deputy from the Yonne, out of the list of exiles.

* When I quitted the service of the first consul, Talleyrand was still at the head of the foreign department. I have frequently been present at this great statesman's conferences with Napoleon, and I can declare that I never saw him flatter his dreams of ambition: but, on the contrary, he always endeavoured to make him sensible of his true interests.

This proscription produced a mischievous effect. It bore a character of wanton severity, quite inconsistent with the assurances of mildness and moderation given at St. Cloud, on the 19th Brumaire. Cambacérès afterwards made a report. in which he represented that it was unnecessary for the maintenance of tranquillity, to subject the proscribed to banishment, considering it sufficient to place them under the supervision of the high police. Upon receiving the report, the consuls issued a decree, in which they directed all the individuals included in the proscription to retire respectively into the different communes which should be fixed upon by the minister of justice, and to remain there until further orders.

At the period of the issuing of these decrees, Siéyès was still one of the consuls, conjointly with Bonaparte and Roger-Ducos; and although Bonaparte had, from the first moment, possessed the whole power of the government, a sort of apparent equality was, nevertheless, observed amongst them. It was not until the 25th of December, that Bonaparte assumed the title of first consul, Cambacérès and Lebrun being then joined in the office with him. He had fixed his eyes on them previously to the 18th Brumaire, and he had no cause to reproach them with giving him much embarrassment in his rapid progress towards the imperial throne.

I have stated that I was so fortunate as to rescue M. Moreau de Worms from the list of proscription. Some days after, Siéyès entered Bonaparte's cabinet, and said to him, "Well, this M. Moreau de Worms, whom M. Bourrienne induced you to save from banishment, is acting very finely! I told you how it would be. I have received from Sens, his native place, a letter, which informs me that Moreau is in that town, where he has assembled the people in the market-place, and indulged in the most violent declamations against the 18th Brumaire."—"Can you rely upon your agent?" asked Bonaparte. "Perfectly. I can answer for the truth of his communication." Bonaparte showed me the bulletin of Siéyès's agent, and reproached me bitterly. "What would you say, general," I observed, "if I should present this same M. Moreau de Worms, who is declaiming at Sens against the 18th Brumaire, to you, within an hour?"—"I defy you to do it."—"I have made myself responsible for him, and I know what I am about. He is violent in his politics; but he is a man of honour, incapable of failing in his word."—"Well, we shall see. Go and find him." I was very sure of doing what I had promised, for within an hour before I had seen M. Moreau de Worms. He had been concealed since the 19th Brumaire, and had not quitted Paris. Nothing was easier than to find him, and in three-quarters of an hour he was at the Luxembourg. I presented him to Bonaparte, who conversed with him a long time, concerning the 18th Brumaire. When M. Moreau departed, Bonaparte said to me.

"You are right. That fool Siéyès is as credulous as a Cassandra. This proves that one should not be too ready to believe the reports of the wretches whom we are obliged to employ in the police." Afterwards he added, "Bourrienne, M. Moreau is pretty well; I am satisfied with him; I will do something for him." It was not long before M. Moreau experienced the effect of the consul's good opinion. Some days after, whilst framing the council of prizes, he, at my simple suggestion, appointed M. Moreau one of the members, with a salary of 10,000 francs. On what extraordinary circumstances the fortunes of men frequently depend! As to Siéyès, in the intercourse, not very frequent, certainly, which I had with him, he appeared to be far beneath the reputation which he then enjoyed.* He reposed a blind confidence in a multitude of agents, whom he sent into all parts of France. When it happened, on other occasions, that I proved to him, by evidence, as sufficient as that in the case of M. Moreau, the falseness of the reports he had received, he replied, with a confidence truly ridiculous, "I can rely on my men." Siéyès had written in his countenance, "Give me money." I recollect that I one day alluded to this expression in the anxious face of Siéyès, to the first consul. "You are right," observed he to me, smiling; "when money is in question, Siéyès is quite a matter-of-fact man. He sends his ideology to the right about, and thus becomes easily manageable. He readily abandons his constitutional dreams for a good round sum, and that is very convenient."†

Bonaparte occupied, at the little Luxembourg, the apartments on the ground-floor, which lie to the right on entering from the Rue de Vaugirard. His cabinet was close to a private staircase, which conducted me to the first floor, where Josephine dwelt. My apartment was on the second floor.

After breakfast, which was served at ten o'clock, Bonaparte would converse for a few moments with his usual guests, that is to say, his aides-de-camp, the persons he invited, and myself, who never left him. He was also visited very often by Defermont, Regnault (of the town of Saint Jean d'Angely), Boulay (de la Meurthe), Monge, and Berlier, who were, with his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, those whom he most delighted to see; he conversed familiarly with them. Cambacérès generally came

* M. de Talleyrand, who is so capable of estimating men, and whose admirable sayings well deserve to occupy a place in history, had long entertained a similar opinion of Siéyès. One day, when he was conversing with the second consul concerning Siéyès, Cambacérès said to him, "Siéyès, however, is a very profound man." "Profound?" said Talleyrand. "Yes, he is a cavity, a perfect cavity, as you would say."

† Every body knows, in fact, that Siéyès refused to resign his consular dignities, unless he received in exchange a beautiful farm, situated in the park of Versailles, and worth about 15,000 livres a year. The good abbé consoled himself for no longer forming a third of the republican sovereignty, by making himself at home in the ancient domain of the kings of France.

at mid-day, and stayed some time with him, often a whole hour. Lebrun visited but seldom. Notwithstanding his elevation, his virtue remained unaltered; and Bonaparte considered him too moderate, because he always opposed his ambitious views, and his plans to usurp power. When Bonaparte left the breakfast-table, it was seldom that he did not add, after bidding Josephine and his daughter Hortense good day, "Come, Bourrienne, come, let us to work."

After the morning audiences, I stayed with Bonaparte all the day, either reading to him, or writing to his dictation. Three or four times in the week he would go to the council. In his way to the hall of deliberation he was obliged to cross the courtyard of the little Luxembourg, and ascend the grand staircase. This always vexed him, and the more so as the weather was very bad at the time. This annoyance continued till the 25th of December, and it was with much satisfaction that he saw himself quit of it. After leaving the council, he used to enter his cabinet singing, and God knows how wretchedly he sung! He examined whatever work he had ordered to be done, signed documents, stretched himself in his arm-chair, and read the letters of the preceding day, and the publications of the morning. When there was no council, he remained in his cabinet, conversed with me, always sang, and cut, according to custom, the arm of his chair, giving himself sometimes quite the air of a great boy. Then, all at once starting up, he would describe a plan for the erection of a monument, or dictate some of those extraordinary productions which astonished and dismayed the world. He often became again the same man, who, under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, had dreamed of an empire worthy his ambition.

At five o'clock dinner was served up. When that was over, the first consul went up stairs to Josephine's apartments, where he commonly received the visits of the ministers. He was always pleased to see among the number the minister for foreign affairs, especially since the portfolio of that department had been intrusted to the hands of M. de Talleyrand. At midnight, and often sooner, he gave the signal for retiring, by saying, in a hasty manner, *Allons nous coucher.*

It was at the Luxembourg, in the saloons of which the adorable Josephine so well performed the honours, that the word *Madame* came again into use. This first return towards the old French politeness was startling to some susceptible republicans; but things were soon carried further at the Tuileries by the introduction of *Votre Altesse*, on occasions of state ceremony, and *Monseigneur*, in the family circle.

If on the one hand Bonaparte did not like the men of the revolution, he dreaded, on the other, still more the partisans of the Bourbons. On the mere mention of the name of those princes, he experienced a kind of inward alarm; and he often

spoke of the necessity of raising a wall of brass between France and them. To this feeling, no doubt, must be attributed certain nominations; and the spirit of some recommendations contained in the notes with which he was supplied on the characters of candidates, and which for ready reference were arranged alphabetically. Some of the notes just mentioned are in the handwriting of Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, and some in Lucien Bonaparte's. Among them is the following, under the title of General Observations:

In choosing among the men who were members of the constituent assembly, it is necessary to be on guard against the Orleans' party, which is not altogether a chimera, and may prove, one day or other dangerous.

There is no doubt that the partisans of that family are intriguing secretly; and among many other proofs of this fact, the following is a striking one: The journal called the "Aristarque," which undisguisedly supports royalism, is conducted by a man of the name of Voidel, one of the hottest patriots of the revolution. He was for several months president of the committee of inquiry, which caused the Marquis de Ferras to be arrested and hanged, and gave so much uneasiness to the court. There was no one in the constituent assembly, more hateful to the court than Voidel, as much on account of his violence, as for his connexion with the Duke of Orleans, whose advocate and counsel he was.

When the Duke of Orleans was arrested, Voidel, braving the fury of the revolutionary tribunals, had the courage to defend him, and placarded all the walls of Paris with an apology for the duke and his two sons. This man, writing now in favour of royalism, can have no other object than to advance a member of the Orleans family to the throne.

At the commencement of the first consul's administration, though he always consulted the notes he had collected, he yet received with attention the recommendations of persons with whom he was well acquainted; but it was not safe for them to recommend a rogue or a fool. The men whom he most disliked were those whom he called *babblers*, who are continually prating of every thing and on every thing. He often said, "I want more head and less tongue."

On taking the government into his own hands, Bonaparte knew so little of the revolution and of the men engaged in civil employments, that it was indispensably necessary for him to collect information from every quarter respecting men and things. But when the conflicting passions of the moment became more calm, and the spirit of party more prudent, and when order had been, by his severe investigations, introduced where hitherto unbridled confusion had reigned, he became gradually more scrupulous in granting places, whether arising from newly-created offices, or from those changes which the different departments often experienced. He then said to me, "Bourrienne,

I give up your department to you. Name whom you please for the appointments; but, remember, you must be responsible to me."

What a list would that be which should contain the names of all the prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, and other civil officers, to whom I gave places! I have kept no memoranda of their names: and, indeed, what advantage would there have been in doing so? It was impossible for me to have a personal knowledge of all the fortunate candidates; but I relied on recommendations in which I had confidence.

I have little to complain of in those I obliged; though it is true that, since my separation from Bonaparte, I have seen many of them generously take the opposite side of the street in which I was walking, and, by that delicate attention, save me the trouble of raising my hat.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1799—1800.

Difficulties of a new government—State of Europe—Bonaparte's wish for peace—M. de Talleyrand, minister for foreign affairs—Negotiations with England and Austria—Their failure—Bonaparte's views on the east—His sacrifices to policy—General Bonaparte denounced to the first consul—Kleber's letter to the Directory—Accounts of the Egyptian expedition published in the Moniteur—Proclamation to the army of the east—Favour and disgrace of certain individuals accounted for.

When a new government rises on the ruins of one that has been overthrown, its best chance of conciliating the favour of the nation, if that nation be at war, is to hold out the prospect of peace; for peace is always dear to a people. Bonaparte was well aware of this; and if, in his heart, he wished for war, he knew how important it was to seem to desire peace. Thus, immediately after his installation at the Luxembourg, he notified to all the foreign powers his accession to the consulate, and, for the same purpose, addressed letters to all the diplomatic agents of the French government abroad.

The day after he got rid of his two first colleagues, Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, he prepared to open negotiations with the cabinet of London. At that time we were at war with almost all Europe. We had lost Italy. The Emperor of Germany was ruled by his ministers, who, in their turn were governed by England, and France had no army in the interior. It was no easy matter to manage equally the organization of the consular government and the no less important affairs abroad; and it was

very important to the interests of the first consul to intimate to foreign powers, while, at the same time, he assured himself against the return of the Bourbons, that the system which he proposed to adopt was a system of order and regeneration, unlike either the demagogic violence of the Convention or the imbecile artifice of the Directory. In fulfilment of this object, Bonaparte directed M. de Talleyrand, the new minister for foreign affairs, to make the first friendly overtures to the English cabinet. A correspondence ensued, which was published at the time, and which showed at once the condescending policy of Bonaparte, and the arrogant policy of England.*

* We give here the whole of this remarkable correspondence, than which there are few documents more characteristic and interesting in the whole range of state papers, of whatever country.—*Editor.*

"French Republic—Sovereignty of the People—Liberty—Equality.

"Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the First Magistracy of the Republic, I have thought proper, in commencing the discharge of the duties of this office, to communicate the event directly to your Majesty.

"Must the war, which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation?

"How can the two most enlightened nations in Europe, stronger and more powerful than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants, as well as the first of glories?

"These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your Majesty, who rules over a free nation with no other view than to render it happy.

"Your Majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually, for the second time, to a general pacification, by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms, which, however necessary to disguise the apprehensions of feeble states, only serve to discover in those that are powerful a mutual wish to deceive.

"France and England may, by the abuse of their strength, long defer the period of its utter exhaustion, unhappily for all nations. But I will venture to say, that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"BONAPARTE."

"Lord Grenville in reply to the Minister of Foreign Relations at Paris.

"Downing Street, January 4, 1800.

"Sir,—I have received and laid before the King the two letters which you have transmitted to me; and his Majesty, seeing no reason to depart from those forms which have long been established in Europe for transacting business with Foreign States, has commanded me to return, in his name, the official answer which I send you herewith enclosed.

"I have the honour to be, with high consideration, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

"GRENVILLE."

The exchange of notes which took place was attended by no immediate result. However, the first consul had partly attained

"NOTE to the Minister of Foreign Relations at Paris.

"The King has given frequent proofs of his sincere desire for the re-establishment of secure and permanent tranquillity in Europe. He neither is nor has been engaged in any contest for a vain and false glory. He has had no other view than that of maintaining, against all aggression, the rights and happiness of his subjects. For these he has contended against an unprovoked attack, and for the same objects he is still obliged to contend: nor can he hope that this necessity could be removed, by entering at the present moment into negotiations with those whom a fresh revolution has so recently placed in the exercise of power in France; since no real advantage can arise from such negotiation to the great and desirable object of general peace, until it shall appear that those causes have ceased to operate, which originally produced the war, and by which it has since been protracted, and in more than one instance renewed. The same system, to the prevalence of which France justly ascribes all her present miseries, is that which has also involved the rest of Europe in a long and destructive warfare, of a nature long since unknown to the practice of civilized nations. For the extension of this system and for the extermination of all established governments, the resources of France have from year to year, and in the midst of the most unparalleled distress, been lavished and exhausted. To this indiscriminate spirit of destruction, the Netherlands, the United Provinces, the Swiss Cantons (his Majesty's ancient friends and allies) have successively been sacrificed. Germany has been ravaged; Italy, though now rescued from its invaders, has been made the scene of unbounded rapine and anarchy. His Majesty has himself been compelled to maintain an arduous and burdensome contest for the independence and existence of his kingdoms. Nor have these calamities been confined to Europe alone; they have been extended to the most distant quarters of the world, and even to countries so remote both in situation and interest from the present contest, that the very existence of such a war was perhaps unknown to those who found themselves suddenly involved in all its horrors. While such a system continues to prevail, and while the blood and treasure of a numerous and powerful nation can be lavished in its support, experience has shown that no defence but that of open and steady hostility can be availing. The most solemn treaties have only prepared the way for fresh aggressions; and it is to a determined resistance alone that is now due whatever remains in Europe of stability for property, for personal liberty, for social order, or for the free exercise of religion. For the security, therefore, of these essential objects, his Majesty cannot place his reliance on the mere renewal of general professions of pacific dispositions. Such professions have been repeatedly held out by all those who have successively directed the resources of France to the destruction of Europe, and whom the present rulers have declared to have been all, from the beginning and uniformly, incapable of maintaining the relations of amity and peace. Greatly, indeed, will his Majesty rejoice, whenever it shall appear that the dangers to which his own dominions and those of his allies have been so long exposed have really ceased; whenever he shall be satisfied that the necessity of resistance is at an end; that after the experience of so many years of crimes and miseries, better principles have ultimately prevailed in France; and that all the gigantic projects of ambition, and all the restless schemes of destruction, which have endangered the existence of civil society, have been finally relinquished; but the conviction of such a change, however agreeable to his Majesty's wishes, can result only from experience and the evidence of facts.

"The best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence would be the restoration of that line of princes which for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and in consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would at once have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace. It would confirm to France

his object: if the British government would not enter into negotiations for peace, there was, at least, reason to presume that

unmolested enjoyment of its ancient territory; and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that security which they are now compelled to seek by other means. But, desirable as such an event must be both to France and to the world, it is not to this mode exclusively that his Majesty limits the possibility of secure and solid pacification. His Majesty makes no claim to prescribe to France what shall be the form of her Government, or in whose hands she shall vest the authority necessary for conducting the affairs of a great and powerful nation. His Majesty looks only to the security of his own dominions and those of his allies, and to the general safety of Europe. Whenever he shall judge that such security can in any manner be attained as resulting either from the internal situation of that country, from whose internal situation the danger has arisen, or from such other circumstances, of whatever nature, as may produce the same end, his Majesty will eagerly embrace the opportunity to concert with his allies the means of immediate and general pacification. Unhappily no such security hitherto exists; no sufficient evidence of the principles by which the new Government will be directed; no reasonable ground by which to judge of its stability. In this situation, it can for the present only remain for his Majesty to pursue, in conjunction with other powers, those exertions of just and defensive war, which his regard to the happiness of his subjects will never permit him either to continue beyond the necessity in which they originate, or to terminate on any other grounds than such as may best contribute to the secure enjoyment of their tranquillity, their constitution, and their independence.

"GRENVILLE.

"Downing Street, January 4, 1800."

To this answer the following reply was addressed to the English minister by M. de Talleyrand

"Paris, 28th Nivose, year VIII. (Jan. 28th*, 1800.)

"The official note, bearing date the 14th of Nivose, year VIII., addressed to me by the minister of his Britannic Majesty, having been laid before the First Consul of the French Republic, he remarked with surprise that it was founded upon an incorrect opinion relative to the origin and consequences of the present war. Far from war having been provoked by France, it may be remembered that from the very beginning of the revolution, she solemnly proclaimed her love of peace, her repugnance to make conquests, and her respect for the independence of all other governments: and it is beyond all doubt, that being occupied at that period solely with her internal affairs, she would have avoided interfering with those of Europe, and have remained faithful to her professions.

"But from an opposite feeling, the moment the French revolution burst forth almost the whole of Europe united to destroy France. This aggression existed long before it became public. Internal resistance was excited; they who opposed the revolution were well received at foreign courts, their armed meetings tolerated, their conspiracies countenanced, and their extravagant declamation encouraged; the French nation was insulted in the persons of its agents, and England, in particular, set the example, by sending back the French accredited agent. In short, France was attacked, by overt arts, in her independence, her honour, and her security, long before war was declared.

"Thus, France is warranted in imputing the evils which she has herself suffered, and those which have afflicted Europe, to projects of subjugation and dismemberment which have several times been attempted and pursued. Such projects, long without example, as applied to so powerful a nation, could not fail of producing the most fatal consequences.

"The republic having been assailed on all sides, may naturally have been

* *Quere*, the 20th January.

subsequent overtures of the consular government might be listened to. The correspondence had, at all events, afforded Bonaparte the opportunity of declaring his principles, and, above all, it had enabled him to ascertain that the return of the Bourbons to France would not be a *sine quà non* condition for the restoration of peace between the two powers.

expected to carry on all sides its defensive exertions; and it has made use of the means which lay in its own power, and in the courage of its citizens, with no other view than the protection of its own independence. So long as its enemies have shown a determination to deny its rights, it has relied solely upon the energy of its resistance; but whenever they have abandoned their projects of invasion, it has constantly sought the means of reconciliation, always manifested intentions of peace; and if its good wishes have not been realized—if, in the midst of those internal tempests successively produced by revolution and war, the present holders of the executive power in France have not always evinced as much moderation as the people have evinced courage, it must be more particularly attributed to the fatal rage with which the resources of England have been applied to effect the ruin of France.

"But if the wishes of his Britannic Majesty are, as he asserts, in unison with those of the French Republic, with regard to the conclusion of a peace, why, instead of attempting to justify the war, does he not try to put an end to it? What obstacle is there to prevent a reconciliation of mutual and acknowledged utility, more particularly when the First Consul of the French Republic has personally afforded so many proofs of his eagerness to put an end to the calamities of war, and of his desire to observe, in the most rigorous manner, existing treaties.

"The First Consul of the French Republic can have no doubt that his Britannic Majesty recognises the right of nations to choose their own form of government, since it is to the very exercise of such right that he owes his own crown; and he cannot conceive how, in the most direct opposition to this fundamental principle, upon which the actual existence of political societies rests, his Britannic Majesty's minister could throw out hints tending to interfere with the internal affairs of the Republic—hints which are not less offensive to the French people and their government, than an attempt would be offensive to England and his Majesty, which should tend to produce in that country the republican form of government adopted there in the middle of the last century, or an exhortation to recall to the throne of Great Britain that family whom birth had seated upon it, but who were precipitated from it by a revolution.

"If, at no very distant period, when the constitutive system of the Republic offered neither the strength nor the solidity which it now displays, his Britannic Majesty thought himself warranted in making overtures of reconciliation, and demanding conferences to treat of peace, how happens it that he now feels repugnance in renewing negotiations to which the present and reciprocal state of affairs promises a more speedy progress? The voices of nations join on all sides with that of humanity in imploring the termination of a war already marked by disasters of great magnitude, and a prolongation of which threatens Europe with a general convulsion—with the prospect of irremediable evils. It is to arrest the course of such calamities, or at least to confine their direful effects to those persons alone who have caused them, that the First Consul of the French Republic proposes an immediate termination of hostilities by a suspension of arms, and the appointing forthwith of plenipotentiaries on both sides, to meet at Dunkirk, or in any other town offering equal advantages for rapidity of communication, there to proceed, without delay, in the re-establishment of peace and amity between the French Republic and England.

"The First Consul offers to give the necessary passports for this object.

"CH. M."

Since M. de Talleyrand had been minister for foreign affairs, the business of that department had proceeded with great activity. It was an important advantage to Bonaparte to find a nobleman of the old regime among the republicans. The choice of M. de Talleyrand was, in some sort, an act of courtesy to the foreign courts. It was a delicate attention to the diplomacy of Europe to introduce to its members, for the purpose of treating with them, a man whose rank was at least equal to their own, and who was universally distinguished for a polished elegance of manner combined with solid good qualities and real talents.

It was not only with England that Bonaparte and his minister endeavoured to open negotiations; the consular cabinet also offered peace to the house of Austria; but not at the same time. The object of this offer was to sow discord between the two powers. Speaking to me, one day, of his earnest wish to obtain peace, Bonaparte said, "You see, Bourrienne, I have two great enemies to cope with. I will conclude peace with the one I find most easy to deal with. That will enable me immediately to assail the other. I frankly confess that I should like best to be at peace with England. Nothing would then be more easy than to crush Austria. She has no money, except what she gets through England.

For a long time all negotiations proved abortive. None of the European powers would acknowledge the new government, of which Bonaparte was the head; and the peace of Amiens was brought about only by the battle of Marengo.

Though the affairs of the new government afforded abundant occupation to Bonaparte, he yet found leisure to direct attention to the east—to that land of despotism, whence, judging from his subsequent conduct, it might be presumed he derived his first principles of government. On becoming the head of the state, he wished to turn Egypt, which he had conquered as a general, to the advantage of his policy as consul. If Bonaparte triumphed over a feeling of dislike in consigning the command of the army to Kleber, it was because he knew Kleber to be more capable than any other of executing the plans he had formed; and Bonaparte was not the man to sacrifice the interests of policy to personal resentment.

With respect to all whom he had left in Egypt, Bonaparte stood in a very singular situation. On becoming chief of the government, he was not only the depositary of all communications made to the Directory; but letters sent to one address were delivered to another, and the first consul received the complaints made against the general who had so abruptly quitted Egypt. In almost all the letters that were delivered to us, he was the object of serious accusation. According to some, he had not avowed his departure until the very day of his embarkation; and he had deceived every body by means of false and dissembling proclamations. Others canvassed his conduct while in

Egypt: the army which had triumphed under his command, he had abandoned when reduced to two-thirds of its original force, and a prey to all the horrors of sickness and want. It must be confessed that these complaints and accusations were but too well founded, and one can never cease wondering at the chain of fortunate circumstances which so rapidly raised Bonaparte to the consular seat. In the natural order of things, and in fulfilment of the design which he himself had formed, he should have disembarked at Toulon, where the sanitary laws would, no doubt, have been observed; instead of which, the fear of the English, and the uncertainty of the pilots, caused him to go to Frejus, where the sanitary laws were violated by the very persons most interested in respecting them. Let us suppose that Bonaparte had been forced to perform quarantine at Toulon. What would have ensued? The charges against him would have fallen into the hands of the Directory, and he would probably have been suspended, and put upon his trial. Of this, little doubt can be entertained, after a perusal of the following letter from Kleber, which Bonaparte presented to me, after having read it himself:

LETTER FROM GENERAL KLEBER TO THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY OF FRANCE.

Head-quarters at Cairo, 4th Vendémiaire, year VIII.
(September 26, 1799.)

Citizens Directors,

The general-in-chief, Bonaparte, set off for France on the morning of the 6th Fructidor, without having informed any one of his intention. He had appointed to meet me at Rosetta on the 7th, but on my arrival there I found only his despatches. In my uncertainty as to whether the general has had the good fortune to reach France, I think it my duty to send you a copy of the letter by which he consigned to me the command of the army, and also the copy of a letter which he addressed to the grand vizier at Constantinople, though he perfectly well knew that that pasha had already arrived at Damascus.

My first object has been to obtain correct information of the present condition of the army.

You, Citizens Directors, know what was the amount of our force on its arrival in Egypt. It is now reduced one-half, and we are in possession of all the principal points of the triangle of the cataracts to El-Arish, from El-Arish to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to the cataracts.

Our opponents are not, as formerly, confined to a few hordes of miserable Mamelukes; we have now to resist the combined efforts of three great powers, the Porte, England, and Russia.

The want of arms, ammunition, cast-iron, and lead, present a picture as alarming as the great and sudden diminution of our troops. Our founderies have failed; the powder-manufactory at Ruonda has not been, and probably never will be, attended with the result that was hoped for; finally, the repair of fire-arms proceeds tardily, and the

support of all these establishments requires funds and means which we do not possess.

The troops are in want of clothing, a circumstance which is the more distressing, since it is ascertained to be one of the most active causes of dysentery and ophthalmia, the prevailing diseases in this country. Dysentery has this year had a fatal effect on constitutions already debilitated by privation and fatigue. Notwithstanding the considerable diminution of the army, it appears from the reports of the medical officers, that we have now a far greater number of sick than at the same period last year.

General Bonaparte had, indeed, before his departure, given orders for clothing the troops; but, as in many other instances, the business ended with the order; and want of money must doubtless have forced him to postpone the execution of that useful measure.

On the want of money, I must make a few observations. General Bonaparte exhausted all extraordinary resources during the first few months of our arrival. He then levied as many war contributions as the country could supply. To have recourse to those means now, when the country is surrounded by enemies, would be to prepare an insurrection on the first favourable opportunity. However, Bonaparte has not left a sou in the army chest, nor any object equivalent. He has, on the contrary, left an arrear of nearly twelve millions, which is more than a year's revenue in present circumstances. The mere arrears of pay for the army amount to four millions.

The inundation renders impracticable, at the present moment, the recovery of what is due from last year, and which would scarcely suffice to defray the expenses of a month. The collections cannot be resumed until the month of Frimaire, and then it is pretty certain that the business cannot be attended to, for we shall be obliged to fight.

The insufficiency of the inundations this year has occasioned a failure in the produce of several provinces; and they, consequently, have a fair claim to indulgence.

All that I here state, Citizens Directors, I am prepared to prove, by minutes, and certified estimates, drawn up in the different departments of the service.

Though Egypt is tranquil in appearance, yet it is far from being subjugated. The people are dissatisfied; and, do what we will, they look upon us as having come to rob them. They live in the hope of a favourable change.

The Mamelukes are dispersed, but not destroyed. Murad-Bey is still in Upper Egypt, with a sufficient force to occupy incessantly a portion of our army. If we were to leave him a moment's respite, his force would rapidly increase, and he would, doubtless, come and harass us in the capital, whence, in spite of our utmost vigilance, he has continued, up to this day, to obtain supplies of money and arms.

Ibrahim is at Gaza, with about two thousand Mamelukes; and I am informed, that thirty thousand men of the army of the grand vizier and Djezzar Pasha are already arrived there.

The grand vizier set out for Damascus about twenty days ago. He is at present encamped near Acre.

Such, Citizens Directors, are the circumstances under which General Bonaparte has transferred to me the enormous charge of the

army of the east. He saw the fatal crisis approaching, and your orders did not, doubtless, enable him to surmount it. That that crisis exists, his letters, his instructions, and the negotiation he opened, bear evidence: it is notoriously public, and our enemies seem to be as fully aware of it, as the French who are in Egypt.

"If," says General Bonaparte, in his instructions to me, "in spite of every precaution, the plague should rage this year in Egypt, and you should lose more than fifteen hundred men—a considerable loss, since it would exceed that which the events of the war might daily occasion—you must not, in that case, venture to maintain the ensuing campaign; and you will be authorized to conclude peace with the Ottoman Porte, even though the evacuation of Egypt should be the first condition."

I call your attention, Citizens Directors, to this passage of my instructions, because it is characteristic in more than one respect; and, above all, because it shows the critical situation in which I stand.

What are fifteen hundred men, more or less, in the vast extent of country which I have to defend, and being, as we are, daily engaged with the enemy?

The general adds, that Alexandria and El-Arish are the two keys of Egypt.

El-Arish is a wretched fort, situated at four days' march in the desert. Owing to the great difficulty of supplying it with provisions, it cannot be garrisoned with more than two hundred and fifty men. Six hundred Mamelukes may, if they choose, cut off its communication with Quattyyeh; and as, on the departure of Bonaparte, that garrison was only supplied with provisions a fortnight in advance, the lapse of that time is all that is necessary to oblige it to surrender, without a gun being fired.

The Arabs alone are enabled to conduct regular convoys in the burning deserts; but they have been so often deceived, that, far from offering to serve us, they fly from us, and conceal themselves; and the arrival of the grand vizier, who flatters their fanaticism, and bribes them with his gifts, is another cause why they have abandoned us.

Alexandria is not a fortress; it is a vast intrenched camp. It was, indeed, defended well enough by our numerous siege-artillery; but since we lost that artillery, in the disastrous campaign of Syria, and since General Bonaparte withdrew all the naval guns, to complete the arming of the two frigates with which he set off, Alexandria can offer but a feeble resistance.

General Bonaparte has flattered himself, with respect to the effect produced by his success at the gates of Aboukir. He, indeed, destroyed all the Turkish force which had landed. But what is such a loss to a great nation, bereft of the finest portion of her possessions, and who is prompted by religion, honour, and interest, to revenge herself, and to reconquer what has been taken from her? Thus, the victory of Aboukir has not, for a single moment, retarded either the preparations or the march of the grand vizier.

In this state of things, what can I, what should I, do? I am of opinion, Citizens Directors that I ought to continue the negotiations which were opened by Bonaparte. If they should have no other result than that of enabling me to gain time, I shall have reason to be

satisfied. You will receive, with this, the letter which I have written to the grand vizier, and sent along with the duplicate of Bonaparte's. If that minister should reply to these overtures, I will propose the restitution of Egypt, on the following conditions:

The grand seignior shall appoint a pasha in the country, as formerly, and to him shall be abandoned the Miri, which the Porte has always levied as by right.

Trade shall be reciprocally opened between Egypt and Syria.

The French shall remain in the country, keep possession of the fortresses, and levy all other duties, as well as those of the customs, until peace be concluded between France and England.

If these preliminary and summary conditions be accepted, I think I shall have done more for my country than by gaining the most brilliant victory. But I doubt whether these proposals will be listened to. Even if the pride of the Turks should yield, I shall have to contend with the influence of the English. At all events, I shall act according to circumstances. I am fully aware of the importance of the possession of Egypt. Before I left Europe, I said that that country was the fulcrum by which France might move the commercial system of the four quarters of the globe. But for that a powerful lever is necessary. That lever is naval power. Ours then existed. But, since that time, all is changed, and peace with the Porte appears to me the only honourable means of extricating ourselves from an enterprise, which cannot now fulfil the object for which it was undertaken. I shall not enter into a detail of the diplomatic combinations which the present situation of Europe may offer.

In the perplexing situation in which I am placed, and remote as I am from the centre of action, my chief object must be to watch over the safety and honour of the army under my command. I shall be happy if I succeed in fulfilling your wishes. Were I nearer to you, my highest glory would be to obey your orders.

I send you, Citizens Directors, a precise estimate of the supplies wanted for the artillery, and a summary account of the debt contracted and left by Bonaparte.*

(Signed) KLEBER.

P.S.—Just as I was despatching this letter, I have heard that fourteen or fifteen Turkish sail have anchored before Damietta, there to await the fleet of the capitan pasha, which is anchored at Jaffa, and from which, it is said, fifteen or twenty thousand troops are to be landed. Fifteen thousand are still assembled at Gaza, and the grand vizier is on his way from Damascus. A few days ago, he sent back to us a soldier of the twenty-fifth demi-brigade, who was made prisoner at El-Arish. After having shown him all the camp, they desired him to tell his companions what he had seen, and to make his general tremble at the news. This denotes either the grand vizier's confidence in his strength, or a willingness to negotiate. For my part, I cannot possibly assemble more than five thousand men, fit

* It is curious to compare this *authentic* correspondence with the *official* correspondence.

for service; but in spite of that, I will try my fortune, if I do not succeed in gaining time by negotiations. Djezzar has withdrawn his troops from Gaza and ordered them back to Acre.

(Signed) KLEBER.

The other letters from Egypt were not less accusatory than Kleber's; and it cannot be doubted, that charges of so precise a nature, brought by the general who had now become commander-in-chief, against his predecessor, would have had great weight, especially, backed as they were by similar complaints from other quarters. A trial would have been inevitable; and then, no 18th Brumaire, no consulate, no empire, no conquest of Europe—but also, it must be added, no St. Helena. None of these events would have ensued, had not the English squadron, when it appeared off Corsica, obliged the Muiron to scud about at hazard, and to touch at the first land she could reach.

The Egyptian expedition filled too important a place in the life of Bonaparte, for him to neglect frequently reviving in the public mind the recollection of his conquests in the east. It was not to be forgotten that the head of the republic was the first of her generals. While Moreau received the command of the armies of the Rhine—while Massena, as a reward for the victory of Zurich, was made commander-in-chief of Italy, and while Brune was at the head of the army of Batavia, Bonaparte consoled himself for his temporary inactivity by a retrospective glance on his past triumphs. He was unwilling that Fame should for a moment cease to blazon his name. Accordingly, as soon as he was established at the head of the government, he caused accounts of his Egyptian expedition to be from time to time published in the Moniteur. He frequently expressed his satisfaction that the accusatory correspondence, and above all, Kleber's letter, had fallen into his own hands. Such was Bonaparte's perfect self-command, that immediately after perusing that letter he dictated to me the following proclamation, addressed to the army of the east:

SOLDIERS,

The consuls of the French republic frequently direct their attention to the army of the east.

France acknowledges all the influence of your conquests on the restoration of her trade and the civilization of the world.

The eyes of all Europe are upon you, and in thought I am often with you.

In whatever situation the chances of war may place you, prove yourselves still the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir—you will be invincible.

Place in Kleber the boundless confidence which you reposed in me. He deserves it.

Soldiers, think of the day when you will return victorious to the

sacred territory of France. That will be a glorious day for the whole nation.

Nothing can more forcibly show the character of Bonaparte, than the above allusion to Kleber, after he had seen the way in which Kleber spoke of him to the Directory. Could it ever have been imagined that the correspondence of the army, to whom he addressed this proclamation, teemed with accusations against him? Though the majority of these accusations were strictly just, yet it is but fair to state that the letters from Egypt contained some calumnies. In answer to the well-founded portion of the charges, Bonaparte said little; but he seemed to feel deeply the falsehoods that were stated against him, one of which was, that he had carried away millions from Egypt. I cannot conceive what could have given rise to this false and impudent assertion. So far from having touched the army chest, Bonaparte had not even received all his own pay. Before he constituted himself the government, the government was his debtor.

Though he knew well all that was to be expected from the Egyptian expedition, yet those who lauded that affair were regarded with a favourable eye by Bonaparte. The correspondence which had fallen into his hands was to him of the highest importance in enabling him to ascertain the opinions which particular individuals entertained of him. It was the source of favours and disgraces which those who were not in the secret could not account for. It serves to explain why many men of mediocrity were elevated to the highest dignities and honours, while other men of real merit fell into disgrace, or were utterly neglected.

CHAPTER XXX.

1800.

Great and common men—Portrait of Bonaparte—The varied expression of his countenance—His convulsive shrug—Presentiment of his corpulency—Partiality for bathing—His temperance—His alleged capability of dispensing with sleep—Good and bad news—Shaving, and reading the journals—Morning business—Breakfast—Coffee and snuff—Bonaparte's idea of his own situation—His ill opinion of mankind—His dislike of a *tête-à-tête*—His hatred of the revolutionists—His fits of ill-humour—Ringing of bells—Gardens of Malmaison—Ladies in white—Anecdotes—Bonaparte's tokens of kindness, and his droll compliments—His opinion of medicine—His memory—His poetic insensibility—His want of gallantry—Cards and conversation—The dress-coat and black cravat—Bonaparte's payments—His religious ideas—His obstinacy.

In perusing the history of the distinguished characters of past ages, how often do we regret that the historian should have portrayed the hero rather than the man! We wish to know even the most trivial habits of those whom great talents and vast reputation have elevated above their fellow-creatures. Is this the effect of mere curiosity, or rather is it not an involuntary feeling of vanity which prompts us to console ourselves for the superiority of great men by reflecting on their faults, their weaknesses, their absurdities; in short, all the points of resemblance between them and common men? For the satisfaction of those who are curious in details of this sort, I will here endeavour to paint Bonaparte, as I saw him, in person and in mind, to describe what were his tastes and habits, and even his whims and caprices.

The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely-shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvass; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from angry to good-humoured almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be s[illegible] a particular look for every thought that ar[illegible]

Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands.

When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments, or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking, that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback, but on foot; he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it.

When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.

He used often to say to me, "You see, Bourrienne, how temperate, and how thin I am; but, in spite of that, I cannot help thinking that at forty I shall become a great eater, and get very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take a great deal of exercise; but yet I feel assured that my presentiment will be fulfilled." This idea gave him great uneasiness, and as I observed nothing which seemed to warrant his apprehensions, I omitted no opportunity of assuring him that they were groundless. But he would not listen to me, and all the time I was about him, he was haunted by this presentiment, which, in the end, was but too well verified.

His partiality for the bath, he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath, he was continually turning on the warm water, to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapour that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door.*

Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at them. It has been repeated, over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but during the eleven years that I was almost constantly with him, I never observed any symptom which in the

* At St. Helena, he is said to have continued in the bath three hours at a time. Is it not possible that his immoderate use of baths of very high temperature may have contributed to produce the premature corpulency which he so greatly dreaded? I recollect having several times hinted such a possibility to him.

least degree denoted that malady. His health was good, and his constitution sound. If his enemies, by way of reproach, have attributed to him a serious periodical disease, his flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth, in speaking of his night-watching. Bonaparte made others watch, but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were, that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently when I awoke him, he would turn himself, and say, "Ah, Bourrienne! let me lie a little longer." When there was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again, till eight o'clock. He in general slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious:—"During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate: with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost."

This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.

As soon as he rose, his valet-de-chambre shaved him and dressed his hair. While he was being shaved, I read to him the newspapers, beginning always with the Moniteur. He paid little attention to any but the German and English papers. "Pass over all that," he would say, while I was perusing the French papers; I know it already. They say only what they think will please me." I was often surprised that his valet did not cut him while I was reading; for whenever he heard any thing interesting, he turned quickly round towards me.*

When Bonaparte had finished his toilet, which he did with great attention, for he was scrupulously neat in his person, we went down to his cabinet. There he signed the orders on important petitions, which had been analyzed by me on the preceding evening. On reception and parade days, he was par-

* It was Constant's task to shave Bonaparte, and he thus speaks of the difficulties he experienced in the discharge of this duty:

"While I was shaving him he would often converse, read the journals, move restlessly in his chair, or turn round suddenly, so that I was obliged to observe the utmost caution in order to avoid cutting him. Luckily that misfortune never occurred to me. When by chance he was not engaged in conversation or reading, he would sit as motionless as a statue, and I could not get him to raise, lower, or incline his head, to facilitate my operation. He had a singular whim of having only one side of his face soaped and shaved at once; and he would not allow me to proceed to the other side until the first was finished."—*Mémoires de Constant.*

Constant adds, that Bonaparte could not shave himself until he instructed him in the mode of holding and applying the razor; but that, owing to his natural impatience and hastiness of manner, he never attempted the operation without severely cutting himself.—*Editor.*

ticularly exact in signing these orders, because I used to remind him, that he would be likely to see most of the petitioners, and that they would ask him for answers. To spare him this annoyance, I used often to acquaint them beforehand of what had been granted or refused. He next perused the letters which I had opened and laid on his table, ranging them according to their importance. He directed me to answer them in his name; he occasionally wrote the answers himself but not often.

At ten o'clock, the maître d'hôtel entered, and announced breakfast, saying, "The general's table is served."* We went to breakfast, and the repast was exceedingly simple. He eat, almost every morning some chicken, dressed with oil and onions. This dish was then, I believe, called *poulet à la Provençale*; but our restaurateurs have since conferred upon it the more ambitious name of *poulet à la Marengo*.

Bonaparte drank little wine, always either claret or Burgundy, and the latter in preference to the former. After breakfast, as well as after dinner, he took a cup of strong coffee.† I never saw him take any between his meals, and I cannot imagine what could have given rise to the assertion of his being particularly fond of coffee. When he sat up late at night, he never ordered coffee, but chocolate, of which he made me take a cup with him. But this only happened when our business was prolonged till two or three in the morning.

All that has been said about Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff, has no more foundation in truth, than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true, that at an early period of his life, he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box; and if he bore any resemblance to Frederick the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat-pockets with snuff; for, I must again observe, he carried his notions of personal neatness to a fastidious degree.‡

* This, of course, refers to the time when we were at the Luxembourg.

† M. Brillat de Savarin, whose memory is dear to all gourmands, had established as a gastronomic principle, that, "he who does not take coffee after each meal, is assuredly not a man of taste."

‡ "It has been alleged that his majesty took an inordinate deal of snuff, and that in order to take it with the greater facility, he carried it in his waistcoat-pockets, which for that purpose were lined with leather. This is altogether untrue. The fact is, the emperor never took snuff except from a snuff-box, and though he used a great deal, he actually took but very little. He would frequently hold the snuff-box to his nose, merely to smell the snuff; at other times he would take a pinch, and after smelling it for a moment, he would throw it away. Thus it frequently happened that the spot where he was sitting or standing was strewed with snuff; but his handkerchiefs, which were of the finest cambric, were scarcely ever soiled. He had a great collection of snuff-boxes; but those which he preferred were of dark tortoiseshell, lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique medals in gold or silver. Their form was a narrow oval, with hinged lids. He did not like round boxes, because it was necessary to employ both hands to open them, and in this operation he not unfrequently let the box or the lid fall. His snuff was generally very coarse rappee; but he sometimes liked to have several kinds of snuff mixed together."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

Bonaparte had two ruling passions, glory and war. He was never more gay than in the camp, and never more morose than in the inactivity of peace. Plans for the construction of public monuments also pleased his imagination, and filled up the void caused by the want of active occupation. He was aware that monuments form part of the history of nations, of whose civilization they bear evidence for ages after those who created them have disappeared from the earth, and that they likewise often bear false witness to remote posterity of the reality of merely fabulous conquests. Bonaparte was, however, mistaken as to the mode of accomplishing the object he had in view. His ciphers, his trophies, and subsequently his eagles, splendidly adorned the monuments of his reign. But why did he wish to stamp false initials on things with which neither he nor his reign had any connexion; as, for example the old Louvre? Did he imagine that the letter "N," which every where obtruded itself on the eye, had in it a charm to controvert the records of history, or alter the course of time?* Be this as it may, Bonaparte well knew that the fine arts entail lasting glory on great actions, and consecrate the memory of princes who protect and encourage them. He oftener than once said to me, "A great reputation is a great noise; the more there is made, the further off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages." This was one of his favourite ideas. "My power," he would say at other times, "depends on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall were I not to support it by new glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me." This was then, and probably always continued to be, his predominant idea, and that which prompted him continually to scatter the seeds of war through Europe. He thought that if he remained stationary he would fall, and he was tormented with the desire of continually advancing. Not to do something great and decided was, in his opinion, to do nothing. "A newly-born government," said he to me, "must dazzle and astonish. When it ceases to do that, it falls." It was vain to look for rest from a man who was restlessness itself.

His sentiments towards France now differed widely from what I had known them to be in his youth. He long indignantly cherished the recollection of the conquest of Corsica, which he was once content to regard as his country. But that recol-

* When Louis XVIII. returned to the Tuileries in 1814, he found that Bonaparte had been an excellent tenant, and that he had left every thing in very good condition. Some one having called his attention to the profusion of N's which were conspicuous in every part of the palace, the monarch appropriately quoted the following lines of La Fontaine:

"Il aura volontiers écrit sur son chapeau,
C'est moi qui suis Guillot, berger de ce troupeau."

lection was effaced, and it might be said that he now ardently loved France. His imagination was fired by the very thought of seeing her great, happy, and powerful; and as the first nation in the world, dictating laws to the rest. He fancied his name inseparably connected with France, and resounding in the ears of posterity. In all his actions he lost sight of the present moment, and thought only of futurity; so, in all places where he led the way to glory, the opinion of France was ever present in his thoughts. As Alexander at Arbela prided himself less in having conquered Darius, than in having gained the suffrage of the Athenians, so Bonaparte at Marengo was haunted by the idea of what would be said in France.

Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. I mention this as a fact of which I have often been a witness, and I leave to his brothers in arms to decide whether his calculations were always correct. He had it in his power to do much, for he risked every thing and spared nothing. His inordinate ambition goaded him on to the attainment of power; and power when possessed served only to augment his ambition. Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the truth, that trifles often decide the greatest events: therefore he watched rather than provoked opportunity, and when the right moment approached, he suddenly took advantage of it. It is curious that, amidst all the anxieties of war and government, the fear of the Bourbons incessantly pursued him, and the Faubourg Saint Germain was to him always a threatening phantom.*

He did not esteem mankind, whom indeed he despised more and more in proportion as he became acquainted with them. In him this unfavourable opinion of human nature was justified by many glaring examples of baseness, and he used frequently to repeat, "There are two levers for moving men; interest and fear." What respect, indeed, could Bonaparte entertain for the applicants to the treasury of the opera? Into this treasury the gaming-houses paid a considerable sum, part of which went to cover the expenses of that magnificent theatre. The rest was distributed in gratuities, which were paid on orders signed by Duroc. Individuals of very different characters were often seen entering the little door in the Rue Rameau. The lady who was for a while the favourite of the general-in-chief in Egypt, and whose husband was maliciously sent back by the English, was a frequent visiter to the treasury. On one occasion would be seen assembled there, a distinguished scholar and an actor, a celebrated orator and a musician: on another, the

* I have been informed on good authority, that after I quitted France, orders were given for intercepting even notes of invitation to dinners, &c. The object of this measure was, either to prevent the assembling of parties of any kind, or to render them less numerous, and to ascertain the names of the guests and visiters.

treasurer would have payments to make to a priest, a courtesan, and a cardinal.

One of Bonaparte s greatest misfortunes was, that he neither believed in friendship, nor felt the necessity of loving. How often have I heard him say, "Friendship is but a name; I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers. Perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him, too. But why? Because his character pleases me. He is stern and resolute; and I really believe the fellow never shed a tear.* For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; it is their business. But men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government."

In his social relations, Bonaparte's temper was bad; but his fits of ill-humour passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words. His violent language and bitter imprecations were frequently premeditated. When he was going to reprimand any one, he liked to have a witness present. He would then say the harshest things, and level blows, against which few could bear up. But he never gave way to those violent ebullitions of rage, until he acquired undoubted proofs of the misconduct of those against whom they were directed. In scenes of this sort, I have frequently observed, that the presence of a third person seemed to give him confidence. Consequently, in a *tête-à-tête* interview, any one who knew his character, and who could maintain sufficient coolness and firmness, was sure to get the better of him. He told his friends at St. Helena, that he admitted a third person on such occasions, only that the blow might resound the further. That was not his real motive, or the better way would have been to perform the scene in public. He had other reasons. I observed that he did not like a *tête-à-tête;* and when he expected any one, he would say to me beforehand, "Bourrienne, you may remain;" and when any one was announced whom he did not expect, as a minister or a general, if I rose to retire, he would say, in a half-whisper, "Stay where you are." Certainly this was not done with the design of getting what he said reported abroad; for it belonged neither to my character nor my duty to gossip about what I had heard. Besides, it may be presumed, that the few who were admitted as witnesses to the conferences of Napoleon, were aware of the consequences attending indiscreet disclosures, under a government which was made acquainted with all that was said and done.

Bonaparte entertained a profound dislike of the sanguinary

* Duroc must not be judged of from what Bonaparte said, under the idea that he was complimenting him. Duroc's manners, it is true, were reserved and somewhat cold; but there were few better or kinder men.

men of the revolution, and especially of the regicides. He felt, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling towards them. He spoke to me in terms of horror, of those whom he called the assassins of Louis XVI., and he was annoyed at the necessity of employing them, and treating them with apparent respect. How many times has he not said to Cambacérès, pinching him by the ear, to soften, by that habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the remark, "My dear fellow, your case is clear; if ever the Bourbons come back, you will be hanged." A forced smile would then relax the livid countenance of Cambacérès, and was usually the only reply of the second consul, who, however, on one occasion, said, in my hearing, "Come, come, have done with this joking."

One thing which gave Bonaparte great pleasure, when in the country, was to see a tall, slender woman, dressed in white, walking beneath an alley of shaded trees. He detested coloured dresses, and especially dark ones. To fat women he had an invincible antipathy, and he could not endure the sight of a pregnant woman; it therefore rarely happened that a female in that situation was invited to his parties. He possessed every requisite for being what is called in society an agreeable man, except the will to be so. His manner was imposing rather than pleasing, and those who did not know him well, experienced in his presence an involuntary feeling of awe. In the drawing-room, where Josephine did the honours with so much grace and affability, all was gaiety and ease, and no one felt the presence of a superior; but, on Bonaparte's entrance, all was changed, and every eye was directed towards him, to read his humour in his countenance, whether he intended to be silent or talkative, dull or cheerful.

He often talked a great deal, and sometimes a little too much; but no one could tell a story in a more agreeable and interesting way. His conversation rarely turned on gay or humorous subjects, and never on trivial matters. He was so fond of argument, that in the warmth of discussion it was easy to draw from him secrets which he was most anxious to conceal. Sometimes, in a small circle, he would amuse himself by relating stories of presentiments and apparitions. For this he always chose the twilight of evening, and he would prepare his hearers for what was coming by some solemn remark. On one occasion of this kind, he said, in a very grave tone of voice, "When death strikes a person whom we love, and who is distant from us, a foreboding almost always denotes the event, and the dying person appears to us at the moment of his dissolution." He then immediately related the following anecdote: "A gentleman of the court of Louis XIV. was in the gallery of Versailles at the time that the king was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingen, gained by Villars. Suddenly the gentleman saw, at the further end of the gallery, the ghost

of his son, who served under Villars. He exclaimed, 'My son is no more!' and next moment, the king named him among the dead."

When travelling, Bonaparte was particularly talkative. In the warmth of his conversation, which was always characterized by original and interesting ideas, he sometimes dropped hints of his future views, or, at least, he said things which were calculated to disclose what he wished to conceal. I took the liberty of mentioning to him this indiscretion, and, far from being offended, he acknowledged his mistake, adding, that he was not aware he had gone so far. He frankly avowed this want of caution when at St. Helena.

When in good humour, his usual tokens of kindness consisted in a little rap on the head or a slight pinch of the ear. In his most friendly conversations with those whom he admitted into his intimacy, he would say, "You are a fool"—"a simpleton"—"a ninny"—"a blockhead." These, and a few other words of like import, enabled him to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never employed them angrily, and the tone in which they were uttered sufficiently indicated that they were meant in kindness.

Bonaparte had many singular habits and tastes. Whenever he experienced any vexation, or when any unpleasant thought occupied his mind, he would hum something which was far from resembling a tune, for his voice was very unmusical.* He would, at the same time, seat himself before the writing-table, and swing back in his chair so far, that I have often been fearful of his falling.

He would then vent his ill-humour on the right arm of his chair, mutilating it with his penknife, which he seemed to keep for no other purpose. I always took care to keep good pens ready for him; for, as it was my business to decipher his writing, I had a strong interest in doing what I could to make it legible.

The ringing of bells always produced in Bonaparte pleasurable sensations, which I could never account for. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the alley, leading to the plain of Ruel, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations! He would stop, lest the noise of our footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful

* "Bonaparte could not sing, because nature had given him the most untunable voice imaginable. He was, however, very fond of humming any airs or fragments of musical compositions which pleased him, and which he happened to recollect. These little reminiscences usually came across his mind in the morning, while I was dressing him. The air which he most frequently hummed, though in a very imperfect way, was the "Marseillaise Hymn." The emperor used also to whistle tunes occasionally; and whenever he whistled the air of "Marlbrook," I knew it to be a sure prognostic of his approaching departure for the army. I recollect that he never whistled so much, nor appeared so cheerful, as when on the eve of departing for the Russian campaign."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

sound. He was almost angry with me, because I did not experience the impressions he did. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter, as he said, "Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne! I was then happy!" When the bells ceased, he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head, and dethrone kings.

Nowhere, except on the field of battle, did I ever see Bonaparte more happy than in the gardens of Malmaison.* At the commencement of the consulate, we used to go there every Saturday evening, and stay the whole of Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Bonaparte used to spend a considerable part of his time in walking and superintending the improvements which he had ordered. At first, he used to make excursions about the neighbourhood; but the reports of the police disturbed his natural confidence, and gave him reason to fear the attempts of concealed royalist partisans.

During the first four or five days that Bonaparte spent at Malmaison, he amused himself, after breakfast, with calculating the revenue of that domain. According to his estimates, it amounted to eight thousand francs. "That is not bad!" said he; "but to live here, would require an income of thirty thousand livres." I could not help smiling, to see him seriously engaged in such a calculation.

Bonaparte had no faith in medicine. He spoke of it as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrated proofs.

He had little memory for proper names; but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places. I recollect that, on going from Paris to Toulon, he pointed out to me ten places calculated for great battles, and he never forgot them. They were memoranda of his first youthful journeys.

Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony. He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre: yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshipped Corneille; and, one day, after having witnessed a performance of Cinna, he said to me, "If a man like Corneille were living in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not

* As Bonaparte was one day walking in these gardens with Madame de Clermont-Tonnere, now Madame de Talaru, in whose agreeable conversation he took much delight, he suddenly addressed her thus: "Madame de Clermont-Tonnere, what do you think of me?" This abrupt and unexpected question rendered the answer delicate and difficult: "Why, general," said the lady, after a moment's hesitation, "I think you are like a skilful architect, who never allows his structure to be seen until it is quite finished. You are building behind a scaffolding which you will throw down when your work is completed." "Just so, Madame, you are right, quite right," said Bonaparte hastily. "I never look forward less than two years."

his poetry that I most admire; it is his powerful understanding, his vast knowledge of the human heart, and his profound policy." At St. Helena, he said that he would have made Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille he had no thought of making either princes or kings.

Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said any thing agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens, how red your elbows are!"—To another, "What an ugly head-dress you have got!" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest..... Do you never change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times!"* He showed no mercy to any who displeased him on these points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilet, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first, he looked to elegance above all things: at a later period, he admired luxury and splendour; but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low-necked dresses which were so much in fashion at the beginning of the consulate.

Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card-table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dulness of the drawing-room, either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleased, for he usually spoke to every body, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in Egypt; as, for example, Monge and Berthollet. He also liked to talk with Chaptal and Lacepède, and with Lemercier, the author of "Agamemnon."

Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress-coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one, he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied, "So much the better: it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that." For my own part, I neither saw the black cravat, nor heard this reply.†

* Bonaparte, after he became emperor, said one day to the beautiful Duchess de Chevereuse, in the presence of all the circle at the Tuileries: "Ah! that's droll enough; your hair is red?"—"Perhaps it is, Sire," replied the lady; "but this is the first time a man ever told me so." Madame de Chevereuse, whose hair was, on the contrary, a beautiful blond, was shortly after exiled to Tours, for having declined the office of maid of honour to the Queen of Spain.

† On the subject of Bonaparte's dress, Constant gives the following details:

The first consul paid his own private bills very punctually; but he was always tardy in settling the accounts of the contractors who bargained with ministers for supplies for the public service. He put off these payments by all sorts of excuses and shufflings. Hence arose immense arrears in the expenditure, and the necessity of appointing a committee of liquidation. In his opinion, the terms *contractor* and *rogue* were synonymous. All that he avoided paying them, he regarded as a just restitution to himself; and all the sums which were struck off from their accounts, he regarded as so much deducted from a theft. The less a minister paid out of his budget, the more Bonaparte was pleased with him; and this ruinous system of economy can alone explain the credit which Decrès so long enjoyed at the expense of the French navy.

On the subject of religion, Bonaparte's ideas were very vague. "My reason," said he, "makes me incredulous respecting many things; but the impressions of my childhood and early youth throw me into uncertainty." He was very fond of talking of religion. In Italy, in Egypt, and on board the Orient and the Muiron, I have known him to take part in very animated conversations on this subject. He readily yielded up all that was proved against religion as the work of men and time: but he would not hear of materialism. I recollect that, one fine night, when he was on deck with some persons who were arguing in favour of materialism, Bonaparte raised his hand to heaven, and, pointing to the stars, said, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of man was to him the immortality of the soul. He was perfectly tolerant towards every variety of religious faith.*

Among Bonaparte's singular habits, was that of seating him-

"His majesty's waistcoats and smallclothes were always of white cassimir. He changed them every morning, and never wore them after they had been washed three or four times. He never wore any but white silk stockings. His shoes, which were very light and lined with silk, were ornamented with gold buckles of an oval form, either plain or wrought. He also occasionally wore gold knee-buckles. During the empire, I never saw him wear pantaloons. The emperor never wore jewels. In his pockets he carried neither purse nor money, but merely his handkerchief, snuff-box, and *bonbonnière* (or sweetmeat-box). He usually wore only two decorations, viz., the cross of the Legion of Honour, and that of the Iron Crown. Across his waistcoat, and under his uniform coat, he wore a *cordon rouge*, the two ends of which were scarcely perceptible. When he received company at the Tuileries, or attended a review, he wore the grand *cordon* on the outside of his coat. His hat, which it is almost superfluous to describe, as long as portraits of his majesty are extant, was of an extremely fine and light kind of beaver. The inside was wadded and lined with silk. It was unadorned with either cord, tassel, or feather, its only ornament being a silk loop, fastening a small tri-coloured cockade."—*Editor.*

* Policy induced Bonaparte to re-establish religious worship in France, which he thought would be a powerful aid to the consolidation of his power; but he would never consent to the persecution of other religions. He wished to influence mankind in positive and temporal things, but not in points of belief.

self on any table which happened to be of a suitable height for him. He would often sit on mine, resting his left arm on my right shoulder, and swinging his left leg, which did not reach the ground; and while he dictated to me, he would jolt the table so that I could scarcely write.

Bonaparte had a great dislike to reconsider any decision, even when it was acknowledged to be unjust. In little, as well as in great things, he evinced his repugnance to retrograde. An instance of this occurred in the affair of General Latour-Foissac. The first consul felt how much he had wronged that general; but he wished some time to elapse before he repaired his error. His heart and his conduct were at variance: but his feelings were overcome by what he conceived to be political necessity. Bonaparte was never known to say "I have done wrong:" his usual observation was, "I begin to think there is something wrong."

In spite of this sort of feeling, which was more worthy of an ill-humoured philosopher than the head of a government, Bonaparte was neither malignant nor vindictive. I cannot certainly defend him against all the reproaches which he incurred through the imperious law of war and cruel necessity, but I may say that he has often been unjustly accused. None but those who are blinded by fury will call him a Nero or a Caligula. I think I have avowed his faults with sufficient candour to entitle me to credit when I speak in his commendation; and I declare that, out of the field of battle, Bonaparte had a kind and feeling heart. He was very fond of children, a trait which seldom distinguishes a bad man. In the relations of private life, to call him amiable would not be using too strong a word, and he was very indulgent to the weakness of human nature. The contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to root it out. I shall, I fear, have contradictors, but I address myself to those who look for truth. To judge impartially we must take into account the influence which time and circumstances exercise on men; and distinguish between the different characters of the collegian, the general, the consul, and the emperor.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1800.

Bonaparte's laws—Suppression of the festival of the 21st of January—Official visits—The Temple—Louis XVI. and Sir Sydney Smith—Peculation during the Directory—Loan raised—Modest budget—The consul and the member of the Institute—The figure of the republic—Duroc's missions—The King of Prussia—The Emperor Alexander—General Latour-Foissac—Arbitrary decree—Company of players for Egypt—Singular ideas respecting literary property—The preparatory consulate—The journals—Sabres and muskets of honour—The first consul and his comrade—The bust of Brutus—Statues in the gallery of the Tuileries—Sections of the council of state—Costumes of public functionaries—Masquerades—The opera-balls—Recal of the exiles.

It is not my purpose to say much about the laws, decrees, and senatus-consulta, which the first consul either passed or caused to be passed, after his accession to power. What were they all, with the exception of the civil code? The legislative reveries of the different men who have from time to time ruled France, form an immense labyrinth, in which chicanery bewilders reason and common sense; and they would long since have been buried in oblivion, had they not occasionally served to authorize injustice. I cannot, however, pass over unnoticed the happy effect produced in Paris, and throughout the whole of France, by some of the first decisions of the consuls. Perhaps, none but those who witnessed the state of society during the reign of terror can fully appreciate the satisfaction which the first steps towards the restoration of social order produced in the breasts of all honest men. The Directory, more base, and not less perverse, than the Convention, had retained the horrible 21st of January among the festivals of the republic. One of Bonaparte's first ideas, on attaining the possession of power, was to abolish this; but such was the ascendancy of the abettors of the fearful event, that he could not venture on a straightforward course. He and his two colleagues, who were Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, signed, on the 5th Nivose, a decree, setting forth that in future the only festivals to be celebrated by the republic were the 1st Vendémiaire and the 14th of July, intending by this means to consecrate provisionally the recollection of the foundation of the republic and of liberty.

All was calculation with Bonaparte. To produce effect was

his highest gratification. Thus he let slip no opportunity of saying or doing things which were calculated to dazzle the multitude. While at the Luxembourg, he went sometimes, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, and sometimes by a minister, to pay certain official visits. I did not accompany him on these occasions; but almost always either on his return, after dinner, or in the evening, he related to me what he had done and said. He congratulated himself on having paid a visit to Daubenton, at the Jardin des Plantes, and talked with great self-complacency of the distinguished way in which he had treated the contemporary of Buffon.

On the 24th Brumaire he visited the prisons. He liked to make these visits unexpectedly, and to take the governors of the different public establishments by surprise: so that having no time to make their preparations, he might see things as they really were. I was in his closet when he returned, for I had a great deal of business to go through in his absence. As he entered, he exclaimed, "What animals these directors are! To what a state they have brought our public establishments! But, stay a little! I will put all in order. The prisons are in a shocking unwholesome state, and the prisoners miserably fed. I questioned them, and I questioned the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. They, of course, always speak well of their own work. When I was in the Temple, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable, too gentle. He knew not how to deal with mankind. And Sir Sydney Smith! I made them show me his apartment. If the fools had not let him escape, I should have taken St. Jean d'Acre! There are too many painful recollections connected with that prison. I will certainly have it pulled down some day or other! Know you what I did at the Temple? I ordered the jailers' books to be brought me, and finding that some hostages were in confinement, I liberated them. 'An unjust law,' said I, 'has deprived you of liberty; my first duty is to restore it you.' Was not this well done, Bourrienne?" As I was, no less than Bonaparte himself, an enemy to the revolutionary laws, I congratulated him sincerely; and he was very sensible to my approbation, for I was not accustomed to greet him with "well; very well," on all occasions. It is true, knowing his character as I did, I avoided saying any thing that was calculated to offend him; but when I said nothing, he knew very well how to construe my silence. Had I flattered him I should have continued longer in favour.

Bonaparte always spoke angrily of the directors he had turned off. Their incapacity disgusted and astonished him. "What simpletons! what a government!" he would frequently exclaim, when he looked into the measures of the Directory. "Bourrienne," said he, "can you imagine any thing more pitiable than their system of finance! Can it for a moment be doubted

that the principal agents of authority daily committed the most fraudulent peculations? What venality! what disorder! what wastefulness! every thing put up for sale: places, provisions, clothing, and military, all were disposed of. Have they not actually consumed seventy-five millions in advance? And then, think of all the scandalous fortunes accumulated, all the malversations! But are there no means of making them refund? We shall see."

In these first moments of poverty, it was found necessary to raise a loan, and twelve millions were advanced by the different bankers of Paris, who, I believe, were paid by bills of the receivers-general, the discount of which then amounted to about thirty-three per cent. The salaries of the first offices were not very considerable, and did not amount to any thing like the exorbitant stipends of the empire. The following table shows the modest budget of the consular governments for the year VIII.:

	Francs.
Legislative Body	2,400,000
Tribunat	1,312,000
Archives	75,000
The three Consuls, including 750,000 fr. of secret service money	1,800,000
Council of State	675,000
Secretaries to the Councils and to the Counsellors of State	112,500
The six Ministers	360,000
The Minister for Foreign Affairs	90,000
Total	6,854,500

Bonaparte's salary was fixed at five hundred thousand francs. What a contrast to the three hundred millions in gold, which were reported to have been concealed in 1811 in the cellars of the Tuileries!

In mentioning Bonaparte's nomination to the Institute, and his affectation in putting at the head of his proclamation his title of member of that learned body, before that of general-in-chief, I omitted to state what value he really attached to that title. The truth is that, when young and ambitious, he was pleased with the proffered title, which he thought would raise him in public estimation. How often have we laughed together, when he weighed the value of his scientific titles! Bonaparte, to be sure, knew something of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, I need not add, possessed extraordinary military talent; but he was nevertheless, a useless member of the Institute.

On his return from Egypt, he began to grow weary of a title which gave him so many colleagues. "Do you not think," said he one day to me, "that there is something mean and humiliating in the words, *I have the honour to be, my dear Colleague?*" Generally speaking, all phrases which indicated

equality displeased him. It will be recollected how gratified he was that I did not address him in the second person singular, on our meeting at Leoben, and also what befel M. de Cominges at Bâle, because he did not observe the same precaution.

The figure of the republic seated, and holding a spear in her hand, which, at the commencement of the consulate, was stamped on official letters, was speedily abolished. Happy would it have been, if Liberty herself had not suffered the same treatment as her emblem! The title of first consul made him despise that of member of the Institute. He no longer entertained the least predilection for that learned body, and subsequently he regarded it with much suspicion. It was a *body* an *authorized assembly*; these were reasons sufficient for him to take umbrage at it, and he never concealed his dislike of all bodies possessing the privilege of meeting and deliberating.

While we were at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte despatched Duroc on a special mission to the King of Prussia. This happened, I think, at the very beginning of the year 1800. He selected Duroc because he was a man of good education and agreeable manners, and one who could express himself with elegance and reserve, qualities not often met with at that period. Duroc had been with us in Italy, in Egypt, and on board the Muiron, and the consul easily guessed that the King of Prussia would be delighted to hear from an eyewitness the events of Bonaparte's campaigns, especially the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and the scenes which took place during the months of March and May at Jaffa. Besides, the first consul considered it indispensable that such circumstantial details should be given in a way to leave no doubt of their correctness. His intentions were fully realized; for Duroc told me, on his return, that nearly the whole of the conversation he had with the king turned upon St. Jean d'Acre and Jaffa. He staid nearly two whole hours with his majesty, who, the day after, gave him an invitation to dinner. When this intelligence arrived at the Luxembourg, I could perceive that the chief of the republic was exceedingly flattered that one of his aides-de-camp should have sat at table with a king, who, some years after, was doomed to wait for him in his antechamber at Tilsit.

Duroc never spoke on politics to the King of Prussia, which was very fortunate, for considering his age, and the exclusively military life he had led, he could scarcely have been expected to avoid blunders. Some time after, that is to say, after the death of Paul I., he was sent to congratulate Alexander on his accession to the throne. Bonaparte's design in thus making choice of Duroc, was to introduce to the courts of Europe, by confidential missions, a young man to whom he was much attached, and also to bring him forward in France. Duroc went on his third mission to Berlin, after the war brol

with Austria. He often wrote to me, and his letters convinced me how much he had improved himself within a short time.

Another circumstance which happened at the commencement of the consulate, affords an example of Bonaparte's inflexibility, when he had once formed a determination. In the spring of 1799, when we were in Egypt, the Directory gave to General Latour-Foissac, a highly distinguished officer, the command of Mantua, the taking of which had so powerfully contributed to the glory of the conqueror of Italy. Shortly after Latour's appointment to this important post, the Austrians besieged Mantua. It was well known that the garrison was supplied with provisions and ammunition for a long resistance; yet, in the month of July it surrendered to the Austrians. The act of capitulation contained a curious article, viz., "General Latour-Foissac and his staff shall be conducted, as prisoners, to Austria; the garrison shall be allowed to return to France." This distinction between the general and the troops intrusted to his command, and, at the same time, the prompt surrender of Mantua, were circumstances which, it must be confessed, were calculated to excite suspicions of Latour-Foissac. The consequence was, when Bernadotte was made war minister, he ordered an inquiry into the general's conduct by a court-martial. Latour-Foissac had no sooner returned to France, than he published a justificatory memorial, in which he showed the impossibility of his having made a longer defence, when he was in want of many objects of the first necessity.

Such was the state of the affair on Bonaparte's elevation to the consular power. The loss of Mantua, the possession of which had cost him so many sacrifices, roused his indignation to so high a pitch, that whenever the subject was mentioned, he could find no words to express his rage. He stopped the investigation of the court-martial, and issued a violent decree against Latour-Foissac, even before his culpability had been proved. This proceeding occasioned much discussion, and was very dissatisfactory to many general officers, who, by this arbitrary decision, found themselves in danger of forfeiting the privilege of being tried by their natural judges, whenever they happened to displease the first consul. For my own part, I must say, that this decree against Latour-Foissac was one which I saw issued with considerable regret. I was alarmed for the consequences. After the lapse of a few days, I ventured to point out to him the undue severity of the step he had taken; I reminded him of all that had been said in Latour-Foissac's favour, and tried to convince him how much more just it would be to allow the trial to come to a conclusion. "In a country," said I, "like France, where the point of honour stands above every thing, it is impossible Foissac can escape condemnation, if he be culpable."—"Perhaps you are right, Bourrienne," rejoined he; "but the blow is struck; the decree is issued. I

have given the same explanation to every one; but I cannot so suddenly retrace my steps. To retrograde is to be lost. I cannot acknowledge myself in the wrong. By and by we shall see what can be done. Time will bring lenity and pardon. At present it would be premature" Such, word for word, was Bonaparte's reply. If with this be compared what he said on the subject at St. Helena, it will be found that his ideas continued nearly unchanged; the only difference is, that instead of the impetuosity of 1800, he expressed himself with the calmness which time and adversity naturally produce.*

Bonaparte, as I have before observed, loved contrasts; and I remember at the very time he was acting so violently against Latour-Foissac, he condescended to busy himself about a company of players, which he wished to send to Egypt, or rather that he pretended to wish to send there, because the announcement of such a project conveyed an impression of the prosperous condition of our oriental colony. The consuls gravely appointed the minister of the interior to execute this business, and the minister, in his turn, delegated his powers to Florence, the actor. In their instructions to the minister, the consuls observed that it would be advisable to include some female dancers in the company; a suggestion which corresponds with Bonaparte's note, in which were specified all that he considered necessary for the Egyptian expedition.

The first consul entertained singular notions respecting literary property. On his hearing that a piece, entitled "Misanthropie et Repentir," had been brought out at the Odeon, he said to me, "Bourrienne, you have been robbed."—"I, general? how?"—"You have been robbed, I tell you, and they are now acting your piece." I have already mentioned, that during my stay at Warsaw, I amused myself with translating a celebrated play of Kotzebue. While we were in Italy, I lent Bonaparte my translation to read, and he expressed himself much pleased with it. He greatly admired the piece, and often went to see it acted at the Odeon. On his return, he invariably gave me fresh reasons for my claiming what he was pleased to call my property. I represented to him, that the translation of a foreign work belonged to any one who chose to execute it. He would not, however, give up his point, and I was obliged to assure him that my occupations in his service left me no time to engage in a literary lawsuit. He then exacted a promise from me to translate Goëthe's "Werther." I told him it was already done,

* "It was," says the 'Memorial' of St. Helena, "an illegal and tyrannical act, but still it was a necessary evil. It was the fault of the law. He was a hundred, nay, a thousand fold guilty, and yet it was doubtful whether he would be condemned. We therefore assailed him with the shafts of honour and public opinion. Yet, I repeat it was a tyrannical act, and one of those violent measures which are at times necessary in great nations and in extraordinary circumstances."

though indifferently, and that I could not possibly devote to the subject the time it merited. I read over to him one of the letters I had translated into French, and which he seemed to approve.

That interval of the consular government, during which Bonaparte remained at the Luxembourg, may be called the preparatory consulate. Then were sown the seeds of the great events which he meditated, and of those institutions with which he wished to mark his possession of power. He was then, if I may use the expression, two individuals in one: the republican general, who was obliged to appear the advocate of liberty and the principles of the revolution; and the votary of ambition, secretly plotting the downfal of that liberty and those principles.

I often wondered at the consummate address with which he contrived to deceive those who were likely to see through his designs. This hypocrisy, which some, perhaps, may call profound policy, was indispensable to the accomplishment of his projects; and sometimes, as if to keep himself in practice, he would do it in matters of secondary importance. For example, his opinion of the insatiable avarice of Siéyès is well known; yet, when he proposed, in his message to the council of Ancients, to give his colleague, under the title of national recompence, the price of his obedient secession, it was, in the words of the message, a recompence worthily bestowed on his *disinterested virtues*.

While at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte showed, by a consular act, his hatred of the liberty of the press, above all liberties, for he loved none.

The 27th Nivose, the consuls, or rather the first consul, published a decree, the real object of which was evidently contrary to its implied object.

This decree stated, that

The consuls of the republic, considering that some of the journals printed at Paris are instruments *in the hands of the enemies of the republic*, over the safety of which the government is specially intrusted by the people of France to watch, decree—

That the minister of police shall, during the continuation of the war, allow only the following journals to be printed and published, viz.—Le Moniteur-Universel; Le Journal des Débats et Décrets; Le Journal de Paris; Le Bien-Informé; Le Publiciste; L'Ami des Lois; La Clef des Cabinets; Le Citoyen François; La Gazette de France; Le Journal des Hommes Libres; Le Journal du Soir, by the brothers Chaigneau; Le Journal des Défenseurs de la Patrie; La Décade Philosophique, and those papers which are exclusively devoted to science, art, literature, commerce, and advertisements.

Surely this decree may well be considered as preparatory; and the fragment I have quoted may serve as a standard for measuring the greater part of those acts, by which Bonaparte sought to gain, for the consolidation of his power, what he seemed to be seeking solely for the interest of the friends of the

republic. The limitation to the period of the continuance of the war had also a certain provisional air which afforded hope for the future. But every thing provisional is, in its nature, very elastic; and Bonaparte knew how to draw it out *ad infinitum*. The decree, moreover, enacted, that if any of the uncondemned journals should insert articles *against the sovereignty of the people*, they would be immediately suppressed. In truth, great indulgence was shown on this point, even after the emperor's coronation.

The presentation of sabres and muskets of honour, also originated at the Luxembourg; and this practice was, without doubt, a preparatory step to the foundation of the Legion of Honour. A grenadier sergeant, named Leon Aune, who had been included in the first distribution, easily obtained permission to write to the first consul to thank him. Bonaparte, wishing to answer him in his own name, dictated to me the following letter for Aune:

I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You needed not to have told me of your exploits, for you are the bravest grenadier in the whole army, since the death of Benezete. You received one of the hundred sabres I distributed to the army, and all agreed you most deserved it.

I wish very much to see you. The war minister sends you an order to come to Paris.

This wheedling wonderfully favoured Bonaparte's designs. His letter to Aune could not fail to be circulated through the army. A sergeant called *my brave comrade*, by the First Consul —the First Genoral of France! Who but a thorough republican, the stanch friend of equality, would have done this? This was enough to wind up the enthusiasm of the army. At the same time, it must be confessed, that Bonaparte began to find the Luxembourg too little for him, and preparations were set on foot at the Tuileries.

Still this great step towards the re-establishment of the monarchy was to be cautiously prepared. It was important to do away with the idea that none but a king could occupy the palace of our ancient kings. What was to be done? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy. Brutus was the destroyer of tyrants! This was the very thing; and David was commissioned to place it in a gallery of the Tuileries. Could there be a greater proof of the consul's horror of tyranny?

To sleep at the Tuileries, in the bedchamber of the kings of France, was all that Bonaparte wanted; the rest would follow, in due course. He was willing to be satisfied with establishing a principle, the consequences of which were to be afterwards deduced. Hence the affectation of never inserting in official acts the name of the Tuileries, but designating that place as the palace of the government. The first preparations were modest,

for it did not become a good republican to be fond of pomp. Accordingly, Lecomte, who was at that time architect of the Tuileries, merely received orders to *clean* the palace, an expression which might bear more than one meaning, after the meetings which had been there. For this purpose, the sum of five hundred thousand francs was sufficient. Bonaparte's drift was to conceal, as far as possible, the importance he attached to the change of his consular domicile. But little expense was requisite for fitting up apartments for the first consul. Simple ornaments, such as marbles and statues, were to decorate the palace of the government.

Nothing escaped Bonaparte's consideration. Thus, it was not merely at hazard, that he selected the statues of great men to adorn the gallery of the Tuileries. Among the Greeks, he made choice of Demosthenes and Alexander, thus rendering homage, at once, to the genius of eloquence and the genius of victory. The statue of Hannibal was intended to recal the memory of Rome's most formidable enemy; and Rome herself was represented in the consular palace by the statues of Scipio, Cicero, Cato, Brutus and Cæsar—the victor and the immolator being placed side by side. Among the great men of modern times, he gave the first place to Gustavus Adolphus, and the next to Turenne and the great Condé—to Turenne, in honour of his military talent; and to Condé, to prove that there was nothing fearful in the recollection of a Bourbon. The remembrance of the glorious days of the French navy was revived by the statue of Duguai Trouin. Marlborough and Prince Eugène had also their places in the gallery, as if to attest the disasters which marked the close of the great reign; and Marshal Saxe, to show that Louis the Fifteenth's reign was not without its glory The statues of Frederic and Washington were emblematic of false philosophy on a throne, and true wisdom founding a free state. Finally, the names of Dugommier, Dampierre and Joubert, were intended to bear evidence of the high esteem which Bonaparte cherished for his old comrades; those illustrious victims to a cause which had now ceased to be his.

The reader has already been informed of the attempts made by Bonaparte to induce England and Austria to negotiate with the consular government, which the King of Prussia was the first of the sovereigns of Europe to recognise. These attempts having proved unavailing, it became necessary to carry on the war with renewed vigour, and also to explain why the peace, which had been promised at the beginning of the consulate, was still nothing but a promise. In fulfilment of these two objects, Bonaparte addressed an energetic proclamation to the armies, which was remarkable for not being followed by the usual sacred words, "Vive la République!"

At the same time Bonaparte completed the formation of the council of State, and divided it into five sections:—1st. The

Interior; 2d. Finance; 3d. Marine; 4th. The War Department; 5th. Legislation. He fixed the salaries of the councillors of the state at twenty-five thousand francs, and that of the presidents of sections at thirty thousand. He settled the costume of the consuls, the ministers, and the different bodies of the state. This led to the reintroduction of velvet, which had been banished with the old regime, and the encouragement of the manufactures of Lyons was the reason alleged for employing this un-republican article in the different dresses, as those of the consuls and ministers. It was Bonaparte's constant aim to efface the republic, even in the utmost trifles, and to prepare matters so well that the customs and habits of monarchy being restored, there should only then remain a word to be changed.

I never remember to have seen Bonaparte in the consular dress, which he detested, and which he wore only because duty required him to do so at public ceremonies. The only dress he was fond of, and in which he felt at ease, was that in which he subjugated the ancient Eridanus and the Nile, namely, the uniform of the Guides, to which corps Bonaparte was always sincerely attached.

The masquerade of official dresses was not the only one which Bonaparte summoned to the aid of his policy. At that period of the year VIII., which corresponded with the carnival of 1800, masques began to be resumed at Paris. Disguises were all the fashion, and Bonaparte favoured the revival of old amusements; first, because they were old, and next, because they were the means of diverting the attention of the people: for, as he had established the principle that on the field of battle it is necessary to divide the enemy in order to beat him, he conceived it no less advisable to divert the people, in order to enslave them. Bonaparte did not say *panem et circenses*, for I believe his knowledge of Latin did not extend even to that well-known phrase of Juvenal, but he put the maxim in practice. He accordingly authorized the revival of balls at the opera, which they who lived during that period of the consulate know was an important event in Paris. Some gladly viewed it as a little conquest in favour of the old regime; and others, who for that very reason disapproved it, were too shallow to understand the influence of little over great things. The women and the young men did not bestow a thought on the subject, but yielded willingly to the attractions of pleasure. Bonaparte, who was delighted at having provided a diversion for the gossiping of the Parisian saloons, said to me one day, "While they are chatting about all this, they do not babble upon politics, and that is what I want. Let them dance and amuse themselves, as long as they do not thrust their noses into the councils of the government; besides, Bourrienne," added he, "I have other reasons for encouraging this, I see other advantages in it. Trade is languishing; Fouche tells me that there are great complaints. This will set a little

money in circulation; besides, I am on my guard about the jacobins. Every thing is not bad, because it is not new. I prefer the opera-balls to the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason. I was never so enthusiastically applauded as at the last parade."

A consular decision of a different and more important nature had, shortly before, namely, at the commencement of Nivose, brought happiness to many families. Bonaparte, as every one knows, had prepared the events of the 18th Fructidor, that he might have some plausible reasons for overthrowing the Directory. The Directory being overthrown, he was now anxious, at least, in part, to undo what he had done on the 18th Fructidor. He therefore ordered a report on the persons exiled to be presented to him by the minister of the police. In consequence of this report, he authorized forty of them to return to France, placing them under the observation of the minister, and assigning them their place of residence. However, they did not long remain under these restrictions, and many of them were soon called to fill high places in the government. It was indeed natural that Bonaparte, still wishing, at least in appearance, to found his government on those principles of moderate republicanism which had caused their exile, should invite them to second his views.

Barrère wrote a justificatory letter to the first consul, who, however, took no notice of it, for he could not get so far as to favour Barrère. Thus did Bonaparte receive into the councils of the consulate the men who had been exiled by the Directory, just as he afterwards appointed the emigrants and those exiles of the revolution to high offices under the empire. The time and the men alone differed; the intention in both cases was the same.

CHAPTER XXXII.

1800.

Bonaparte and Paul I.—Lord Whitworth—Baron Sprengporten's arrival at Paris—Paul's admiration of Bonaparte—Their close connexion and correspondence—The royal challenge—General Mack—The road to Malmaison—Attempts at assassination—Death of Washington—National mourning—Ambitious calculation—M. de Fontanes, the skilful orator—Fête at the Temple of Mars.

The first relations between Bonaparte and Paul I. commenced a short time after the accession to the consulate. Affairs then began to look a little less unfavourable: already vague reports from Switzerland and the banks of the Rhine indicated

a coldness existing between the Russians and the Austrians; and, at the same time, symptoms of a misunderstanding between the courts of London and St. Petersburg began to be perceptible. The first consul having, in the mean time, discovered the chivalrous and somewhat eccentric character of Paul I., thought the moment a propitious one to attempt breaking the bonds which united Russia and England. He was not the man to allow so fine an opportunity to pass, and he took advantage of it with his ordinary sagacity. The English had some time before refused to comprehend in a cartel for the exchange of prisoners seven thousand Russians taken in Holland. Bonaparte ordered them all to be armed, and clothed in new uniforms appropriate to the corps to which they had belonged, and sent them back to Russia, without ransom, without exchange, or any condition whatever. This judicious munificence was not thrown away. Paul showed himself deeply sensible of it, and, closely allied as he had lately been with England, he now, all at once, declared himself her enemy. This triumph of policy delighted the first consul.

Thenceforth the consul and the czar became the best friends possible. They strove to outdo each other in professions of friendship; and it may be believed that Bonaparte did not fail to turn this contest of politeness to his own advantage. He so well worked upon the mind of Paul, that he succeeded in obtaining a direct influence over the cabinet of St. Petersburg.

Lord Whitworth, at that time the English ambassador in Russia, was ordered to quit the capital without delay, and to retire to Riga, which then became the focus of the intrigues of the north, which ended in the death of Paul. The English ships were seized in all the ports, and, at the pressing instance of the czar, a Prussian army menaced Hanover. Bonaparte lost no time, and, profiting by the friendship manifested towards him by the inheritor of Catherine's power, determined to make that friendship subservient to the execution of the vast plan which he had long conceived: he meant to undertake an expedition by land against the English colonies in the East Indies.

The arrival of Baron Sprengporten at Paris caused great satisfaction among the partisans of the consular government, that is to say, almost every one in Paris. M. Sprengporten was a native of Swedish Finland. He had been appointed, by Catherine, chamberlain and lieutenant-general of her forces, and he was not less in favour with Paul, who treated him in the most distinguished manner. He came on an extraordinary mission, being ostensibly clothed with the title of plenipotentiary, and at the same time, appointed confidential minister to the consul. Bonaparte was extremely satisfied with the ambassador whom Paul had selected, and with the manner in which he described the emperor's gratitude for the generous conduct

of the first consul. M. Sprengporten did not conceal the extent of Paul's dissatisfaction with his allies. The bad issue, he said, of the war with France, had already disposed the emperor to connect himself with that power, when the return of his troops at once determined him.

We could easily perceive that Paul placed great confidence in M. Sprengporten. As he had satisfactorily discharged the mission with which he had been intrusted, Paul expressed pleasure at his conduct in several friendly and flattering letters, which Sprengporten always allowed us to read. No one could be fonder of France than he was, and he ardently desired that his first negotiations might lead to a long alliance between the Russian and French governments. The autograph and very frequent correspondence between Bonaparte and Paul passed through his hands. I read all Paul's letters, which were remarkable for the frankness with which his affection for Bonaparte was expressed. His admiration of the first consul was so great, that no courtier could have written in a more flattering manner.

This admiration was not feigned on the part of the Emperor of Russia: it was no less sincere than ardent, and of this he soon gave proofs. The violent hatred he had conceived towards the English government, induced him to defy to single combat every king who would not declare war against England, and shut his ports against English ships. He inserted a challenge to the King of Denmark in the St. Petersburg Court Gazette; but not choosing to apply officially to the senate of Hamburg to order its insertion in the Correspondent, conducted by M. Storer, he sent the article, through Count Pahlen, to M. Schramm, a Hamburg merchant. The count told M. Schramm that the emperor would be much pleased to see the article of the St. Petersburg Court Gazette copied into the Correspondent; and that if it should be inserted, he wished to have a dozen copies of the paper printed on vellum, and sent to him by an extraordinary courier. It was Paul's intention to send a copy to every sovereign in Europe; but this piece of folly, after the manner of Charles XII., led to no further results.

Bonaparte never felt greater satisfaction in the whole course of his life, than he experienced from Paul's enthusiasm for him. The friendship of a sovereign seemed to him a step, by which he was to become a sovereign himself. On the other hand, the affairs of La Vendée began to assume a better aspect, and he hoped soon to effect that pacification in the interior, which he so ardently desired.*

* This account agrees precisely with the following, dictated by Napoleon himself at St. Helena:

'The Emperor Paul had succeeded the Empress Catherine. Half frantic with his hostility to the French revolution, he had performed what his mother had contented herself with promising; and engaged in the second coalition.

It was during the first consul's residence at the Luxembourg that the first report on the civil code was made to the legislative

General Suwarrow, at the head of 60,000 Russians, advanced in Italy, whilst another Russian army entered Switzerland, and a corps of 15,000 men was placed by the czar at the disposal of the Duke of York, for the purpose of conquering Holland. These were all the disposable forces the Russian empire had. Suwarrow, although victorious at the battles of Cassano, the Trebbia, and Novi, had lost half his army in the Saint-Gothard, and the different valleys of Switzerland, after the battle of Zurich, in which Korsakow had been taken. Paul then became sensible of all the imprudence of his conduct; and in 1800, Suwarrow returned to Russia with scarcely a fourth of his army. The Emperor Paul complained bitterly of having lost the flower of his troops, who had neither been seconded by the Austrians nor by the English. He reproached the cabinet of Vienna with having refused, after the conquest of Piedmont, to replace the King of Sardinia upon his throne; with being destitute of grand and generous ideas, and wholly governed by calculation and interested views. He also complained that the English, when they took Malta, instead of reinstating the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and restoring that island to the knights, had appropriated it to themselves. The first consul did all in his power to cherish these seeds of discontent, and to make them productive. A little after the battle of Marengo, he found means to flatter the lively and impetuous imagination of the czar, by sending him the sword which Pope Leo X. had given to l'Ile Adam, as a memorial of his satisfaction, for having defended Rhodes against the infidels. From eight to ten thousand Russian soldiers had been made prisoners in Italy, at Zurich, and in Holland: the first consul proposed their exchange to the English and Austrians, both refused; the Austrians, because there were still many of their people prisoners in France; and the English, although they had a great number of French prisoners, because, as they said, this proposal was contrary to their principles. 'What!' it was said to the cabinet of St. James's, 'do you refuse to exchange even the Russians, who were taken in Holland, fighting in your own ranks under the Duke of York?' And to the cabinet of Vienna it was observed, 'How! do you refuse to restore to their country those men of the north to whom you are indebted for the victories of the Trebbia, and Novi, and for your conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of French prisoners taken by them? Such injustice excites my indignation,' said the first consul. 'Well! I will restore them to the czar without exchange; he shall see how I esteem brave men.' The Russian officers, who were prisoners, immediately received their swords, and the troops of that nation were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, where they were soon completely new clothed, and furnished with good arms of French manufacture. A Russian general was instructed to organize them in battalions and regiments. This blow struck at once at London and St. Petersburg. Paul, attacked in so many different directions, gave way to his enthusiastic temper, and attached himself to France with all the ardour of his character. He despatched a letter to the first consul, in which he said, 'Citizen, First Consul, I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens; every country governs itself as it pleases. Wherever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted towards him. I write to acquaint you of my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and interest. I wish to unite with you to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government.'

"In the beginning of December, 1800, General Sprengporten, a Finlander, who had entered the Russian service, and who in his heart was attached to France, arrived at Paris. He brought letters from the Emperor Paul, and was instructed to take the command of the Russian prisoners, and to conduct them to their country. All the officers of that nation, who returned to Russia, constantly spoke in the highest terms of the kind treatment and attention they had met with in France, particularly after the arrival of the first consul. The corre-

body. It was then, also, that the regulations for the management of the bank of France were adopted, and that establishment, so necessary to France, was founded.*

There was at this time in Paris a man who has acquired an unfortunate celebrity, the most unlucky of modern generals—in a word, General Mack. I should not notice that person here, were it not for the prophetic judgmeut which Bonaparte then pronounced on him. Mack had been obliged to deliver himself up at Championnet, some time before our landing at Frejus. He was received as a prisoner of war, and the town of Dijon had been appointed his place of residence, and there he remained until after the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, now consul, permitted him to come to Paris, and to reside there on his parole. He applied for leave to go to Vienna, pledging himself to return again a prisoner to France, if the Emperor Francis would not consent to exchange him for Generals Perignon and Grouchy, then prisoners in Austria. His request was not granted, but his proposition was forwarded to Vienna. The court of Vienna refused to accede to it, not placing perhaps so much importance on the deliverance of Mack, as he had flattered himself it would.*

Bonaparte speaking to me of him one day, said, "Mack is a man of the lowest mediocrity I ever saw in my life; he is full of self-sufficiency and conceit, and believes himself equal to any thing. He has no talent. I should like to see him opposed some day to one of our good generals; we should then see fine work. He is a boaster, and that is all. He is really one of the most silly men existing; and, besides all that, he is unlucky." Was not this opinion of Bonaparte, formed on the past, fully verified by the future?

It was at Malmaison that Bonaparte thus spoke of General Mack. That place was then far from resembling what it afterwards became, and the road to it was neither pleasant nor sure.

spondence between the emperor and Napoleon soon became daily; they treated directly on the most important interests, and on the means of humbling the English power. General Sprengporten was not instructed to make peace; he had no powers for that purpose; neither was he an ambassador; peace did not exist. It was, therefore, an extraordinary mission, which allowed of this general's being treated with every distinction calculated to gratify the sovereign who had sent him, without the possibility of the occurrence of any inconvenience from such attentions."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

* Mack escaped from Paris in the month of April, 1800. He afterwards contrived to excuse the faults which had been imputed to him, and insinuated himself into the good graces of the Emperor of Austria. By means of boasting, intriguing, and plotting, he at last succeeded in obtaining employment. He constantly railed against France, and spoke of nothing but his desire to revenge his captivity at Paris. His deeds, however, did not correspond with his threats. Every one knows how he revenged himself at Ulm, in the commencement of the campaign of 1805. He would infallibly have paid the forfeit of his head for surrendering that town, had not Bonaparte, then the Emperor Napoleon, stipulated for his life in one of the articles of the treaty of Presburg.

There was not a house on the road; and in the evening, during the season when we were there, it was not frequented all the way from Saint-Germain. Those numerous vehicles, which the demands of luxury and an increasing population have created, did not then, as now, pass along the roads in the environs of Paris. Every where the road was sad, solitary, and dangerous; and I learned with certainty that many schemes were laid for carrying off the first consul during one of his evening journeys.* They were unsuccessful, and orders were given to enclose the quarries, which were too near to the road. On Saturday evening Bonaparte left the Luxembourg, and afterwards the Tuileries, to go to Malmaison, and I cannot better express the joy he then appeared to experience, than by comparing it to the delight of a schoolboy on getting a holiday.

Before removing from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries, Bonaparte determined to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians by a splendid ceremony. He had appointed it to take place on the decade, Pluviose 12, that is to say, ten days before his final departure from the old directorial palace. These kinds of fêtes did not resemble what they afterwards became; their attraction consisted in the splendour of military dress: and Bonaparte was always sure that whenever he mounted his horse, surrounded by a brilliant staff, from which he was to be distinguished by the simplicity of his costume, his path would be crowded, and himself greeted with acclamations by the people of Paris. The object of this fête was at first only to present to the Hôtel des Invalides, then called the Temple of Mars, seventy-two flags taken from the Turks in the battle of Aboukir, and brought from Egypt to Paris; but intelligence of Washington's death, who expired on the 14th of December, 1799, having reached Bonaparte, he eagerly took advantage of that event to produce more effect, and mixed the mourning cypress with the laurels he had collected in Egypt. He made the most of this piece of news, and dictated to me the following note, addressed to the consular guard and the army:

Washington is dead! that great man, who fought against tyranny, and consolidated his country's freedom. His memory will be always

* Among the various attempts on the life of Bonaparte, which are said to have been made at this period, the following is mentioned by Constant:

"Some repairs and embellishments were required in the fire-places of the first consul's apartments, at Malmaison. Among the workmen who were sent to execute these repairs, there were some fellows of suspicious appearance and manner, who, it was conjectured, were bribed by conspirators. This supposition proved but too well founded. When the apartments were ready for the reception of the first consul, there was found on his desk a snuff-box, precisely resembling one of those which he was in the habit of using. It was at first supposed that the box had been accidentally left there by one of the valets; but, the suspicions excited by the equivocal appearance of some of the workmen having acquired additional confirmation, it was deemed advisable to analyze the snuff. It was discovered to be poisoned."—*Editor.*

dear to Frenchmen, and to all freemen in both worlds; but especially to the French soldiers, who, like him, and the American soldiers, have contended for liberty and equality. The first consul therefore orders, that for ten days black crape shall be suspended from all the flags and standards of the republic.

Bonaparte did not feel much concerned at the death of Washington, that noble founder of national freedom in the new world; but it afforded him an opportunity to mask his ambitious projects under the appearance of a love of liberty. In thus rendering honour to the memory of Washington, every body would suppose that Bonaparte intended to imitate his example, and that their two names would pass in conjunction from mouth to mouth. A clever orator might be employed, who, while pronouncing an eulogium on the dead, would contrive to bestow some praise on the living; and when the people were applauding his love of liberty, he would find himself one step nearer the throne, on which his eyes were constantly fixed. When the proper time arrived, he would not fail to seize the crown; and would still cry, if necessary, *Vive la Liberté!* while placing it on his imperial head.

The skilful orator was found. M. de Fontanes was commissioned to pronounce the funeral eulogium on Washington, and the flowers of eloquence which he scattered about did not all fall on the hero of America.

Lannes was intrusted by Bonaparte with the presentation of the flags; and on the 20th Pluviose, he proceeded, accompanied by strong detachments of the cavalry, then in Paris, to the council-hall of the Invalides, where he was met by the minister of war, who received the colours. All the ministers, the councillors of state, and generals, were summoned to the presentation. Lannes pronounced a discourse, to which Berthier replied, and M. de Fontanes added his well-managed eloquence to the plain military oratory of the two generals. In the interior of this military temple, a statue of Mars sleeping had been placed, and from the pillars and roof were suspended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy, and the campaign of Italy, which would still have decorated that edifice, had not the demon of conquest possessed Bonaparte. Two invalids, each a hundred years old, stood beside the minister of war; and the bust of the emancipator of America was placed under the trophy composed of the flags of Aboukir. In a word, recourse was had to every sort of charlatanism usual on such occasions. In the evening, there was a numerous assembly at the Luxembourg, and Bonaparte took much credit to himself for the effect produced on this remarkable day. He had only to wait ten days for his removal to the Tuileries, and precisely on that day the national mourning for Washington was to cease, for which a general mourning for freedom might well have been substituted.

I have said very little about Murat in the course of these memoirs, except mentioning the brilliant part he performed in several battles. Having now arrived at the period of his marriage with one of the first consul's sisters, I take the opportunity of returning to the interesting events which preceded that alliance.

His fine and well-proportioned form, his great physical strength, and somewhat refined elegance of manner, the fire of his eye, and his fierce courage in battle, gave to Murat rather the character of one of those preux chevaliers, so well described by Ariosto and Tasso, than that of a republican soldier. The nobleness of his look soon made the lowness of his birth be forgotten. He was affable, polished, gallant; and in the field of battle, twenty men, headed by Murat, were worth a whole regiment. Once, only, he showed himself under the influence of fear,* and the reader shall see in what circumstance it was, that he ceased to be himself.

When Bonaparte, in his first Italian campaign, had forced Würmser to retreat into Mantua, with twenty-eight thousand men, he directed Miollis, with only four thousand men, to oppose any sortie that might be attempted by the Austrian general. In one these sorties, Murat, who was at the head of a very weak detachment, was ordered to charge Würmser. He was afraid, neglected to execute the order, and, in a moment of confusion, said that he was wounded. Murat immediately fell into disgrace with the general-in-chief, whose aide-de-camp he was.

Murat had been previously sent to Paris, to present to the Directory, the first colours taken by the French army of Italy, in the actions of Dego and Mondovi, and it was on this occasion that he got acquainted with Madame Tallien, and his general's lady. But he already knew the beautiful Caroline Bonaparte, whom he had seen at Rome, in the residence of her brother Joseph, who was then discharging the functions of ambassador of the republic. It appears that Caroline was not even indifferent to him, and that he was the successful rival of the Princess Santa Cruce's son, who eagerly sought the honour of her hand. Madame Tallien and Madame Bonaparte received with great kindness the first aide-de-camp, and as they possessed much influence with the Directory, they solicited, and easily obtained for him, the rank of brigadier-general. It was somewhat remarkable at that time, for Murat, notwithstanding his newly-acquired rank, to remain Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, the regulations not allowing a general-in-chief

* Marshal Lannes, so brave and brilliant in war, and so well able to appreciate courage, one day sharply rebuked a colonel, for having punished a young officer just arrived from Fontainbleau, because he gave evidence of fear in his first engagement. "Know, Colonel," said he, "none but a poltroon (the term was even more strong) will boast that he never was afraid."

an aide-de-camp of higher rank than chief of brigade, which was equal to that of colonel. This insignificant act was, therefore, rather a hasty anticipation of the prerogatives every where reserved to princes and kings.

It was after having discharged this commission, that Murat, on his return to Italy, fell into disfavour with the general-in-chief. He indeed looked upon him with a sort of hostile feeling, and placed him in Reille's division, and afterwards Baraguay d'Hilliers's; consequently, when we went to Paris, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Murat was not of the party. But as the ladies, with whom he was a great favourite, were not devoid of influence with the minister of war, Murat was, by their interest, attached to the engineer corps, in the expedition to Egypt. On board the Orient, he remained in the most complete disgrace. Bonaparte did not address a word to him during the passage; and in Egypt, the general-in-chief always treated him with coldness, and often sent him from the head-quarters on disagreeable services. However, the general-in-chief having opposed him to Murad Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valour, in every perilous encounter, that he effaced the transitory stain, which a momentary hesitation under the walls of Mantua, had left on his character. Finally, Murat so powerfully contributed to the success of the day at Aboukir, that Bonaparte, glad to be able to carry another laurel, plucked in Egypt, to France, forgot the fault which had made so unfavourable an impression, and was inclined to efface from his memory other things that he had heard to the disadvantage of Murat; for I have good reasons for believing, though Bonaparte never told me so, that Murat's name, as well as that of Charles, escaped from the lips of Junot, when he made his indiscreet communication to Bonaparte at the walls of Messoudiah. The charge of grenadiers, commanded by Murat, on the 19th Brumaire, in the hall of the Five Hundred, dissipated all the remaining traces of dislike; and in those moments, when Bonaparte's political views subdued every other sentiment of his mind, the rival of the Prince de Santa Cruce received the command of the consular guard.

It may reasonably be supposed that Madame Bonaparte, in endeavouring to win the friendship of Murat, by aiding his promotion, had in view to gain one partisan more to oppose to the family and brothers of Bonaparte; and of this kind of support she had much need. Their jealous hatred was displayed on every occasion; and the amiable Josephine, whose only fault was being too much of the woman, was continually tormented by sad presentiments. Carried away by the easiness of her character, she did not perceive that the coquetry which enlisted for her so many defenders, also supplied her implacable enemies with weapons to use against her.

In this state of things, Josephine, who was well convinced

that she had attached Murat to herself, by the bonds of friendship and gratitude, and ardently desiring to see him united to Bonaparte by a family connexion, favoured with all her influence his marriage with Caroline. She was not ignorant that a close intimacy had sprung up, at Milan, between Caroline and Murat, and she was the first to propose a marriage. Murat hesitated, and went to consult M. Collot, who was a good adviser in all things, and whose intimacy with Bonaparte had initiated him into all the secrets of the family. M. Collot advised Murat to lose no time, but to go to the first consul, and formally demand the hand of his sister. Murat followed his advice. Did he do well? It was to this step that he owed the throne of Naples. If he had abstained, he would not have been shot at the Pizzo. *Sed ipsi Dei fata rumpere non possunt!*

However that might be, the first consul received, more in the manner of a sovereign than a brother in arms, the proposal of Murat. He heard him with unmoved gravity, said that he would consider the matter, but gave no positive answer.

This affair was, as may be supposed, the subject of conversation, in the evening, in the saloon of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her powers of persuasion to obtain the first consul's consent, and her efforts were seconded by Hortense, Eugène, and myself. "Murat," said he, among other things, "Murat is an innkeeper's son. In the elevated rank where glory and fortune have placed me, I never can mix his blood with mine? Besides, there is no hurry: I shall see by and by." We forcibly described to him the reciprocal affection of the two young people, and did not fail to bring to his observation Murat's devoted attachment to his person, his splendid courage and noble conduct in Egypt. "Yes," said he, with warmth, "I agree with you; Murat was superb at Aboukir." We did not allow so favourable a moment to pass by. We redoubled our entreaties, and at last he consented. When we were together in his cabinet in the evening, "Well, Bourrienne," said he to me, "you ought to be satisfied, and so am I, too, every thing considered. Murat is suited to my sister, and then no one can say that I am proud, or seek grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your jacobins would have raised a cry of counter-revolution. Besides, I am very glad that my wife is interested in this marriage, and you may easily suppose the cause. Since it is determined on, I will hasten it forward; we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, I will take Murat with me. I must strike a decisive blow there. Adieu."

When I entered the first consul's chamber at seven o'clock the next day, he appeared even more satisfied than on the preceding evening, with the resolution he had taken. I easily perceived that in spite of all his cunning, he had failed to discover the real motive which had induced Josephine to take

so lively an interest respecting Murat's marriage with Caroline. Still Bonaparte's satisfaction plainly showed that his wife's eagerness for the marriage had removed all doubt in his mind of the falsity of the calumnious reports which had prevailed respecting her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage of Murat and Caroline was celebrated at the Luxembourg, but with great modesty. The first consul did not yet think that his family affairs were affairs of state. But previously to the celebration, a little comedy was enacted, in which I was obliged to take a part, and I will relate how.

At the time of the marriage of Murat, Bonaparte had not much money, and therefore only gave his sister a dowry of thirty thousand francs. Still, thinking it necessary to make her a marriage present, and not possessing the means to purchase a suitable one, he took a diamond necklace, which belonged to his wife, and gave it to the bride. Josephine was not at all pleased with this robbery, and taxed her wits to discover some means of replacing her necklace.

Josephine was aware that the celebrated jeweller, Foncier, possessed a magnificent collection of fine pearls, which had belonged, as he said, to the queen, Marie Antoinette. Having ordered them to be brought to her, to examine them, she thought there was sufficient to make a very fine necklace. But to make the purchase two hundred and fifty thousand francs were required, and how to get them was the difficulty. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was then minister of war. Berthier, after biting his nails, according to his usual habit, set about the liquidation of the debts due for the hospital service in Italy, with as much speed as possible; and as, in those days, the contractors whose claims were admitted overflowed with gratitude towards their patrons, through whom they obtained payment, the pearls soon passed from Foncier's shop to the casket of Madame Bonaparte.

The pearls being thus obtained, there was still another difficulty, which Madame Bonaparte did not at first think of. How was she to wear a necklace purchased without her husband's knowledge? Indeed it was the more difficult for her to do so, as the first consul knew very well that his wife had no money, and being, if I may be allowed the expression, something of the busybody, he knew, or believed he knew, all Josephine's jewels. The pearls were therefore condemned to remain more than a fortnight in Madame Bonaparte's casket, without her daring to use them. What a punishment for a woman! At length her vanity overcame her prudence, and being unable to conceal the jewels any longer, she one day said to me, "Bourrienne, there is to be a large party here to-morrow, and I absolutely must wear my pearls. But you know he will grumble if he notices them. I beg, Bourrienne, that you will keep near me. If he ask where I got my pearls, I must tell him, without hesitation, *that* have had them a long time."

Every thing happened as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the pearls, did not fail to say to Madame, "What is it you have got there? How fine you are to-day! Where did you get these pearls? I think I never saw them before."—"Oh! *mon Dieu!* you have seen them a dozen times! It is the necklace which the Cisalpine republic gave me, and which I now wear in my hair."—"But I think——"—"Stay: ask Bourrienne, he will tell you."—"Well, Bourrienne, what do you say to it? Do you recollect the necklace?"—"Yes, general, I recollect very well seeing it before." This was not untrue, for Madame Bonaparte had previously shown me the pearls. Besides, she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine republic; but of incomparably less value than that purchased from Foncier. Josephine performed her part with charming dexterity, and I did not act amiss the character of accomplice assigned me in this little comedy. Bonaparte had no suspicions. When I saw the easy confidence with which Madame Bonaparte got through this scene, I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection on the readiness with which wellbred ladies can tell falsehoods without seeming to do so.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1800.

Police on police—False information—Dexterity of Fouché—Police agents deceived—Money ill applied—Inutility of political police—Bonaparte's opinion—General considerations—My appointment to the prefecture of police.

Before taking up his quarters in the Tuileries, the first consul organized his secret police, which was intended, at the same time, to be the counter of Fouché's police. Duroc and De Moncey were at first the directors of this police: afterwards, Davoust and Junot. Madame Bonaparte called this business a vile system of espionage. My remarks on the inutility of the measure were made in vain. Bonaparte had the weakness at once to fear Fouché and to think him necessary. Fouché, whose talents at this trade are too well known to need my approbation, soon discovered this secret institution, and the names of all the subaltern agents employed by the great agents. It is difficult to form an idea of the nonsense, absurdity, and falsehoods contained in the bulletins drawn up by the noble and ignoble agents of the police. I do not mean to enter into details on this nauseating subject; and I shall only trespass on the reader's patience by relating, though it be in anticipation, one

fact which concerns myself, and which will prove that spies and their wretched reports cannot be too much distrusted.

During the second year of the consulate, we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a very large sum at his disposal for the secret police of the capital. He gave three thousand francs of it to a wretched manufacturer of bulletins; the remainder was expended on the police of his stable and his table. In reading one of these daily bulletins, I saw the following lines: "M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. He entered a hotel of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, Rue de Varenne, and there, in the course of a very animated discussion, he gave it to be understood that the first consul wished to make himself king." Now I never had opened my mouth, either respecting what Bonaparte had said to me before we went to Egypt, or respecting his other frequent conversations with me of the same nature, during this period of his consulship.

I may here observe, too, that I never quitted, nor ever could quit, Malmaison for a moment. At any time, by night or day, I was subject to be called for by the first consul, and, as very often was the case, it so happened that on the night in question he had dictated to me notes aud instructions until three o'clock in the morning.

Junot came every day to Malmaison, at eleven o'clock in the morning. I called him one day into my cabinet, when I happened to be alone. "Have you not read your bulletin?" said I.—"Yes, I have."—"Nay, that is impossible."—"Why?"—"Because, if you had, you would have suppressed an absurd story which relates to me."—"Ah!" he replied, "I am sorry on your account, but I can depend on my agent, and I will not alter a word of his report." I then told him all that had taken place on that night; but he was obstinate, and went away unconvinced. Every morning I placed all the papers which the first consul had to read, on his table, and among the first was Junot's report. The first consul entered and read it; on coming to the passage concerning me, he began to smile. "Have you read this bulletin?"—"Yes, general."—"What an ass that Junot is!"—"It is a long time since I have known that."—"How he allows himself to be entrapped! Is he still here?"—"I believe so. I have just seen him, and made observations to him, all in good part, but he would hear nothing."—"Tell him to come here." When Junot appeared, Bonaparte began—"Imbecile that you are! how could you send me such reports as these? Do you not read them? How shall I be sure that you will not compromise other persons equally unjustly? I want positive facts, not inventions. It is some time since your agent displeased me; dismiss him directly." Junot wanted to justify himself, but Bonaparte cut him short—"Enough!—begone!"

I related what had passed to Fouché, who told me that, wishing to amuse himself at Junot's expense, whose police agents

only picked up what they heard related in coffee-houses, gaming-houses, and the exchange, he had given currency to this absurd story, which Junot had credited and reported, as he did many other foolish tales. Fouché often caught the police of the palace in the snares he laid for them, and thus increased his own credit.

This circumstance, and others of the same nature, induced the first consul to attach less importance than at first he had to his secret police, which seldom reported any thing but false and silly stories. That wretched police! During the time I was with him it imbittered his life, and often exasperated him against his wife, his relations, and friends. The police possessed no foresight or faculty of prevention. Every silly thing that transpired was reported either from malice or stupidity. What was heard was misunderstood, or distorted in the recital; so that the only result of the plan was mischief and confusion.

The police, as a political engine, is a dangerous thing. It foments and encourages more false conspiracies than it discovers or defeats real ones. Napoleon has related "that M. de la Rochefoucauld formed at Paris a conspiracy in favour of the king, then at Mittau, the first act of which was to be the death of the chief of the government. The plot being discovered, a trusty person belonging to the police was ordered to join it, and become one of the most active agents. He brought letters of recommendation from an old gentleman in Lorraine, who had held a distinguished rank in the army of Condé." After this, what more can be wanted? A hundred examples could not better show the vileness of such a system. Napoleon, when fallen, himself thus disclosed the scandalous means employed by his government.

Napoleon on one occasion, in the isle of Elba, said to an officer who was conversing with him about France, "You believe, then, that the police-agents foresee every thing, and know every thing. They invent more than they discover. Mine, I believe, was better than that they have got now, and yet it was often only by mere chance, the imprudence of the parties implicated, or the treachery of some of them, that something was discovered after a week or fortnight's exertion." Napoleon, in directing this officer to transmit letters to him under the cover of a commercial correspondence, to quiet his apprehensions that the correspondence might be discovered, said, "Do you think, then, that all letters are opened at the post-office? They would never be able to do so. I have often endeavoured to discover what the correspondence was that passed under mercantile forms, but I never succeeded. The post-office, like the police, catches only fools."

Since I am on the subject of political police, that leprosy of modern society, perhaps I may be allowed to overstep the order of time, and advert to its state even in the present day.

The minister of police, to give his prince a favourable idea of his activity, contrives great conspiracies, which he is pretty sure to discover in time, because he is their originator. The inferior agents, to find favour in the eyes of the minister, contrive small plots. It would be difficult to mention a conspiracy which has been discovered, except when the police agents took part in it, or were its promoters. It is difficult to conceive how those agents can feed a little intrigue, the result at first, perhaps, of some petty ill-humour and discontent, which, thanks to their skill, soon becomes a great affair. How many conspiracies have escaped the boasted activity and vigilance of the police, when none of its agents were parties. I may instance Babeuf's conspiracy, the attempt at the camp at Grenelle, the 18th Brumaire, the infernal machine, Mallet, the 20th of March, the affair of Grenoble, and many others.

The political police, the result of the troubles of the revolution, has survived them. The civil police, for the security of property, health, and order, is only made a secondary object, and has been, therefore, neglected. There are times in which it is thought of more consequence to discover whether a citizen goes to mass or confession, than to defeat the designs of a band of robbers. Such a state of things is unfortunate for a country; and the money expended on a system of superintendence over persons alleged to be suspected, in domestic inquisitions, in the corruption of the friends, relations, and servants of the man marked out for destruction, might be much better employed. The police of opinions, created, as I have said, by the revolutionary troubles, is suspicious, restless, officious, inquisitorial, vexatious, and tyrannical. Indifferent to crimes, and real offences, it is totally absorbed in the inquisition of thoughts. Who has not heard it said, in company to some one speaking warmly, "Be moderate, M.——— is supposed to belong to the police." This police inthralled Bonaparte himself in its snares, and held him a long time under the influence of its power.

What renders a political police so dangerous, is the practice of obtaining information through spies. Informers are the most pernicious of men; they are the natural enemies of society. If a man would, from public motives, bring an accusation against another, let him not do it secretly to the government, which very likely may be prejudiced, but openly before a magistrate, who acts according to rules, only formidable to calumniators. The Emperor Constantius used to say, "I cannot have any suspicion of a man who has no accuser, though he does not want enemies."

The most fatal periods in the history of a nation, are those in which informers may be found holding elevated rank in society. It is not I who am to blame for making this observation, but those are, who embark in that odious business. In these times, when religious and political offences are so various, and of so

changeable a nature, the employment of informers is infamous. There is scarcely a person, in such periods, who may not have an opinion somehow differing from the ruling one, which may in a day be superseded by another. Where is the man so cautious and calculating as not to be at the mercy, some time or other, of a concealed enemy, a bribed domestic, or a son, whose affections are estranged by political or religious scruples? for religion has latterly been a great instrument of the police. Every one is liable to be ruined by the misinterpretation of a word. How can a man parry a blow struck in the dark by a secret and treacherous hand?

Can it then be true, that all nations, after arriving at a certain degree of civilization, are destined to suffer under similar political scourges? Do we not learn, from the pages of the immortal historian of the last age of Rome, that the same evils and the same complaints then existed? (Vide *Taciti Agric.*) Juvenal, too, says—

> ——— Post hunc magni delator amici,
> Et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa
> Quod superest: quem Massa timet: quem munere palpat
> Carus; et a trepido Thymele summissa Latino.

At the court of Constantine the police agents were called the "eyes of the prince." Such agents should be employed with extreme caution and reserve, and only for affairs of the greatest importance, a knowledge of which might be necessary for the well-being of the state, and ignorance of which would compromise its safety. But away with all those hateful investigations of the domestic privacy of the citizen, the object of which is to discover not only what he does and what he says, but even what he thinks, in order that the despicable caprice of a powerful man may be gratified, or an innocent man ruined in the opinion of the sovereign. Nothing can stop a spy. As for feelings of affection, they only enable him the better to extract a secret. Truth is readily sacrificed, for the spy must earn his wages. Hunger is a powerful stimulant, and when he cannot discover he will invent.

I have taken the liberty thus to speak of a scourge of society, of which I have been a victim. What I here state may be relied on. I shall not speak of the week during which I had to discharge the functions of prefect of police, namely, from the 13th to the 20th of March, 1815. It may well be supposed, that though I had not held in abhorrence the infamous system which I have described, the important nature of the circumstances, and the short period of my administration, must have prevented me from making complete use of the means placed at my disposal. The dictates of discretion, which I consider myself bound to obey, forbid me giving proofs of what I advance. What it was necessary to do, I accomplished without employing

violent or vexatious means; and I can take on myself to assert, that no one has cause to complain of me. Were I to publish the list of the persons I had orders to arrest, those of them who are yet living would be astonished, that the only knowledge they had of my being the prefect of police was from the Moniteur. I obtained by mild measures, by persuasion, and reasoning, what I could never have got by violence. I am not divulging any secrets of office, but I believe I am rendering a service to the public in pointing out what I have often observed, while an unwilling confident, in the shameful manœuvres of that political institution.*

The word *ideologue* was often in Bonaparte's mouth; and in using it he endeavoured to throw ridicule on those men whom he fancied to have a tendency towards the doctrine of indefinite perfectibility. He esteemed them for their morality, yet he looked on them as dreamers, seeking for the type of a universal constitution, and considering the character of man in the abstract only. The *ideologues*, according to him, looked for power in institutions; and that he called metaphysics. He had no idea of power, except in direct force. All benevolent men, who speculate on the amelioration of human society, were regarded by Bonaparte as dangerous, because their maxims and principles were diametrically opposed to the harsh and arbitrary system he had adopted. He said that their hearts were better than their heads, and far from wandering with them in abstractions, he always said that men were only to be governed by fear and interest. The free expression of opinion through the press has been always regarded, by those who are not led away by interest or power, as useful to society. But Bonaparte held the liberty of the press in the greatest horror; and so violent was his passion, when any thing was urged in its favour, that he seemed to labour under a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he was sorely afraid of little paragraphs.

* Since this passage was written, a change in the administration took place in 1827. The secret funds of the police are less considerable, and therefore corruption will be more restrained and less easily practised. The tribunals, which are entitled to our highest respect and gratitude, are becoming more strict towards accusers, and more indulgent to their victims. May the time come when such odious means will be rejected, and the sacred laws of morality be no longer violated, even to arrive at an advantageous result.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1800.

Successful management of parties—Precautions—Removal from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries—Hackney-coaches and the consul's white horses—Royal custom and an inscription—The review—Bonaparte's homage to the standards—Talleyrand in Bonaparte's cabinet—Bonaparte's aversion to the cap of liberty even in painting—The state bed—Our cabinet.

Of the three consuls to whom the 18th Brumaire gave birth, Bonaparte speedily declared himself the eldest, and hastened to assume all the rights of primogeniture. He soon arrogated to himself the whole power. The project he had formed, when he favoured the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, was now about to be realized. It was, then, an indispensable part of his plan, that the Directory should violate the constitution, in order to justify a subsequent subversion of the Directory. The expressions which escaped him, from time to time, plainly showed that his ambition was not yet satisfied, and that the consulship was only a state of probation, preliminary to the complete establishment of monarchy. The Luxembourg was then discovered to be too small for the chief of the government, and it was resolved that Bonaparte should inhabit the Tuileries. Still great prudence was necessary to avoid the quicksands which surrounded him! He therefore employed great precaution in dealing with the irritable republicans, taking care to inure them gradually to the temperature of absolute power. But this mode of treatment was not sufficient: for such was Bonaparte's situation, between the jacobins and the royalists, that he could not strike a blow at one party, without strengthening the other. He however contrived to resolve this difficult problem, and weakened both parties by alternately frightening each. "You see, royalists," he seemed to say, "if you do not attach yourselves to my government, the jacobins will again rise, and bring back the reign of terror and its scaffold." To the men of the revolution he, on the other hand, said, "See, the counter-revolution appears, threatening reprisals and vengeance. It is ready to overwhelm you; my buckler can alone protect you from its attacks."

Thus both parties were induced, from their mutual fear of each other, to attach themselves to Bonaparte; and while they fancied they were only placing themselves under the protection of the chief of the government, they were making themselves dependent on an ambitious man, who, gradually bending them to his will, guided them as he chose in his political career. He advanced with a firm step; but he never neglected any artifice to conceal, as long as possible, his designs.

I saw Bonaparte put in motion all his concealed springs; and I could not help admiring his wonderful address. But what most astonished me was, the control he possessed over himself, in repressing any premature manifestation of his intentions, which might prejudice his projects. Thus, for instance, he never spoke of the Tuileries, but under the name of the palace of the government, and he determined not to inhabit, at first, the ancient palace of the kings of France alone. He contented himself with selecting the royal apartments, and proposed that the third consul should also reside in the Tuileries, and, in consequence, he occupied the Pavilion of Flora. This skilful arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the designation of "Palace of the Government," given to the Tuileries, and was calculated to deceive, for a time, the most clear-sighted.

The moment for leaving the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte still used many crafty precautions. The day for the translation of the seat of government was fixed for the 30th Pluviose, the previous day having been selected for publishing the account of the votes taken for the acceptance of the new constitution. He had, besides, caused the insertion in the Moniteur of the eulogy on Washington, pronounced by M. de Fontanes, the decade preceding, to be delayed for ten days. He thought that the day when he was about to take so large a step towards monarchy, would be well chosen for entertaining the people of Paris with grand ideas of his notions of liberty, and for coupling his own name with that of the founder of the free government of the United States.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th Pluviose, I entered, as usual, the chamber of the first consul. He was in a profound sleep, and this was one of the days on which I had been desired to allow him to sleep a little longer than usual. I have often observed that General Bonaparte appeared much less moved when on the point of executing any great design than during the time of projecting it; so accustomed was he to think that what he had resolved on in his mind, was already done.

When I returned to Bonaparte, he said to me, with a marked air of satisfaction, "Well, Bourrienne, to-day, at last, we shall take up our abode in the Tuileries. You are better off than I: you are not obliged to make a spectacle of yourself, but may go your own road there. I must, however, go in procession: that disgusts me; but it is necessary to speak to the eyes. That has

a good effect on the people. The Directory was too simple, and therefore never enjoyed any consideration. In the army, simplicity is in its proper place; but in a great city, in a palace, the chief of the government must attract attention in every possible way, yet still with prudence. Josephine is going to look over Lebrun's apartments; go with her, if you like; but go to the cabinet as soon as you see me alight from my horse."

I did not go to the review, but proceeded to the Tuileries, to arrange in the cabinet the papers which it was my duty to take care of, and to prepare every thing for the first consul's arrival. It was not until the evening that I learned, from the conversation in the saloon, where there was a numerous party, what had taken place in the course of the day.

At one o'clock precisely Bonaparte left the Luxembourg. The procession was, doubtless, far from approaching the magnificent parade of the empire: but as much pomp was introduced as the state of things in France permitted. The only reasplendour of that period consisted in fine troops. Three thousand picked men, among whom was the superb regiment of the Guides, had been ordered out for the occasion: all marched in the greatest order, with music at the head of each corps. The generals and their staffs were on horseback, the ministers in carriages, which were somewhat remarkable, as they were almost the only private carriages then in Paris; for hackney-coaches had been hired to convey the council of state, and no trouble had been taken to alter them, except by pasting over the number a piece of paper, of the same colour as the body of the vehicle. The consul's carriage was drawn by six white horses. With the sight of those horses was associated the recollection of days of glory and of peace, for they had been presented to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy by the Emperor of Germany, after the treaty of Campo-Formio. Bonaparte also wore the magnificent sabre given him by the Emperor Francis. With Cambacérès on his left, and Lebrun in the front of the carriage, the first consul traversed a part of Paris, taking the road to Thionville, and the Quay Voltaire to the Pont Royale. Every where he was greeted by acclamations of joy, which at that time were voluntary, and needed not to be commanded by the police.

From the wicket of the Carousel to the gate of the Tuileries, the troops of the consular guard were formed in two lines, through which the procession passed—a royal custom, which made a singular contrast with an inscription in front of which Bonaparte passed on entering the courtyard. Two guardhouses had been built, one on the right and another on the left of the centre gate. On the one to the right were written these words:

"THE TENTH OF AUGUST, 1792.—ROYALTY IN FRANCE IS ABOLISHED; AND SHALL NEVER AGAIN BE ESTABLISHED!"

It was already established.

In the mean time, the troops had been drawn up in line in the

courtyard. As soon as the consul's carriage stopped, Bonaparte immediately alighted, and mounted, or, to speak more properly, leaped on his horse, and reviewed his troops, while the other consuls proceeded to the state apartments of the Tuileries, where they waited for the council of state and the ministers. A great many ladies, elegantly dressed in Greek costume, which was then the fashion, were seated with Madame Bonaparte, at the windows of the third consul's apartments, in the Pavilion of Flora. It is impossible to give an idea of the immense crowds which flowed in from all quarters. The windows looking to the Carousel were let for very large sums; and every where arose, as if from one voice, shouts of "Long live the first consul!" Who could help being intoxicated by so much enthusiasm?

The first consul prolonged the review for some time, passed down all the ranks, and addressed the commanders of corps in terms of approbation and praise. He then took his station at the gate of the Tuileries, with Murat on his right, and Lannes on his left, and behind him a numerous staff of young warriors, whose complexions had been browned by the sun of Egypt and Italy, and who had been engaged in more battles than they numbered years. When the colours of the 96th, 43d, and 30th demi-brigades, or rather their flagstaffs, surmounted by some shreds, riddled by balls, and blackened by powder, passed before him, he raised his hat and inclined his head, in token of respect. Every homage thus paid by a great captain to standards which had been mutilated on the field of battle, was saluted by a thousand acclamations. When the troops had finished defiling before him, the first consul, with a firm step, ascended the stairs of the Tuileries.

The general's part being finished for the day, that of the chief of the state began; and, indeed, it might already be said that the first consul was the whole consulate. At the risk of interrupting my narrative of what occurred on our arrival at the Tuileries by a digression, which may be thought out of place, I will relate a fact, which had no little weight in hastening Bonaparte's determination to assume a superiority over his colleagues. It may be remembered, that when Roger-Ducos and Sieyès bore the title of consuls, the three members of the consular commission were equal, if not in fact, at least in right. But when Cambacérès and Lebrun took their places, Talleyrand, who had, at the same time, been appointed to succeed M. Reinhart, as minister of foreign affairs, obtained a private audience of the first consul, in his cabinet, to which I was admitted. The observations of Talleyrand on this occasion, were highly agreeable to Bonaparte, and they made too deep an impression on my mind to allow me to forget them.

"Citizen Consul," said he to him, "you have confided to me the office of minister for foreign affairs, and I will justify your confidence; but I must declare to you that, from this moment,

I will not transact business with any but yourself. This determination does not proceed from any vain pride on my part, but is induced by a desire to serve France. In order that France may be well governed; in order that there may be a unity of action in the government, you must be first consul, and the first consul must have the control over all that relates directly to politics; that is to say, over the ministry of the interior, and the ministry of police, for internal affairs, and over my department, for foreign affairs; and, lastly, over the two great means of execution, the military and naval forces. It will therefore be most convenient that the ministers of those five departments should transact business with you. The administration of justice, and the right ordering of the finances, are objects certainly connected with state politics by numerous links, which, however, are not of so intimate a nature as those of the other departments. If you will allow me, general, I should advise, that the control over the administration of justice be given to the first consul, who is well versed in jurisprudence; and to the third consul, who is equally well acquainted with finance, the control over that department.* That will occupy and amuse them, and you, general, having at your disposal all the vital parts of the government, will be able to reach the end you aim at, the regeneration of France."

Bonaparte did not hear these remarkable words with indifference. They were too much in accordance with his own secret wishes to be listened to without pleasure; and he said to me, as soon as Talleyrand had taken leave, "Do you know, Bourrienne, I think Talleyrand gives good advice. He is a man of great understanding."—"Such is the opinion," I replied, "of all who know him."—"He is perfectly right." Afterwards he added, smiling, "Talleyrand is evidently a shrewd man. He has penetrated my designs. What he advises, you know I am anxious to do. But, again, I say, he is right; one gets on quicker by oneself. Lebrun is a worthy man, but he has no policy in his head; he is a book-maker. Cambacérès carries with him too many traditions of the revolution. My government must be an entirely new one."

Talleyrand's advice had been so punctually followed, that even on the occasion of the installation of the consular government, while Bonaparte was receiving all the great civil and military officers of the state, in the hall of presentation, Cambacérès and Lebrun stood by, more like spectators of the scene, than two colleagues of the first consul. The minister of the interior presented the civil authorities of Paris; the minister of war, the staff of the 17th military division; the minister of marine, several naval officers; and the staff of the consular guard was presented

* Here may be recognised the first germ of the arch-chancellorship and arch-treasuryship of the empire.

by Murat. As our consular republicans were not exactly Spartans, the ceremony of the presentations was followed by grand dinner-parties. The first consul entertained, at his table, the two other consuls, the ministers, and the presidents of the great bodies of the state. Murat treated the heads of the army; and the members of the council of state, being again seated in their hackney-coaches with covered numbers, drove off to dine with Lucien.

Before taking possession of the Tuileries, we had frequently gone there to see that the repairs, or rather the plastering, which Bonaparte had directed to be done, was executed. On our first visit, seeing a number of red caps of liberty painted on the walls, he said to M. Lecomte, at that time the architect of the Tuileries, "Brush all these things out; I do not like to see such rubbish."

The first consul gave directions himself for what little alterations he wanted in his own apartments. A state bed—not that of Louis XVI.—was placed in the chamber next his cabinet, on the south side, towards the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora. I may as well mention here, that he very seldom occupied that bed, for Bonaparte was very simple in his manner of living in private, and was not fond of state, except as a means of imposing on mankind. At the Luxembourg, at Malmaison, and during the first period that he occupied the Tuileries, Bonaparte, if I may speak in the language of common life, always slept with his wife. He went every evening down to Josephine, by a small staircase, leading from a wardrobe attached to his cabinet, and which had formerly been the chapel of Marie de Medici. I never went to Bonaparte's bedchamber but by this staircase; and when he came to our cabinet, it was always by the wardrobe which I have mentioned. The door opened opposite the only window of our room, and it commanded a view of the garden.

As for our cabinet, where so many great, and also small events, were prepared, and where I passed so many hours of my life, I can, even now, give the most minute description of it, to those who like such details.

There were two tables. The best, which was the first consul's, stood in the middle of the room, and his arm-chair was turned with its back to the fireplace, having the window on the right. To the right of this again was a little closet, where Duroc sat, through which we could communicate with the porter of the office, and the grand apartments of the court. When the first consul was seated at his table, in his chair, the arms of which he frequently mutilated with his penknife, he had a large bookcase opposite to him. A little to the right, on one side of the bookcase, was another door, opening into the cabinet, which led directly to the state bedchamber, which I have mentioned. Thence we passed into the grand Presentation Saloon, on the ceiling of which, Lebrun had painted a likeness of Louis XIV.

A tri-coloured cockade, placed on the forehead of the great king, still bore witness of the imbecile turpitude of the convention. Lastly came the Hall of the Guards, in front of the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora.

My writing-table, which was extremely plain, stood near the window, and, in summer, I had a view of the thick foliage of the chestnut-trees; but in order to see the promenaders in the garden, I was obliged to raise myself from my seat. My back was turned to the general's side, so that it required only a slight movement of the head to speak to each other. Duroc was seldom in his little cabinet, and that was the place where I gave some audiences. The Consular Cabinet, which afterwards became the imperial, has left many impressions on my mind; and I hope the reader, in going through these volumes, will not think that they have been of a slight description.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1800.

The Tuileries—Royalty in perspective—Remarkable observation—Presentations—Assumption of the prerogative of mercy—M. Defeu—M. de Frotte—Georges Cadoudal's audience of Bonaparte—Rapp's precaution and Bonaparte's confidence—The dignity of France—Napper Tandy and Blackwell delivered up by the senate of Hamburg—Contribution in the Egyptian style—Valueless bill—Fifteen thousand francs in the drawer of a secrétaire—Josephine's debts—Evening walks with Bonaparte.

We were now, at last, in the Tuileries! The morning after that ardently wished-for day on which we took possession of the palace of the kings of France, I observed to Bonaparte, on entering his chamber, "Well, general, you have got here without much difficulty, and with the applause of the people! Do you remember what you said to me in the Rue St. Anne nearly two years ago?"—"Ay, true enough, I recollect. You see what it is to have the mind set on a thing. Only two years have gone by! Don't you think we have not worked badly since that time? Upon the whole I am very well content. Yesterday passed off well. Do you imagine that all those who came to flatter me were sincere? No, certainly not: but the joy of the people was real. They know what is right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds: on the 17th Brumaire at eleven francs, on the 20th at sixteen, and to-day at twenty-one. In such a state of things, I may let the jacobins prate as they like. But let them not talk too loudly neither!"

As soon as he was dressed, we went to look through the Gallery of Diana and examine the statues which had been placed there by his orders. We ended our morning's work by taking complete possession of the new residence. I recollect Bonaparte saying to me, among other things, "To be at the Tuileries, Bourrienne, is not all. We must stay here. Who, in Heaven's name, has not already inhabited this palace? Ruffians, conventionalists! But hold! there is your brother's house! Was it not from those windows I saw the Tuileries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried off? But be assured they will not come here again!"

The ambassadors and other foreign ministers then at Paris were presented to the first consul at a solemn audience. On this occasion, all the ancient ceremonials belonging to the French court were raked up, and in place of chamberlains and a grand master of ceremonies, a counsellor of state, M. Benezech, who was once minister for foreign affairs, officiated.

When the ambassadors had all arrived, M. Benezech conducted them into the cabinet, in which were the three consuls, the ministers, and the council of state. The ambassadors presented their credentials to the first consul, who handed them to the minister for foreign affairs. These presentations were followed by others; for example, the Tribunal of Cassation, over which the old advocate, Target, who refused the defence of Louis XVI., then presided. All this passed in view of the three consuls: but the circumstance which distinguished the first consul from his colleagues was, that the official personages, on leaving the audience-chamber, were conducted to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, in imitation of the old practice of waiting on the queen, after presentation to the king.*

* The details of this scene, as described by Constant, are curious:

"At eight in the evening, the apartments of Madame Bonaparte, which were situated on the ground floor, overlooking the gardens, were crowded with company. There was a dazzling display of splendid dresses, feathers, diamonds, &c. So numerous was the throng, that it was found necessary to throw open Madame Bonaparte's bedchamber, the two drawing-rooms being very small.

"When, after considerable embarrassment and trouble, the company were arranged as well as possible, Madame Bonaparte was announced, and she entered, conducted by M. de Talleyrand. She wore a dress of white muslin, with short sleeves, a pearl necklace, and her hair was simply braided, and confined by a tortoiseshell comb. The buzz of admiration, which greeted her on her entrance, must have been exceedingly gratifying to her. She never, I think, looked more graceful or elegant.

"M. de Talleyrand, still holding Madame Bonaparte by the hand, presented her to the members of the corps diplomatique, one after another, not introducing them by name, but designating them by the courts they represented. He then conducted her round the two drawing-rooms. They had not gone above half round the second room when the first consul entered, without being announced. He was dressed in a very plain uniform coat, white cassimir pantaloons, and top-boots. Round his waist he wore a tri-coloured silk scarf, with a fringe to correspond; and he carried his hat in his hand. Amidst the embroidered coats, cordons, and jewels of the ambassadors and foreign dignitaries, Bonaparte's

Thus old customs of royalty crept, by degrees, into the former abodes of royalty. Amongst the rights attached to the crown, and which the constitution of the year VIII. did not give to the first consul, was one which he much desired to possess, and which, by the most happy of all usurpations, he arrogated to himself. This was the right of granting pardon. Bonaparte felt a real pleasure in saving men under the sentence of the law; and whenever the imperious necessity of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed every thing, permitted it, he rejoiced in the exercise of mercy. It would seem as if he were thankful to the persons to whom he rendered such service, merely because he had given them occasion to be thankful to him. Such was the first consul: I do not speak of the emperor. Bonaparte, the first consul, was accessible to the solicitations of friendship in favour of persons placed under proscription. The following circumstance, which interested me much, affords an incontestable proof of what I state.

Whilst we were still at the Luxembourg, M. Defeu, a French emigrant, was taken in the Tyrol, with arms in his hand, by the troops of the republic. He was carried to Grenoble, and thrown into the military prison of that town. In the course of January, General Ferino, then governor of Grenoble, received orders to put the young emigrant on his trial. The laws against emigrants taken in arms were terrible, and the judges dared not be indulgent. To be tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day, and shot in the evening, was the usual course of those implacable proceedings. One of my cousins, the daughter of M. Poitrincourt, came from Sens to Paris to inform me of the dreadful situation of M. Defeu. She told me that he was related to the most respectable families of the town of Sens, and that every body felt the greatest interest in his fate.

I had escaped for a few moments to keep the appointment made with Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On my return, I perceived the first consul surprised at finding himself alone in the cabinet, which I was not in the habit of quitting without his knowledge. "Where have you been?" said he. "I have been to see one of my relations, who solicits a favour of you." "What is it?" I then informed him of the unfortunate situation of M. Defeu. His first answer was dreadful.—"No pity! no pity for emigrants! Whoever fights against his country, is a child who stabs his mother!" This first burst of anger being over, I returned to the charge. I urged the youth of M. Defeu, and the good effect which clemency would produce. "Well," said he, "write, 'The first consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.'" He signed this laconic order, which

costume appeared no less singular than the contrast presented by the simple elegance of Josephine's dress compared with the splendour of the ladies around her."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

I instantly despatched to General Ferino. I acquainted my cousin with what had passed, and remained tranquil as to the result of the affair.

Scarcely had I entered the chamber of the first consul next morning, when he said to me, "Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing about your M. Defeu. Are you satisfied?"—"General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude."—"Ah, bah! But I do not like to do things by halves. Write to Ferino that I wish M. Defeu to be instantly set at liberty. Perhaps I am serving one who will prove ungrateful. Well, so much the worse for him. As to these matters, Bourrienne, always ask them from me. When I refuse, it is because I cannot help it."

I despatched at my own expense an extraordinary courier, who arrived in time to save M. Defeu's life. His mother, whose only son he was, and M. Blanchet, his uncle, came purposely from Sens to Paris to express their gratitude to me. I saw tears of joy fall from the eyes of a mother who had appeared to be destined to shed bitter drops, and I said to her as I felt, "that I was amply recompensed by the success which had attended my efforts."*

Imboldened by this success, and by the benevolent language of the first consul, I ventured to request the pardon of M. de Frotte, who was strongly recommended to me by most honourable persons. Count Louis de Frotte had at first opposed all negotiation for the pacification of La Vendée. At length, by a series of unfortunate combats, he was, towards the end of January, reduced to the necessity of making himself the advances which he had rejected when made by others. At this period he addressed a letter to General Guidal, in which he offered pacificatory proposals. A protection to enable him to repair to Alençon was transmitted to him. Unfortunately for M. de Frotte, he did not confine himself to writing to General Guidal, for whilst the safeconduct which he had asked was on the way to him, he wrote to his lieutenants, advising them not to submit, or consent to be disarmed. This letter was intercepted. It gave all the appearance of a fraudulent stratagem to his proposal to treat for peace. Besides, this opinion appeared to be confirmed by a manifesto of M. de Frotte, anterior, it is true, to the offers of pacification, but in which he announced to all his partisans the approaching end of Bonaparte's "criminal enterprise."

I had more trouble than in M. Defeu's case, to induce the first consul to exercise his clemency. However, I pressed him so much, I laboured so hard to convince him of the happy effect of such indulgence, that at length I obtained an order to suspend the judgment. What a lesson I then experienced of the evils which may result from the loss of time! Not sup-

* M. Defeu, thus snatched from death, is now the father of three children, and living in happiness and tranquillity at Sens.

posing that matters were so far advanced as they were, I did not immediately send off the courier with the order for the suspension of the judgment. Besides, the minister of police had marked his victim, and he never lost time when evil was to be done. Having, therefore, I know not for what motive, resolved on the destruction of M. de Frotte, he sent an order to hasten his trial.

Count Louis de Frotte was brought to trial on the 28th Pluviose, condemned the same day, and executed the next morning, the day before we entered the Tuileries. The cruel precipitation of the minister rendered the result of my solicitations abortive. I had reason to think that after the day on which the first consul granted me the order for delay, he had received some new accusation against M. de Frotte; for when he heard of his death, he appeared to me very indifferent about the tardy arrival of the order for suspending judgment. He merely said to me, with unusual insensibility, "You should take your measures better. You see it is not my fault."

Though Bonaparte put no faith in the virtue of men, he had confidence in their honour. I had proof of this in a matter which deserves to be recorded in history. When, during the first period of our abode at the Tuileries, he had summoned the principal chiefs of La Vendée to endeavour to bring about the pacification of that unhappy country, he received Georges Cadoudal in a private audience. The disposition in which I beheld him the evening before the day appointed for this audience, inspired me with the most flattering hopes. Rapp introduced Georges into the grand saloon looking into the garden. Rapp left him alone with the first consul, but on returning to the cabinet where I was, he did not close either of the two doors of the state bedchamber, which separated the cabinet from the saloon. We saw the first consul and Georges walk from the window to the bottom of the saloon—then return—then go back again. This lasted for a long time. The conversation appeared very animated, and we heard several things, but without any connexion. There was occasionally a good deal of ill-humour displayed in their tone and gestures. The interview ended in nothing. The first consul perceiving that Georges entertained some apprehensions for his personal safety, gave him assurances of security in the most noble manner, saying, "You take a wrong view of things, and are wrong in not coming to some understanding; but if you persist in wishing to return to your country, you shall depart as freely as you came to Paris." When Bonaparte returned to his cabinet, he said to Rapp, "Tell me, Rapp, why you left these doors open, and stopped with Bourrienne?" Rapp replied, "If you had closed the doors, I would have opened them again. Do you think I would have left you alone with a man like that? There would have been danger in it."—"No, Rapp," said Bonaparte, "you cannot

think so." When we were alone, the first consul appeared pleased with Rapp's attachment, but very vexed at Georges's refusal. He said, "He does not take a correct view of things; but the extravagance of his principles has its source in noble sentiments, which must give him great influence over his countrymen. It is necessary, however, to bring this business soon to an end."

Of all the actions of Louis XIV. that which Bonaparte most admired was his having made the Doge of Venice send ambassadors to Paris to apologize to him. The slightest insult offered in a foreign country to the rights and dignity of France, put Napoleon beside himself. This anxiety to have the French government respected, exhibited itself in an affair which made much noise at the period, but which was amicably arranged by the soothing influence of gold.

Two Irishmen, Napper Tandy and Blackwell, who had been educated in France, and whose names and rank as officers appeared in the French army list, had retired to Hamburg. The British government claimed them as traitors to their country, and they were given up; but, as the French government held them to be subjects of France, the transaction gave rise to bitter complaints against the senate of Hamburg.

Blackwell had been one of the leaders of the United Irishmen. He had procured his naturalization in France, and had attained the rank of chef d'escadron. Being sent on a secret mission to Norway, the ship in which he was embarked was wrecked on the coast of that kingdom. He then repaired to Hamburg, where the senate placed him under arrest on the demand of Mr. Crawford, the English minister. After being detained in prison a whole year, he was conveyed to England to be tried. The French government interfered, and preserved, if not his liberty, at least his life.

Napper Tandy was also an Irishman. To escape the search made after him, on account of the sentiments of independence which had induced him to engage in the contest for the liberty of his country, he got on board a French brig, intending to land at Hamburg and pass into Sweden. Being exempted from the amnesty by the Irish parliament, he was claimed by the British government, and the senators of Hamburg forgot honour and humanity, in their alarm at the danger which at that moment menaced their little republic, both from England and France. The senate delivered up Napper Tandy; he was carried to Ireland, and condemned to death, but owed the suspension of his execution to the interference of France. He remained two years in prison, when M. Otto, who negotiated with Lord Hawkesbury the preliminaries of peace, obtained the enlargement of Napper Tandy, who was sent back to France.

The first consul spoke at first of signal vengeance; but the

senate of Hamburg sent him a memorial, justificatory of its conduct, and backed the apology with a sum of four millions and a half, which mollified him considerably.* This was in some sort a recollection of Egypt—one of those little contributions with which the general had familiarized the pashas; with this difference, that on the present occasion not a single sous went into the national treasury. The sum was paid to the first consul, through the hands of M. Chappeau Rouge.

I kept the four millions and a half in Dutch bonds, in a secretaire, for a week. Bonaparte then determined to distribute them; after paying Josephine's debts, and the whole of the great expenses incurred at Malmaison, he dictated to me a list of persons to whom he wished to make presents. My name did not escape his lips, and consequently I had not the trouble to transcribe it; but, some time after, he said to me, with the most engaging kindness, "Bourrienne, I have given you none of the money which came from Hamburg, but I will make you amends

* Bonaparte, in dictating his own memoirs to General Gourgaud at St. Helena, makes no mention of the "golden negotiators." In other respects his account of the affair agrees with Bourrienne's.

"The English government did not show equal generosity towards Napper Tandy, Blackwell, and other Irishmen, who, after being shipwrecked on the coast of Norway, were crossing the territory of Hamburg to return to Paris. They had been naturalized as Frenchmen, and were officers in the service of the republic. The British minister at Hamburg compelled the senate to arrest them on their passage; and—who would credit it?—all Europe rose up against these unfortunate people! The Russian and Austrian governments seconded the demands of that of England, to have them given up. The citizens of Hamburg resisted for some time; but, seeing France sinking in importance, and crippled by reverses, in Germany as well as in Italy, they at last yielded.

France had the greater reason to feel herself offended at this conduct, inasmuch as the city of Hamburg had long been the refuge of 20,000 French emigrants, who had there organized armies, and concerted plots against the republic; while two unfortunate officers in the service of that republic, sacred on account of their misfortunes and shipwreck, were delivered up to the executioner.

"In consequence of this, the consuls laid an embargo upon all shipping belonging to Hamburg in the ports of France; recalled from Hamburg the French agents, both commercial and diplomatic; and dismissed those of Hamburg back to that place.

"Shortly after all this, the French arms having been successful, and the happy changes of the 18th Brumaire being daily more generally felt, the senate of Hamburg lost no time in addressing a long letter to Napoleon, to testify its repentance to him. Napoleon replied thus:

"'I have received your letter, gentlemen; it does not justify you. Courage and virtue are the preservers of states: cowardice and crime are their ruin. You have violated the laws of hospitality—a thing which never happened among the most savage hordes of the desert. Your fellow-citizens will for ever reproach you with it. The two unfortunate men whom you have given up, die with glory; but their blood will bring more evil upon their persecutors than it will be in the power of an army to do.'

"A solemn deputation from the senate arrived at the Tuileries to make public apologies to Napoleon. He again testified his indignation: and when the envoys urged their weakness, he said to them. 'Well! and had you not the recource of weak states? was it not in your power to let them escape?'"—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

for it." He took from his drawer a large and broad sheet of printed paper, with blanks filled up in his own handwriting, and said to me, "Here is a bill for three hundred thousand Italian liri, on the Cisalpine republic, for the price of cannon furnished. It is endorsed Haller and Collot—I give it you." To make this understood, I ought to state that cannon had been sold to the Cisalpine republic, for the value of which the administrator-general of the Italian finances drew on the republic, and the bills were paid over to M. Collot, a provision contractor, and other persons. M. Collot had given one of these bills for three hundred thousand livres to Bonaparte, in quittance of a debt; but the latter had allowed the bill to run out without troubling himself about it. The Cisalpine republic kept the cannons and the money, and the first consul kept his bill. When I had examined it, I said, "General, it has been due for a long time; why have you not got it paid? The endorsers are no longer liable."—"France is bound to discharge debts of this kind," said he; "send the paper to De Fermont: he will discount it for three per cent. You will not have in ready money more than about nine thousand francs of rentes, because the Italian livre is not equal to the franc." I thanked him, and sent the bill to M. de Fermont. He replied that the claim was bad, and that the bill would not be liquidated, because it did not come within the classifications made by the laws passed in the months, the names of which terminated in *aire*, *ose*, *al*, and *or*.

I showed M. de Fermont's answer to the first consul, who said, "Ah, bah! He understands nothing about it—he is wrong: write." He then dictated a letter, which promised very favourably for the discounting of the bill; but the answer was a fresh refusal. I said, "General, M. de Fermont does not attend to you any more than to myself." Bonaparte took the letter, read it, and said, in the tone of a man who knew beforehand what he was about to be informed of, "Well, what the devil would you have me do, since the laws are opposed to it? Persevere; follow the usual modes of liquidation, and something will come of it!" What finally happened was, that by a regular decree this bill was cancelled, torn, and deposited in the archives. These three hundred thousand livres formed part of the money which Bonaparte brought from Italy. If the bill was useless to me, it was also useless to him. This scrap of paper merely proves that he brought more than twenty-five thousand francs from Italy.

I never had, from the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, nor from the general-in-chief of the army of Egypt, nor from the first consul for ten years, nor from the consul for life, any fixed salary. I took from his drawer what was necessary for my expenses as well as his own. He never asked me for any account. After the transaction of the bill on the insolvent Cisalpine republic, he said to me, at the beginning of the winter of 1800,

"Bourrienne, the weather is becoming very bad; I will go but seldom to Malmaison. Whilst I am at council, get my papers and little articles from Malmaison; here is the key of my secretaire, take out every thing that is there." I got into the carriage at two o'clock, and returned at six. When he had dined, I placed upon the table of his cabinet the various articles which I had found in his secretaire, including fifteen thousand francs in bank-notes, which were in the corner of a little drawer. When he looked at them he said, "Here is money—what is the meaning of this?"—I replied, "I know nothing about it, except that it was in your secretaire."—"Oh, yes; I had forgotten it. It was for my trifling expenses. Here, take it." I remembered well, that one summer morning he had given me his key, to bring him two notes of a thousand francs for some incidental expense, but I had no idea that he had not drawn further on his little treasure.

I have stated the appropriation of the four millions and a half, the result of the extortion inflicted on the senate of Hamburg, in the affair of Napper Tandy and Blackwell. The whole, however, was not disposed of in presents. A considerable portion was reserved for paying Josephine's debts, and this business appears to me to deserve some observation.

The estate of Malmaison had cost a hundred and sixty thousand francs. Josephine had purchased it of M. Lecouteux, while we were in Egypt. Many embellishments, and some new buildings, had been made there; and a park had been added, which had now become beautiful. All this could not be done for nothing, and besides, it was very necessary that what was due for the original purchase should be entirely discharged; and this considerable item was not the only debt of Josephine. The creditors murmured, which had a bad effect in Paris; and I confess I was so well convinced that the first consul would be extremely displeased, that I constantly delayed the moment of speaking to him on the subject. It was, therefore, with extreme satisfaction I learned that M. de Talleyrand had anticipated me. No person was more capable than himself of gilding the pill, as one may say, for Bonaparte. Endowed with as much independence of character as of mind, he did him the service, at the risk of offending him, to tell him that a great number of creditors expressed their discontent in bitter complaints respecting the debts contracted by Madame Bonaparte during his expedition to the east. Bonaparte felt that his situation required him promptly to remove the cause of such complaints. It was one night, about half-past eleven o'clock, that M. Talleyrand introduced this delicate subject. As soon as he was gone, I entered the little cabinet; Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, Talleyrand has been speaking to me about the debts of my wife. I have the money from Hamburg—ask her the exact amount of her debts: let her confess all. I wish to finish, and not begin

again. But do not pay without showing me the bills of those rascals: they are a gang of robbers."

Hitherto the apprehension of an unpleasant scene, the very idea of which made Josephine tremble, had always prevented me from broaching this subject to the first consul; but, well pleased that Talleyrand had first touched upon it, I resolved to do all in my power to put an end to the disagreeable affair.

The next morning I saw Josephine. She was at first delighted with her husband's intentions; but this feeling did not last long. When I asked her for an exact account of what she owed, she entreated me not to press it, but content myself with what she should confess. I said to her, "Madame, I cannot deceive you respecting the disposition of the first consul. He believes that you owe a considerable sum, and is willing to discharge it. You will, I doubt not, have to endure some bitter reproaches, and a violent scene; but the scene will be just the same for the whole, as for a part. If you conceal a large proportion of your debts, at the end of some time murmurs will recommence, they will reach the ears of the first consul, and his anger will display itself still more strikingly. Trust to me—state all; the result will be the same; you will hear but once the disagreeable things he will say to you: by reservations you will renew them incessantly." Josephine said, "I can never tell all; it is impossible. Do me the service to keep secret what I say to you. I owe, I believe, about twelve hundred thousand francs, but I wish to confess only six: I will contract no more debts, and will pay the rest little by little out of my savings."—"Here, Madame, my first observations recur. As I do not believe he estimates your debts at so high a sum as six hundred thousand francs, I can warrant that you will not experience more displeasure for acknowledging to twelve hundred thousand than to six; and, by going so far you will get rid of them for ever."—"I can never do it, Bourrienne; I know him; I can never support his violence." After a quarter of an hour's further discussion on the subject, I was obliged to yield to her earnest solicitation, and promise to mention only the six hundred thousand francs to the first consul.

The anger and ill-humour of the first consul may be imagined. He strongly suspected that his wife was dissembling in some respect; but he said, "Well, take six hundred thousand francs, but liquidate the debts for that sum, and let me hear nothing more on the subject. I authorize you to threaten these tradesmen with paying nothing, if they do not reduce their enormous charges. They ought to be taught not to be so ready in giving credit." Madame Bonaparte gave me all her bills. The extent to which the articles had been overcharged, owing to the fear of not being paid for a long period, and of deductions being made from the amount, was inconceivable. It appeared to me also, that there must be some exaggeration in the number of the arti-

cles supplied. I observed in the milliner's bill thirty-eight new hats, of great price, in one month. There was likewise a charge of one thousand eight hundred francs for heron plumes, and eight hundred francs for perfumes. I asked Josephine whether she wore out two hats in one day? She objected to this charge for the hats, which she merely called a mistake. The impositions which the saddler attempted, both in the extravagance of his prices, and in charging for articles which he had not furnished, were astonishing. I need say nothing of the other tradesmen, it was the same system of plunder throughout.

I availed myself fully of the first consul's permission, and spared neither reproaches nor menaces. I am ashamed to say that the greater part of the tradesmen were contented with the half of what they demanded. One of them received thirty-five thousand francs for a bill of eighty thousand; and he had the impudence to tell me that he made a good profit nevertheless. Finally, I was fortunate enough, after the most vehement disputes, to settle every thing for six hundred thousand francs. Madame Bonaparte, however, soon fell again into the same excesses, but fortunately money became more plentiful. This inconceivable mania of spending money was almost the sole cause of her unhappiness. Her thoughtless profusion occasioned permanent disorder in her household, until the period of Bonaparte's second marriage, when, I am informed, she became regular in her expenditure. I could not say so of her when she was empress, in 1804.

The amiable Josephine had not less ambition in little things, than her husband had in great. She felt pleasure in acquiring, and not in possessing. Who would suppose it? She grew tired of the beauty of the park of Malmaison, and was always asking me to take her out on the high road, either on the side of Nanterre, or on that of Marly, in the midst of the dust occasioned by the passing of carriages. The noise of the high road appeared to her preferable to the calm silence of the beautiful avenues of the park, and in this respect Hortense had the same taste as her mother. This whimsical fancy astonished Bonaparte, and he was sometimes vexed at it. My intercourse with Josephine was delightful, for I never saw a woman who so constantly entered society with such an equable disposition, or with so much of the spirit of kindness, which is the first principle of amiability. She was so obligingly attentive as to cause a pretty suite of apartments to be prepared at Malmaison for me and my family. She pressed me earnestly, and with all her known grace, to accept it; but almost as much a captive at Paris as a prisoner of state, I wished to have to myself in the country the moments of liberty I was permitted to enjoy. Yet what was this liberty? I had bought a little house at Ruel, which I had kept during two years and a half. If I had seen my friends there, it must have been at midnight, or at five o'clock in the

morning; and the first consul would often send for me in the night when couriers arrived. It was for this sort of liberty I refused Josephine's kind offer. Bonaparte came once to see me in my retreat at Ruel, but Josephine and Hortense came often. It was a favourite walk with these ladies.

At Paris I was less frequently absent from Bonaparte than at Malmaison. We sometimes in the evening walked together in the garden of the Tuileries, after the gates were closed. In these evening walks he always wore a gray great-coat, and a round hat. I was directed to answer, "The first consul," to the sentinel's challenge of "Who goes there?" These promenades, which were of much benefit to Bonaparte, and me also, as a relaxation from our labours, resembled those which we had at Malmaison. As to our promenades in the city, they were often very amusing.

At the period of our first inhabiting the Tuileries, when I saw Bonaparte enter the cabinet at eight o'clock in the evening in his gray coat, I knew he would say, "Bourrienne, come and take a turn." Sometimes, then, instead of going out by the garden arcade, we would take the little gate which leads from the court to the apartments of the Duke d'Angoulême. He would take my arm, and we would go to buy articles of trifling value in the shops of the Rue St. Honoré; but we did not extend our excursions further than Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Whilst I made the shopkeeper exhibit before us the articles which I appeared anxious to buy, he played his part in asking questions. Nothing was more amusing than to see him endeavouring to imitate the careless and jocular tone of the young men of fashion. How awkward was he in the attempt to put on dandy airs, when, pulling up the corners of his cravat, he would say, "Well, Madame, is there any thing new to-day? Citizen, what say they of Bonaparte? Your shop appears to be well supplied. You surely have a great deal of custom. What do people say of that buffoon, Bonaparte?" He was made quite happy one day, when we were obliged to retire hastily from a shop, to avoid the attacks drawn upon us by the irreverent tone in which Bonaparte spoke of the first consul.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1800.

War and monuments—Influence of the recollections of Egypt—First improvements in Paris—Malmaison too little—Saint Cloud taken—The Pont des Arts—Business prescribed for me by Bonaparte—Pecuniary remuneration—The first consul's visit to the Pritanée—His examination of the pupils—Consular pensions—Tragical death of Miackzinski—Introduction of vaccination—Recal of the members of the constituent assembly—The Canary volunteers—Tronchet and Target—Liberation of the Austrian prisoners—Longchamps and the spiritual concerts.

The destruction of men, and the construction of monuments, were two things perfectly in unison in the mind of Bonaparte. It may be said that his passion for monuments almost equalled his passion for war; but as in all things he disliked what was little and mean, so he liked vast constructions and great battles. The sight of the colossal ruins of the monuments of Egypt had not a little contributed to augment his natural taste for great structures. It was not so much the monuments themselves that he admired, but the historical recollections they perpetuate, the great names they consecrate, the important events they attest. What should he have cared for the column which we beheld on our arrival in Alexandria, had it not been Pompey's pillar? It is for artists to admire or censure its proportions and ornaments, for men of learning to explain its inscriptions; but the name of Pompey renders it an object of interest to all.

When endeavouring to sketch the character of Bonaparte, I ought to have noticed his taste for monuments, for without this characteristic trait something essential is wanting to the completion of the portrait. This taste, or, as it may more properly be called, this passion, for monuments, exercised no small influence on his thoughts and projects of glory; yet it did not deter him from directing attention to public improvements of a less ostentatious kind. He wished for great monuments to perpetuate the recollection of his glory; but, at the same time, he knew how to appreciate all that was truly useful. He could very rarely be reproached for rejecting any plan without exami-

nation; and this examination was a speedy affair, for his natural tact enabled him immediately to see things in their proper light.

Though most of the monuments and embellishments of Paris are executed from the plans of men of talent, yet some owe their origin to circumstances merely accidental. Of this I can mention an example.

I was standing at the window of Bonaparte's cabinet, which looked into the garden of the Tuileries. He had gone out, and I took advantage of his absence to rise from my chair, for I was tired of sitting. He had scarcely been gone a minute, when he unexpectedly returned to ask me for a paper. "What are you doing there, Bourrienne? I'll wager any thing you are admiring the ladies walking on the terrace."—"Why, I must confess, I do sometimes amuse myself in that way," replied I; "but I assure you, general, I was now thinking of something else. I was looking at that villanous left bank of the Seine, which always annoys me with its dirty quay, and the floodings which almost every winter prevent communication with the Faubourg St. Germain, and I was thinking I would speak to you on the subject." He approached the window, and, looking out, said, "You are right, it is very ugly; and very offensive to see dirty linen washed before our windows. Here, write immediately, 'the quay of the *Ecole de Natation** is to be finished during next campaign.' Send that order to the minister of the interior." The quay was finished the year following.

As an instance of the enormous difference which frequently appears between the original estimates of architects and their subsequent accounts, I may mention what occurred in relation to the palace of St. Cloud. But I must first say a word about the manner in which Bonaparte originally refused and afterwards took possession of the queen's pleasure-house. Malmaison was a suitable country residence for Bonaparte, as long as he remained content with his town apartments in the little Luxembourg; but that consular *bagatelle* was too confined, in comparison with the spacious apartments in the Tuileries. The inhabitants of St. Cloud, acting upon instructions to that effect, addressed a petition to the legislative body, praying that their deserted chateau might be made the summer residence of the first consul. The petition was referred to the government; but Bonaparte, who was not yet consul for life, proudly declared, that so long as he was at the head of affairs, and, indeed, for a year afterwards, he would accept no national recompence. Some time after, we went to visit the palace of the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte liked it exceedingly, but all was in a state of complete dilapidation. It bore evident marks of the revolution. The first consul did not wish, as yet, to burden the budget of the

* Swimming school. There are regular professors, and swimming is taught by rule, like dancing, &c.—*Editor.*

state with his personal expenses, and he was alarmed at the enormous sum required to render St. Cloud habitable. Flattery had not yet arrived at the degree of proficiency which it subsequently attained; but even then his flatterers boldly assured him he might take possession of St. Cloud for twenty-five thousand francs. I told the first consul, that, considering the ruinous state of the place, I could venture to say, that the expense would amount to more than twelve hundred thousand francs. Bonaparte determined to have a regular estimate of the expense, and it amounted to nearly three millions. He thought it a great sum; but, as he had resolved to make St. Cloud his residence, he gave orders for commencing the repairs, the expense of which, independently of the furniture, amounted to six millions. So much for the three millions of the architect, and the twenty-five thousand francs of the flatterers.

When the first consul contemplated the building of the Pont des Arts, we had a long conversation on the subject. I observed that it would be much better to build the bridge of stone. "The first object of monuments of this kind," said I, "is public utility. They require solidity of appearance, and their principal merit is duration. I cannot conceive, general, why, in a country where there is abundance of fine stone of every quality, the use of iron should be preferred."—"Write," said Bonaparte, "to Fontaine and Percier, the architects, and ask what they think of it."—I wrote, and they stated in their answer that "bridges were intended for public utility, and the embellishment of cities. The projected bridge between the Louvre and the Quatre-Nations, would unquestionably fulfil the first of these objects, as was proved by the great number of persons who daily crossed the Seine at that point, in boats; that the site fixed upon between the Pont-Neuf and the Tuileries appeared to be the best that could be chosen for the purpose; and that on the score of ornament, Paris would gain little by the construction of an iron bridge, which would be very narrow, and which, from its light form, would not correspond with the grandeur of the two bridges between which it would be placed."

When we had received the answer of MM. Percier and Fontaine, we again had a conversation on the subject of the bridge. I told the first consul that I perfectly concurred in the opinion of MM. Fontaine and Percier; however, he would have his own way, and thus was authorized the construction of the toy which formed a communication between the Louvre and the Institute. But no sooner was the Pont des Arts finished, than Bonaparte pronounced it to be mean, and out of keeping with the other bridges above and below it. One day, when visiting the Louvre, he stopped at one of the windows looking towards the Pont des Arts, and said, "There is no solidity, no grandeur about that bridge. In England, where stone is scarce, it is very natural that iron should be used, for arches of large dimensions.

But the case is different in France, where the requisite material is abundant."

The infernal machine, of the 3d Nivose, of which I shall presently speak more at length, was the signal for vast changes in the quarter of the Tuileries. That horrible attempt was at least so far attended by happy results, that it contributed to the embellishment of Paris. It was thought more advisable for the government to buy and pull down the houses which had been injured by the machine, than to let them be put under repair. As an example of Bonaparte's grand schemes in building, I may mention that being one day at the Louvre, he pointed towards Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and said to me, "That is where I will build an imperial street. It shall run from here to the barrier of the throne. It shall have arcades and plantations. The imperial street shall be the finest in the world."

The palace of the King of Rome, which was to face the Pont de Jena, and the Champ de Mars, would have been in some measure out of Paris, with which, however, it was to be connected by a line of palaces. These were to extend along the quay, and were destined as splendid residences for the ambassadors of foreign sovereigns, at least as long as there should be any sovereigns in Europe except Napoleon. The Temple of Glory, too, which was to occupy the site of the church of La Madelaine, was never finished. If the plan of this monument proved the necessity which Bonaparte felt, of constantly holding out stimulants to his soldiers, its relinquishment was at least a proof of his wisdom. He who had re-established religious worship in France, and had restored to its destination the church of the Invalids, which was for a time metamorphosed into the Temple of Mars, foresaw that a Temple of Glory would give birth to a sort of paganism, incompatible with the ideas of the age.

The recollection of the magnificent Necropolis of Cairo frequently recurred to Bonaparte's mind. He had admired that city of the dead, which he had partly contributed to people; and his design was to make, at the four cardinal points of Paris, four vast cemeteries, on the plan of that which had fixed his attention at Cairo.

Bonaparte determined that all the new streets of Paris should be forty feet wide, and be provided with foot-pavements: in short, he thought nothing too grand for the embellishment of the capital of a country, which he wished to make the first in the world. Next to war, he regarded the embellishment of Paris as the source of his glory; and he never considered a victory fully achieved until he had raised a monument to transmit its memory to posterity. He wanted glory, uninterrupted glory, for France, as well as for himself. How often, when talking over his schemes, has he not said, "Bourrienne, it is for France I am doing all this! All I wish, all I desire, the end of all my labours is, that my name should be indissolubly connected with that of France!"

Paris is not the only city, nor is France the only kingdom, which bears traces of Napoleon's passion for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in all Italy, he executed great improvements. At Turin, a splendid bridge was built over the Po, in lieu of an old bridge, which was falling in ruins.

How many things were undertaken and executed in Napoleon's short and eventful reign! To obviate the difficulty of communication between Metz and Mentz, a magnificent road was made, as if by magic, across impracticable marshes and vast forests: mountains were cut, and ravines filled up. He would not allow nature, more than man, to resist him. One day, when he was proceeding to Belgium, by the way of Givet, he was detained for a short time at Little Givet, on the right bank of the Meuse, in consequence of an accident which happened to the ferry-boat. He was within a gun-shot of the fortress of Charlemont, on the left bank, and in the vexation which the delay occasioned, he dictated the following decree: "A bridge shall be built over the Meuse, to join Little Givet to Great Givet. It shall be terminated during the ensuing campaign." It was completed within the prescribed time.

In the great work of bridges and highways, Bonaparte's chief object was to remove the obstacles and barriers which nature had raised up as the limits of old France, so as to form a junction with the provinces which he successively annexed to the empire. Thus, in Savoy, a road, smooth as a garden-walk, superseded the dangerous risings and fallings of the wood of Bramant; thus was the passage of Mount Cenis a pleasant promenade at almost every season of the year; thus did the Simplon bow his head, and Bonaparte might have said, "There are now no Alps," with more reason than Louis XIV. said, "There are now no Pyrenees."

Such was the implicit confidence which Bonaparte reposed in me, that I was often alarmed at the responsibility it obliged me to incur.* Official business was not the only labour that de-

* Of this confidence, the following instructions for me, which he dictated to Duroc, afford sufficient proof:

"1st. Citizen Bourrienne shall open all the letters addressed to the first consul, and present them to him three times a day, or oftener in case of urgent business. The letters shall be deposited in the cabinet when they are opened. Bourrienne is to analyze all those which are of secondary interest, and write the first consul's decision on each letter. The hours for presenting the letters shall be, first, when the consul rises; second, a quarter of an hour before dinner; and third, at eleven at night.

"2d. He is to have the superintendence of the Topographical office, and of an office of Translation, in which there shall be a German and an English clerk. Every day he shall present to the first consul, at the hours above mentioned, the German and English journals, together with a translation. With respect to the Italian journals, it will only be necessary to mark what the first consul is to read.

"3d. He shall keep a register of appointments to offices under government;

volved upon me. I had to write to the dictation of the first consul, during a great part of the day, or to decipher his writing, which was always the most laborious part of my duty. I was so closely employed, that I scarcely ever went out; and when, by chance, I dined in town, I could not arrive until the very moment of dinner, and I was obliged to run away immediately after it. Once a month, at most, I went without Bonaparte to the Comédie Française; but I was obliged to return at nine o'clock, that being the hour at which we resumed business. Corvisart, with whom I was intimately acquainted, constantly expressed his apprehensions about my health; but my zeal carried me through every difficulty, and during our stay at the Tuileries, I cannot express how happy I was in enjoying the unreserved confidence of the man, on whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed. So perfect was this confidence, that Bonaparte, neither as general, consul, or emperor, ever gave me any fixed salary. In money matters we were still *comrades:* I took from his funds what was necessary to maintain my expenses, and of this Bonaparte never once asked me for any account.

He often mentioned his wish to regenerete public education, which he thought was ill-managed. The central schools did not please him; but he could not withhold his admiration from the polytechnic school, the finest establishment of education that was ever founded, but which he afterwards destroyed, by giving it a military organization. In only one college of Paris the old system of study was preserved: this was the Louis-le-Grand, which had received the name of Pritanée. The first consul directed the minister of the interior to draw up a report on that establishment; and he himself went to pay an unexpected visit to the Pritanée, accompanied by M. Lebrun and Duroc. He remained there upwards of an hour, and in the evening, he spoke to me with much interest on the subject of his visit. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, "that I have been performing the duties of professor?"—"You, general!"—"Yes! and I did not

a second, for appointments to official posts; a third, for appointments to places abroad; and a fourth, for the situations of receivers and great financial posts, where he is to inscribe the names of all the individuals whom the first consul may refer to him. These registers must be written by his own hand, and must be kept entirely private.

"4th. Secret correspondence, and the different reports of inspection, are to be addressed directly to Bourrienne, and transmitted by him to the hand of the first consul, by whom they will be returned without the intervention of any third party.

"5th. There shall be a register for all that relates to secret extraordinary expenditure. Bourrienne shall write the whole with his own hand, in order that the business may be kept from the knowledge of any one.

"6th. He shall despatch all the business which may be referred to him, either from citizen Duroc, or from the cabinet of the first consul, taking care to arrange every thing so as to secure secrecy.

"BONAPARTE, First Consul.

"Paris, 13th Germinal, year VIII."

acquit myself badly. I examined the pupils in the mathematical class; and I recollected enough of my Bezout, to make some demonstrations before them. I went every where, into the bedrooms, and the dining-room. I tasted the soup, which is better than we used to have at Brienne. I must devote serious attention to public education, and the management of the colleges. The pupils most have a uniform. I observed some well, and others ill dressed. That will not do. At college, above all places, there should be equality. But I was much pleased with the pupils of the Pritanée. I wish to know the names of those I examined, and I have desired Duroc to report them to me. I will give them rewards; that stimulates young people. I will provide for some of them."

On this subject, Bonaparte did not confine himself to an empty scheme. After consulting with the head master of the Pritanée, he granted pensions of two hundred francs to seven or eight of the most distinguished pupils of the establishment, and he placed three of them in the department of foreign affairs, under the title of diplomatic pupils.*

What I have just said, respecting the first consul's visit to the Pritanée, reminds me of a very extraordinary circumstance, which arose out of it. Among the pupils at the Pritanée, there was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the banners of the republic. Young Miackzinski was then sixteen or seventeen years of age. He soon quitted the college, entered the army as a volunteer, and was one of a corps reviewed by Bonaparte in the Plain of Sablons. He was pointed out to the first consul, who said to him, "I knew your father. Follow his example, and in six months you shall be an officer." Six months elapsed, and Miackzinski wrote to the first consul, reminding him of his promise. No answer was returned, and the young man then wrote a second letter, as follows:

You desired me to prove myself worthy of my father; I have done so. You promised that I should be an officer in six months: seven have elapsed since that promise was made. When yon receive this letter, I shall be no more. I cannot live under a government, the head of which breaks his word.

Poor Miackzinski kept his word but too faithfully. After writing the above letter to the first consul, he retired to his chamber, and blew out his brains with a pistol. A few days after this tragical event, Miackzinski's commission was transmitted to his corps; for Bonaparte had not forgotten him. A delay in the War-office had caused the death of this promising young man. Bonaparte was much affected at the circumstance, and he said to me, "These Poles have such refined notions of

* This institution of diplomatic pupils was originally suggested by M. de Talleyrand.

honour..... Poor Sulkowski, I am sure, would have done the same."

At the commencement of the consulate, it was gratifying to see how actively Bonaparte was seconded in the execution of plans for the social regeneration of France: all seemed animated with new life, and every one strove to do good, as if it were a matter of competition. Every circumstance concurred to favour the good intentions of the first consul. Vaccination, which, perhaps, has saved as many lives as war has sacrificed, was introduced into France by M. de Liancourt; and Bonaparte, immediately appreciating the value of such a discovery, gave it his decided approbation. At the same time, a council of Prizes was established, and the old members of the Constituent Assembly were invited to return to France. It was for their sake, and that of the royalists, that the first consul recalled them, but it was to please the jacobins, whom he was endeavouring to conciliate, that their return was subject to restrictions. At first, the invitation to return to France extended only to those who could prove that they had voted in favour of the abolition of nobility. The lists of emigrants were closed, and committees were appointed to investigate their claims to the privilege of returning.

From the commencement of the month of Germinal, the reorganization of the army of Italy had proceeded with renewed activity. The presence, in Paris, of the fine corps of the Consular Guard, added to the desire of showing themselves off in gay uniforms, had stimulated the military ardour of many respectable young men of the capital. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the first consul created a corps of volunteers, destined for the army of reserve, which was to remain at Dijon. He saw the advantage of connecting a great number of families with his cause, and imbuing them with the spirit of the army. This volunteer corps wore a yellow uniform, which, in some of the saloons of Paris, where it was still the custom to ridicule every thing, obtained for them the nickname of canaries. Bonaparte, who did not always relish a joke, took this in very ill part, and often expressed to me his vexation at it. However, he was gratified to observe in the composition of this corps, a first specimen of privileged soldiers; an idea which he acted upon when he created the orderly gendarmes in the campaign of Jena, and when he organized the guards of honour after the disasters of Moscow.

In every action of his life, Bonaparte had some particular object in view. I recollect his saying to me one day, "Bourrienne, I cannot yet venture to do any thing against the regicides; but I will let them see what I think of them. To-morrow I shall have some business with Abrial respecting the organization of the court of Cassation. Target, who is the president of that court, would not defend Louis XVI. Well, whom do you

think I mean to appoint in his place ?....Tronchet, who did defend the king. They may say what they please; *I care not.*"* Tronchet was appointed.

Nearly about the same time, the first consul, being informed of the escape of General Mack, said to me, " Mack may go where he pleases; I am not afraid of him. But I will tell you what I have been thinking. There are some other Austrian officers who were prisoners with Mack: among the number is a Count Dietrichstein, who belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will liberate them all. At the moment of opening a campaign, this will have a good effect. They will see that I fear nothing; and who knows but this may procure me some admirers in Austria." The order for liberating the Austrian prisoners was immediately despatched. Thus Bonaparte's acts of generosity, as well as his acts of severity, and his choice of individuals, were all the result of deep calculation.

This unvarying attention to the affairs of the government was manifest in all he did. I have already mentioned the almost simultaneous suppression of the horrible commemoration of the month of January, and the permission for the revival of the opera balls. A measure something similar to this was the authorization of the festivals of Longchamps, which had been forgotten since the revolution. He, at the same time, gave permission for spiritual concerts at the opera. Thus, while in public acts he maintained the observance of the republican calendar, he was gradually reviving the old calendar by seasons of festivity. Shrove-Tuesday was marked by a ball, and Passion-week by promenades and concerts.

* On this, as on many other occasions, the cynicism of Bonaparte's language does not admit of a literal translation.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1800.

The Memorial of St. Helena—Louis XVIII.'s first letter to Bonaparte—Josephine, Hortense, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain—Madame Bonaparte and the fortune-teller—Louis XVIII.'s second letter—Bonaparte's answer—Conversation respecting the recal of Louis XVIII.—Peace and war—A battle fought with pins—Genoa and Mélas—Realization of Bonaparte's military plans—Ironical letter to Berthier—Departure from Paris—Instructions to Lucien and Cambacérès—Joseph Bonaparte appointed councillor of state—Travelling conversation—Alexander and Cæsar judged by Bonaparte.

It sometimes happens that an event which passes away unnoticed at the time of its occurrence, acquires importance from events which subsequently ensue. This reflection naturally occurs to my mind now that I am about to notice the correspondence which passed between Louis XVIII. and the first consul. This is certainly not one of the least interesting passages in the life of Bonaparte.

But I must first beg leave to make another observation on the Memorial of St. Helena. That publication relates what Bonaparte said respecting the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and himself; and I find it necessary to quote a few lines on the subject, in order to show how far the statements contained in the Memorial differ from the autograph letters in my possession.

At St. Helena, Napoleon said that he never thought of the princes of the house of Bourbon. This is true to a certain point. He did not think of the princes of the house of Bourbon with the view of restoring them to their throne; but it has been shown, in several parts of these memoirs, that he thought of them very often, and that, on more than one occasion, their very names alarmed him. * The substance of the two letters given in

* The Memorial states, that "A letter was delivered to the first consul by Lebrun, who received it from the Abbé de Montesquieu, the secret agent of the Bourbons in Paris." This letter, which was very cautiously written, said—

"You are long delaying the restoration of my throne. It is to be feared you are suffering favourable moments to escape. You cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I can do nothing for France without you. Hasten then to name the offices which you would choose for your friends."

the Memorial of St. Helena is correct. The ideas are nearly the same as those of the original letters. But it is not surprising that, after the lapse of so long an interval, Napoleon's memory should somewhat have failed him. However, it will not, I presume, be deemed unimportant if I present to the reader literal copies of this correspondence, together with the explanation of some curious circumstances connected with it.

The following is Louis XVIII.'s letter:

February 20th, 1800.

Sir,

Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men like you never inspire alarm. You have accepted an eminent station, and I thank you for having done so. You know better than any one how much strength and power are requisite to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own violence, and you will fulfil the first wish of my heart. Restore her king to her, and future generations will bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the state for me ever to be able to discharge by important appointments, the debt of my family and myself,

Louis.

The first consul was much agitated on the reception of this letter. Though he every day declared his determination to have nothing to do with the princes, yet he hesitated whether or no he should reply to this overture. The numerous affairs which then occupied his mind favoured this hesitation. Josephine and Hortense conjured him to hold out hope to the king, as, by so doing, he would in no way pledge himself, and would gain time to ascertain whether he could not ultimately play a far greater part than that of Monk. Their entreaties became so urgent, that he said to me, "These devils of women are mad! The Faubourg St. Germain has turned their heads! They make the Faubourg the guardian angel of the royalists; but I care not; I will have nothing to do with them."

Madame Bonaparte said she was anxious he should adopt the step she proposed, in order to banish from his mind all thought of making himself king. This idea always gave rise to a painful foreboding which she could never overcome.*

The answer, Napoleon said, was as follows:

"I have received your Royal Highness's letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France: you could only return here by trampling over a hundred thousand dead bodies. I shall always be happy to do any thing that can alleviate your fate, and help to banish the recollection of your misfortunes."

* A strong impression of the fate that awaited her had been made on her mind during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt. She, like many other ladies of Paris, went at that time to consult a celebrated fortune-teller, a Madame Villeneuve, who lived in the Rue de Lancry. This woman had revealed her destiny as follows: "You are," said she, "the wife of a great general, who will become still greater. He will cross the seas which separate him from you, and you will occupy the first station in France; but it will be only [illegible] time."

In the first consul's numerous conversations with me, he discussed with admirable sagacity Louis XVIII.'s proposition and its consequences. "The partisans of the Bourbons," said he, "are deceived if they suppose I am the man to play Monk's part." Here the matter rested, and the king's letter remained on the table. In the interim, Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without any date. It was as follows:

You must have long since been convinced, general, that you possess my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, fix your reward and mark out the fortune of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman, merciful by character, and also by the dictates of reason.

No, the conqueror of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcole, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, cannot prefer vain celebrity to real glory. But you are losing precious time. We may ensure the glory of France. I say *we*, because I require the aid of Bonaparte, and he can do nothing without me.

General, Europe observes you. Glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people.

(Signed) LOUIS.

This dignified letter the first consul suffered to remain unanswered for several weeks: at length he proposed to dictate an answer to me. I observed, that as the king's letters were autographs, it would be more proper that he should write himself. He then wrote with his own hand the following:

SIR,

I have received your letter, and I thank you for the compliments you address to me.

You must not seek to return to France. To do so, you must trample over a hundred thousand dead bodies.

Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France, and history will render you justice.

I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family. I shall learn with pleasure, and shall willingly contribute to ensure the tranquillity of your retirement.

BONAPARTE.

He showed me this letter, saying, "What do you think of it? is it not good?" He was never offended when I pointed out to him an error of grammar or style, and I therefore replied, "As to the substance, if such be your resolution, I have nothing to say against it; but," added I, "I must make one observation on the style. You cannot say that *you shall learn with pleasure to ensure*, &c." On reading the passage over again, he thought he had pledged himself too far, in saying that he *would willingly contribute*, &c. He therefore scored out the last sentence, and interlined, *I shall contribute with pleasure to the happiness and tranquillity of your retirement.*

The answer thus scored and interlined could not be sent off and it lay on the table, with Bonaparte's signature affixed to it.

Some time after he wrote another answer, the three first paragraphs of which were exactly like that first quoted; but for the last paragraph he substituted the following: *I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and I shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with all that can contribute to the tranquillity of your retirement.* By this means he did not pledge himself in any way, not even in words, for he himself made no offer of contributing to the tranquillity of the retirement. Every day which augmented his power, and consolidated his position, diminished, he thought, the chances of the Bourbons; and seven months were suffered to intervene between the date of the king's first letter and the answer of the first consul, which was written on the 2d Vendémiaire, year IX. (14th of September, 1800), just when the congress of Luneville was on the point of opening.

Some days after the receipt of Louis XVIII.'s letter, we were walking in the gardens of Malmaison: he was in good humour, for every thing was going on to his mind. "Has my wife been saying any thing more to you about the Bourbons?" said he.—"No, general."—"But, when you converse with her you concur a little in her opinions. Tell me why you wish the Bourbons back? You have no interest in their return, nothing to expect from them. Your family rank is not high enough to enable you to obtain any great post. You would be nothing under them. Through the patronage of M. de Chambonas you got the appointment of secretary of legation at Stuttgard; but, had it not been for the change, you would have remained all your life in that or some inferior post. Did you ever know men rise by their own merit under kings? Every thing depends on birth, connexion, fortune, and intrigue. Judge things more accurately; reflect more maturely on the future."—"General," replied I, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I never received gift, place, or favour from the Bourbons; and I have not the vanity to believe that I should ever have attained any important appointment. But you must not forget that my nomination as secretary of legation at Stuttgard preceded the overthrow of the throne only by a few days; and I cannot infer, from what took place under circumstances unfortunately too certain, what might have happened in the reverse case. Besides, I am not actuated by personal feelings; I consider not my own interests, but those of France. I wish you to hold the reins of government as long as you live; but you have no children, and it is tolerably certain that you will have none by Josephine. What will become of us when you are gone? You talk of the future; but what will be the future fate of France? I have often heard you say that your brothers are not....."—"You are right," said he, abruptly interrupting me. "If I

do not live thirty years to complete my work, you will have a long series of civil wars after my death. My brothers will not govern France; you know what they are. A violent conflict will therefore arise among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think himself entitled to succeed me."—"Well, general, why not take means to obviate the mischief you foresee?"—"Do you imagine I do not think of it? But look at the difficulties that stand in my way. How are so many acquired rights and material results to be secured against the efforts of a family restored to power, and returning with eighty thousand emigrants and the influence of fanaticism? What would become of those who voted for the death of the king—the men who acted a conspicuous part in the revolution—the national domains, and a multitude of things that have been done during twelve years? Can you see how far reaction would extend?"—"General, need I remind you that Louis, in his letter, guarantees the contrary of all you apprehend? I know what will be your answer; but are you not able to impose whatever conditions you may think fit? Grant what is asked of you only at that price. Take three or four years; in that time you may ensure the happiness of France by institutions conformable to her wants. Custom and habit would give them a power which it would not be easy to destroy; and even supposing such a design were entertained, it could not be accomplished. I have heard you say it is wished you should act the part of Monk; but you well know the difference between a general opposing the usurper of a crown, and one whom victory and peace have raised above the ruins of a subverted throne, and who restores it voluntarily to those who have long occupied it. You are well aware what you call ideology will not again be revived; and....."—"I know what you are going to say; but it all amounts to nothing. Depend upon it, the Bourbons will think they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. The most sacred pledges, the most positive promises, will be violated. None but fools will trust them. My resolution is formed; therefore let us say no more on the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to do what I think right."

Every one knows the adage, *Si vis pacem para bellum.* Had Bonaparte been a Latin scholar, he would probably have reversed it, and said, *Si vis bellum para pacem.*

While seeking to establish pacific relations with the powers of Europe, the first consul was preparing to strike a great blow in Italy. As long as Genoa held out, and Massena continued there, Bonaparte did not despair of meeting the Austrians in those fields which, not four years before, had been the scenes of his success. He resolved to assemble an army of reserve at Dijon. Where there was previously nothing, he created every

thing. At that period of his life, the fertility of his imagination and the vigour of his genius must have commanded the admiration of even his bitterest enemies. I was astonished at the details into which he entered. While every moment was engrossed by the most important occupations, he sent four hundred thousand francs to the hospital of Mount St. Bernard. When he saw that his army of reserve was forming, and every thing was going on to his mind, he said to me, "I hope to fall on the rear of Melas before he is aware I am in Italy . . . . . that is to say, provided Genoa holds out. But Massena is defending it."

On the 17th of March, in a moment of gaiety and good humour, he desired me to unrol Chauchard's great map of Italy. He lay down upon it, and desired me to do so likewise. He then stuck into it pins, the heads of which were tipped with wax, some red and some black. I silently observed him, and awaited with no little curiosity the result of this plan of campaign. When he had stationed the enemy's corps, and drawn up the pins with red heads on the points where he hoped to bring his own troops, he said to me, "Where do you think I shall beat Melas?"—"How the devil should I know?"—"Why, look here, you fool! Melas is at Alessandria with his head-quarters. There he will remain until Genoa surrender. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, and reserves. Crossing the Alps here (pointing to the Great Mount St. Bernard), I shall fall upon Melas, cut off his communications with Austria, and meet him here in the plains of Scrivia" (placing a red pin at San Giuliano). Finding that I looked on this manœuvre of pins as mere pastime, he addressed to me some of his usual compliments, such as fool, ninny, &c., and then proceeded to demonstrate his plans more clearly on the map. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, we rose; I folded up the map, and thought no more of the matter.

Four months after this, when I was at San Giuliano with Bonaparte's portfolio and despatches which I had saved from the rout which had taken place during the day, and when, that very evening, I was writing, at Torre-di-Garafolo, the bulletin of the battle, to Napoleon's dictation, I frankly avowed my admiration of his military plans. He himself smiled at the accuracy of his own foresight.

The first consul was not satisfied with General Berthier as war-minister, and he superseded him by Carnot, who had given great proofs of firmness and integrity; but who, nevertheless, was no favourite of Bonaparte, on account of his decided republican principles. Carnot's appointment took place on the 2d of April, 1800; and to console Berthier, who, he knew, was more at home in the camp than in the office, he dictated to me the following letter for him:

Paris, April 2, 1800.

Citizen General,

The military talents, of which you have given so many pro
the confidence of the government, call you to the com

army. During the winter you have *reorganized* the war department, and you have provided, as far as circumstances would permit, for the wants of our armies. During the spring and summer it must be your task to lead our troops to victory, which is the effectual means of obtaining peace, and consolidating the republic.

Bonaparte laughed heartily while he dictated this epistle, especially when he uttered the word which I have marked in italics. Berthier set out for Dijon, where he commenced the formation of the army of reserve.

The consular constitution did not empower the first consul to command an army out of the territory of France. Bonaparte therefore wished to keep secret his long-projected plan of placing himself at the head of the army of Italy, which he then for the first time called the grand army. I observed that by his choice of Berthier, nobody could be deceived; because it must be evident that he would have made another selection, had he not intended to command in person. He laughed at my observation.

Our departure from Paris was fixed for the 6th of May, or, according to the republican calendar, the 16th Floréal. Bonaparte had made all his arrangements, and issued all his orders; but still he did not wish it to be known that he was going to take the command of the army. On the eve of our departure, being in conference with the two other consuls and the ministers, he said to Lucien, "Prepare, to-morrow morning, a circular to the prefects, and you, Fouché, will publish it in the journals. Say I am gone to Dijon, to inspect the army of reserve. You may add that I shall, perhaps, go as far as Geneva; but you must affirm positively that I shall not be absent longer than a fortnight. You, Cambacérès, will preside to-morrow at the council of state. In my absence, you are the head of the government. State that my absence will be but of short duration, but specify nothing. Express my satisfaction of the council of state: it has already rendered great services, and I shall be happy to see it continue in the course it has hitherto pursued. Oh! I had nearly forgotten—you will at the same time announce that I have appointed Joseph a councillor of state. Should any thing happen, I shall be back again like a thunderbolt. I recommend to you all the great interests of France, and I trust that I shall shortly be talked of in Vienna and in London."

We set out at two in the morning, taking the Burgundy road, which we had already so often travelled under very different circumstances.

On the journey Bonaparte conversed about the warriors of antiquity, especially Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, and Hannibal. I asked him which he preferred, Alexander or Cæsar? "I place Alexander in the first rank," said he, "yet I admire Cæsar's fine campaign in Africa. But the ground of my preference for the King of Macedonia is the plan, and above all, the execution, of his campaign in Asia. Only those who are utterly

ignorant of war can blame Alexander for having spent seven months at the siege of Tyre. For my part, I would have staid there seven years, had it been necessary. This is a great subject of dispute; but I look upon the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt, and the journey to the Oasis of Ammon, as a decided proof of the genius of that great captain. His object was to give the King of Persia (of whose force he had only beaten a feeble advance-guard at the Granicus and Issus) time to reassemble his troops, so that he might overthrow, at a blow, the colossus which he had as yet only shaken. By pursuing Darius into his states, Alexander would have separated himself from his reinforcements, and would have met only scattered parties of troops who would have drawn him into deserts where his army would have been sacrificed. By persevering in the taking of Tyre, he secured his communications with Greece, the country he loved as dearly as I love France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the rich province of Egypt, he forced Darius to come to defend or deliver it, and, in so doing, to march halfway to meet him. By representing himself as the son of Jupiter, he worked upon the ardent feelings of the orientals in a way that powerfully seconded his designs. Though he died at thirty-three, what a name he has left behind him!"

Though an utter stranger to the noble profession of arms, yet I could admire Bonaparte's clever military plans, and his shrewd remarks on the great captains of ancient and modern times. I could not refrain from saying, "General, you often reproach me for being no flatterer, but now I tell you plainly I admire you."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

1800.

Bonaparte's confidence in the army—*Ma belle France*—The convent of Bernardine—Passage of Mount St. Bernard—Arrival at the convent—Refreshments distributed to the soldiers—Mount Albaredo—Artillery dismounted—The fort of Bard—Fortunate temerity—Bonaparte and Melas—The spy—Bonaparte's opinion of M. Necker—Capitulation of Genoa—Intercepted despatch—Lannes at Montebello—Boudet succeeded by Desaix—Coolness of the first consul to M. Collot—Conversation and recollections—The battle of Marengo—General Kellerman—Supper sent from the convent *del Bosco*——Particulars respecting the death of Desaix—The Prince of Lichtenstein—Return to Milan—Savary and Rapp.

THE army which the first consul was preparing to attack was numerous, well disciplined, and victorious. His, with the exception of a very small number of troops, was composed of conscripts; but these conscripts were commanded by officers whose ardour was unparalleled. Bonaparte's fortune was now to depend on the winning or losing of a battle. A battle lost would have dispelled all the dreams of his imagination, and with them would have vanished all his schemes for the future welfare of France. He saw the danger, but was not intimidated by it; and trusting to his accustomed good fortune, and to the courage and fidelity of his troops, he said, "I have, it is true, many conscripts in my army, but they are Frenchmen. Four years ago, did I not with a feeble army drive before me hordes of Sardinians and Austrians, and scour the face of Italy? We shall do so again, The sun which now shines on us is the same that shone at Arcole and Lodi. I rely on Massena. I hope he will hold out in Genoa. But should famine oblige him to surrender, I will retake Genoa in the plains of the Scrivia. With what pleasure shall I then return to my dear France! *Ma belle France!*"

At this moment, when a possible, nay, a probable chance, might for ever have blasted his ambitious hopes, he for the first time spoke of France as his. Considering the circumstances in which we then stood, this use of the possessive pronoun *my*, describes more forcibly than any thing that can be said the

flashes of alienation which crossed Bonaparte's brain when he was wrapped up in his chimerical ideas of glory and fortune.

In this favourable disposition of mind, the first consul arrived at Martigny on the 20th of May. Martigny is a convent of Bernardins, situated in a valley where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate.* The army was in full march to the Great Saint Bernard. In this gloomy solitude did Bonaparte wait three days, expecting the fort of Bard, situated beyond the mountain and the road to Yvrée, to surrender. The town was carried on the 21st of May, and on the third day he learned that the fort still held out, and that there were no indications of its surrender. He launched into complaints against the commander of the siege, and said, "I am weary of staying here; those fools will never take Bard; I must go myself and see what can be done. How vexatious to be tormented by so contemptible an affair!" He immediately gave orders for our departure.

The grand idea of the invasion of Italy by crossing Mount St. Bernard emanated exclusively from the first consul. This miraculous achievement justly excited the admiration of the world. The incredible difficulties it presented did not daunt the courage of Bonaparte's troops. His generals, accustomed as they had been to brave fatigue and danger, regarded without concern the gigantic enterprise of the modern Hannibal.

A convent or hospital, which had been established on the mountain for the purpose of affording assistance to solitary travellers, sufficiently bespeaks the dangers of these stormy regions. But St. Bernard was now to be crossed, not by solitary travellers, but by an army. Cavalry, baggage, cassoons, and artillery, were now to wend their way along those narrow paths where the goatherd cautiously picks his footsteps. On the one hand, masses of snow, suspended above our heads, every moment threatened to break in avalanches, and sweep us away in their descent. On the other, a false step was death. We all passed, men and horse, one by one, along the paths. The artillery was dismounted, and the guns, put into excavated trunks of trees, were drawn by ropes.

I have already mentioned that the first consul had transmitted funds to the hospital of the Great St. Bernard. The good fathers had procured from the two valleys a considerable supply of cheese, bread, and wine. Tables were laid out in front of the hospital, and each soldier, as he defiled, took a glass of wine and a piece of bread and cheese, and then resigned his place to the next. The fathers served, and renewed the portions with admirable order and activity.

The first consul ascended St. Bernard with that calm self-possession, and that air of indifference, for which he was always remarkable when he felt the necessity of setting an example and exposing himself to danger. He asked his guide many ques-

* There is a small posting-town near the spot called Martigny.—*Editor.*

tions about the two valleys, inquired what were the resources of the inhabitants, and whether accidents were as frequent as they were said to be. The guide informed him that the experience of ages enabled the inhabitants to foresee good or bad weather, and that they were seldom deceived.*

Bonaparte, who wore his gray great-coat, and had his whip in his hand, appeared somewhat disappointed at not seeing any one come from the valley of Aosta to inform him of the taking of the fort of Bard. I never left him for a moment during the ascent. We encountered no personal danger, and escaped with no other inconvenience than excessive fatigue.

On his arrival at the convent, the first consul visited the chapel and the three little libraries. He stayed to read a few pages of an old book, of which I have forgotten the title.

At a little distance from the convent are two pointed rocks of ice, about eighty feet high. The fathers mentioned to us the death of several travellers, who, in spite of their advice, had ascended to the summits of those icy peaks, without the precaution of having iron guards for their feet and hands.

We partook of a frugal repast at the convent. The little garden was still covered with snow, and I said to one of the fathers, "You can have but few vegetables here."—"We get our vegetables from the valleys," he replied; "but in the month of August, in warm seasons, we have a few lettuces of our own growing."

When we reached the summit of the mountain we seated ourselves on the snow and slid down. Those who went first smoothed the way for those who came behind them. This rapid descent greatly amused us, and we were only stopped by the mud which succeeded the snow, at the distance of five or six hundred toises down the declivity.

We crossed, or rather climbed up, Mount Albaredo, to avoid passing under the fort of Bard, which closes the valley of Aosta. As it was impossible to get the artillery up this mountain, it was resolved to convey it through the town of Bard, which was not fortified. For this operation we made choice of night, and the wheels of the cannon and cassoons, and even the horses' feet, being wrapped in straw, the whole passed quietly through the little town. They were, indeed, under the fire of the fort; however, it did not so completely command the street but that the houses would have protected us against any very fatal consequences. A great part of the army had passed before the surrender of the fort, which so completely commands the narrow valley leading to Aosta, that it is difficult to comprehend the negligence of the Austrians; by very simple precautions, they might have rendered the passage of St. Bernard unavailing.

On the 23d we came within sight of the fort of Bard, which commands the road bounded by the Doria Baltea on the right,

* This guide was alive a few years ago, and retained a strong recollection of Bonaparte's rapid and most varied interrogatories.—(*Editor.*)

and Mount Albaredo on the left. The Doria Baltea is a small torrent, which separates the town of Bard from the fort. Bonaparte, whose retinue was not very numerous, crossed the torrent. On arriving within gun-shot of the fort, he ordered us to quicken our pace, to gain a little path on the left, leading to the summit of Mount Albaredo, and turning the town and fort of Bard. We ascended this path on foot, with some difficulty. On reaching the summit of the mountain, which commands the fort, Bonaparte levelled his telescope on the grass, and stationing himself behind some bushes, which served at once to shelter and conceal him, he attentively reconnoitred the fort. After addressing several questions to the persons who had come to give him information, he mentioned, in a tone of dissatisfaction, the faults that had been committed, and ordered the erection of a new battery to attack a point which he marked out, and from whence, he said, the firing of a few guns would oblige the fort to surrender. Having given these orders, he descended the mountain, and went to sleep that night at Yvrée. On the 2d of June we learned that the fort had surrendered the day before.

The passage of Mount St. Bernard must occupy a great place in the annals of successful temerity. The boldness of the first consul seemed, as it were, to have fascinated the enemy, and his enterprise was so unexpected that not a single Austrian corps defended the approaches of the fort of Bard. The country was entirely exposed, and we only encountered here and there a few feeble parties, who were incapable of checking our march upon Milan. Bonaparte's advance astonished and confounded the enemy, who thought of nothing but marching back the way he came, and renouncing the invasion of France. The bold genius which actuated Bonaparte did not inspire General Melas, the commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces. If Melas had had the firmness which ought to belong to the leader of an army—if he had compared the respective positions of the two parties—if he had considered that there was no longer time to regain his line of operations, and recover his communication with the hereditary states—that he was master of all the strong places in Italy—that he had nothing to fear from Massena;—if, then, following Bonaparte's example, he had marched upon Lyons, what would have become of the first consul? Melas would have found few obstacles, and almost every where undefended towns, while the French army would have been exhausted, without having an enemy to fight. This is, doubtless, what Bonaparte would have done, had he been Melas; but, fortunately for us, Melas was not a Bonaparte.

We arrived at Milan on the 2d of June, the day on which the first consul heard that the fort of Bard was taken. But little resistance was opposed to our entrance into the capital of Lombardy, and the term "engagements" can scarcely be applied to a few affairs of advance posts, in which success could not be for

a moment doubtful. The fort of Milan was immediately blockaded. Murat was sent to Piacenza, of which he took possession without difficulty, and Lannes beat General Ott at Montebello. He was far from imagining that by that exploit he conquered for himself a future duchy.

The first consul passed six days at Milan. On the day after our arrival there, a spy, who had served us very well in the first campaign in Italy, was announced. The first consul recollected him, and ordered him to be shown into his cabinet. "What, are you here?" he exclaimed; "so, you are not shot yet!"—"General," replied the spy, "when the war recommenced, I determined to serve the Austrians, because you were far from Europe. I always follow the fortunate; but the truth is, I am tired of the trade. I wish to have done with it, and to get enough to enable me to retire. I have been sent to your lines by General Melas, and I can render you an important service. I will give an exact account of the force and the position of all the enemy's corps, and the names of their commanders. I can tell you the situation in which Alessandria now is. You know me: I will not deceive you; but, I must carry back some report to my general. You need not care for giving me some true particulars, which I can communicate to him."—"Oh! as to that," resumed the first consul, "the enemy is welcome to know my forces and my positions, provided I know his, and he be ignorant of my plans. You shall be satisfied; but do not deceive me: I will give you a thousand louis if you serve me well." I then wrote down, from the dictation of the spy, the names of the corps, their amount, their positions, and the names of the generals commanding them. The first consul stuck pins in the map to mark his plans on places, respecting which he received information from the spy. We also learned that Alessandria was without provisions, that Melas was far from expecting a siege, that many of his troops were sick, and that he wanted medicines. Berthier was ordered to draw up for the spy a nearly accurate statement of our positions. The information given by this man proved so accurate and useful, that on his return from Marengo, Bonaparte ordered me to pay him the thousand louis. The spy afterwards informed him, that Melas was delighted with the way in which he had served him in this affair, and had rewarded him handsomely. He assured us that he had bidden farewell to his odious profession. The first consul regarded this little event as one of the favours of fortune.

In passing through Geneva the first consul had an interview with M. Necker.* I know not how it happened, but at the

* Madame de Staël briefly mentions this interview in her "Considérations su la Révolution Française:—"M. Necker," she says, "had an interview with Bonaparte, when he was on his way to Italy by the passage of Mount Saint Bernard, a few days before the battle of Marengo. During this conversation, which lasted two hours, the first consul made a very favourable impression on *my* father, by the confident way he spoke of his future projects."

time he did not speak to me of this interview. However, I was curious to know what he thought of a man who had acquired so much celebrity in France. One evening, when we were talking of one thing and another, I managed to turn the conversation on that subject. "M. Necker," said he, "appears to me very far below his reputation. He did not equal the idea I had formed of him. I tried all I could to get him to talk; but he said nothing remarkable. He is an ideologist*—a banker. It is impossible that such a man can have any but narrow views; and, besides, all celebrated people lose on a close view."—"Not always, general," observed I.—"Ah!" said he, smiling, "that is not bad, Bourrienne. You are improving. I see I shall make something of you in time."

The day was approaching when all was to be lost or won. The first consul made all his arrangements, and sent off the different corps to occupy the points he had marked out. I have already mentioned that Murat's task was the occupation of Placenza. As soon as he was in possession of that town, he intercepted a courier of General Melas. The despatch, which was addressed to the Aulic Council of Vienna, was delivered to us on the night of the 8th of June. It announced the capitulation of Genoa, which took place on the 4th, after the long and memorable defence, which reflected so much honour on Massena. Melas in his despatch spoke of what he called our pretended army of reserve, with inconceivable contempt, and alluded to the presence of Bonaparte in Italy as a mere fabrication. He declared he was still in Paris. It was past three in the morning when Murat's courier arrived. I immediately translated the despatch, which was in German. About four o'clock I entered the chamber of the first consul, whom I was obliged to shake by the arm in order to wake him. He had desired me, as I have already mentioned, never to respect his repose on the arrival of bad news; but on the receipt of good news to let him sleep. I read to him the despatch, and so much was he confounded by this unexpected event, that his first exclamation was, "Bah! you do not understand German." He immediately rose, and by eight o'clock in the morning orders were despatched for repairing the possible consequences of this disaster, and countermanding the march of the troops on the Scrivia. He himself proceeded the same day to Stradella.

I have seen it mentioned in some accounts, that the first consul in person gained the battle of Montebello. This is a mistake. He did not leave Milan until the 9th of June, and that very day Lannes was engaged with the enemy. The conflict was so terrible, that Lannes, a few days after, describing it in my presence to M. Collot, used these remarkable words, which I well re-

* This was a constant term of reproach with Bonaparte. He set all the metaphysicians of the continent against him by exclaiming, "Je ne veux pas d'idéologues."—*Editor.*

member: "Bones were cracking in my division like a shower of hail falling on a skylight."

By a singular chance, Desaix, who contributed to the victory and stopped the rout of Marengo, arrived from Egypt at Toulon, on the very day on which we departed from Paris. He was enabled to leave Egypt in consequence of the capitulation of El-Arish, which happened on the 4th of January, 1800. He wrote me a letter, dated 16th Floréal, year VIII. (6th of May, 1800), announcing his arrival. This letter I did not receive until we reached Martigny. I showed it to the first consul. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "Desaix in Paris!" and he immediately despatched an order for him to repair to the head-quarters of the army of Italy, wherever they might be. Desaix arrived at Stradella on the morning of the 11th of June. The first consul received him with the warmest cordiality, as a man for whom he had a high esteem, and whose talents and character afforded the fairest promise of what might one day be expected of him. Bonaparte was jealous of some generals, the rivalry of whose ambition he feared: but on this subject Desaix gave him no uneasiness; equally remarkable for his unassuming disposition, his talent, and information, he proved by his conduct that he loved glory for her own sake, and that every wish for the possession of political power was foreign from his mind. Bonaparte's friendship for him was enthusiastic. At this interview at Stradella, Desaix was closeted with the first consul for upwards of three hours. On the day after his arrival, an order of the day communicated to the army that Desaix was appointed to the command of Boudet's division.*

I expressed to Bonaparte my surprise at his long interview with Desaix.—"Yes," replied he, "he has been a long time with me; but you know what a favourite he is. As soon as I return to Paris I will make him war-minister. I would make him a prince, if I could. He is quite an antique character." Desaix died two days after he had completed his thirty-third year.

About this time M. Collot came to Italy, and saw Bonaparte at Milan. The latter received him coldly, though he had not yet gained the battle of Marengo. M. Collot had been on the most intimate footing with Bonaparte, and had rendered him many valuable services. These circumstances sufficiently accounted for Bonaparte's coolness; for he would never acknowledge himself under obligations to any one, and he did not like those who were initiated into certain family secrets, which he had resolved to conceal.

The day after this cool interview, I had a long conversation with M. Collot, while Bonaparte was gone to review some corps

* Boudet was on terms of great intimacy with Bonaparte, who, no doubt, was much affected at his death. However, the only remark he made on receiving the intelligence, was, "Who the devil shall I get to supply Boudet's place?"

stationed at Milan. M. Collot perfectly understood the cause of the unkind treatment he had experienced, and of which he gave me the following explanation:

Some days before the consulate, that is to say, two or three days after our return from Egypt,—Bonaparte, during his jealous fit, spoke to M. Collot about his wife, her levities, and their publicity. "Henceforth," said Bonaparte, "I will have nothing to do with her."—"What, would you part from her?"—"Does not her conduct justify me in so doing?"—"I do not know; but is this the time to think of such a thing, when the eyes of all France are fixed upon you? These domestic squabbles will degrade you in the eyes of the people, who expect you to be wholly devoted to their interests; and you will be laughed at, like one of Molière's husbands. If you are displeased with your wife's conduct, you can call her to account when you have nothing better to do. Begin, by raising up the state. After that you may find a thousand reasons for your resentment, when now you would not find one. You know the French people well enough, to see how important it is that you should not commence with this absurdity."

By these and other similar remarks, M. Collot thought he had produced some impression, when Bonaparte suddenly exclaimed, "No, my determination is fixed; she shall never again enter my house. I care not what people say. They will gossip about the affair for two days, and on the third it will be forgotton. She shall go to Malmaison, and I will live here. The public know enough, not to be mistaken as to the reasons of her removal."

M. Collot vainly endeavoured to calm his irritation. Bonaparte vented a torrent of reproaches upon Josephine. "All this violence," observed M. Collot, "proves that you still love her. Do but see her; she will explain the business to your satisfaction, and you will forgive her."—"I forgive her! Never! Collot, you know me. If I were not sure of my own resolution, *I would tear out this heart, and cast it into the fire.*" Here anger almost choked his utterance, and he made a motion with his hand, as if tearing his breast.

When this violent paroxysm had somewhat subsided, M. Collot withdrew; but before he went away, Bonaparte engaged him to breakfast on the following morning.

At ten o'clock M. Collot was there, and as he was passing through the courtyard, he was informed that Madame Bonaparte, who, as I have already mentioned, had gone to Lyons, without meeting the general, had returned during the night. On M. Collot's entrance, Bonaparte appeared considerably embarrassed. He led him into a little closet, not wishing to bring him into the room where I was writing. "Well," said Bonaparte to M. Collot, "she is here."—"I rejoice to hear it. You have done well for yourself, as well as for us."—"But do not imagine I

have forgiven her. As long as I live I shall suspect. The fact is, that on her arrival, I desired her to be gone; but that fool Joseph was there. What could I do, Collot? I saw her descend the staircase, followed by Eugène and Hortense. They were all weeping; and I have not a heart to resist tears. Eugène was with me in Egypt. I have been accustomed to look upon him as my adopted son. He is a fine, brave lad. Hortense is just about to be introduced into society, and she is admired by all who know her. I confess, Collot, I was deeply moved; I could not endure the distress of the two poor children. 'Should they,' thought I, 'suffer for their mother's faults?' I called back Eugène and Hortense, and their mother followed them. What could I say, what could I do? I should not be a man, without some weakness."—"Be assured they will reward you for this."—"They ought Collot, they ought; for it has cost me a hard struggle." After this dialogue, Bonaparte and M. Collot entered the breakfast-parlour, where I was then sitting. Eugène breakfasted with us, bnt neither Josephine nor Hortense. I have already related how I acted the part of mediator in this affair. Next day nothing was wanting to complete the reconciliation between the conqueror of Egypt and the charming woman who conquered Bonaparte.

On the 13th the first consul slept at Torre di Garofolo. During the evening he ordered a staff-officer to ascertain whether they had a bridge across the Bormida. A report arrived very late that there was none. This information set Bonaparte's mind at rest, and he went to bed, very well satisfied; but, early next morning, when a firing was heard, and he learned that the Austrians had debouched on the plain, where the troops were engaged, he flew into a furious passion, called the staff-officer a coward, and said he had not advanced far enough. He even spoke of bringing the matter to an investigation. From motives of delicacy, I refrain from mentioning the name of the officer here alluded to.

Bonaparte mounted his horse, and proceeded immediately to the scene of action. I did not see him again until six in the evening. In obedience to his instructions, I repaired to San Giuliano, which is not above two leagues from the place where the engagement commenced. In the course of the afternoon I saw a great many wounded passing through the village, and shortly afterwards a multitude of fugitives. At San Giuliano nothing was talked of but a retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone firmly opposed. I was then advised to leave San Giuliano, where I had just received a courier for the general-in-chief. On the morning of the 14th, General Desaix was sent upon Novi, to observe the road to Genoa, which city had fallen several days before, in spite of the efforts of its illustrious defender, Massena. I returned with this division to San Giuliano. I was struck with the numerical weakness of the

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

corps, which was marching to aid an army, already much reduced and dispersed. The battle was looked upon as lost, and so, indeed, it was. The first consul having asked Desaix what he thought of it, that brave general bluntly replied, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, we have time to gain another to-day." I heard this from Bonaparte himself. Who could have imagined that Desaix's little corps, together with the few heavy cavalry, commanded by General Kellerman, would, about five o'clock, have changed the fortune of the day? It cannot be denied, that it was the instantaneous inspiration of Kellerman that converted a defeat into a victory, and decided the battle of Marengo.

That memorable battle, of which the results were incalculable, has been described in various ways. Bonaparte had an account of it commenced no less than three times; and I must confess that none of the narratives are more correct than that contained in the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo. The Emperor Napoleon became dissatisfied with what had been said by the First Consul Bonaparte. For my part, not having had the honour to bear a sword, I cannot say that I saw any particular movement executed this or that way; but I may mention here what I heard on the evening of the battle of Marengo, respecting the probable chances of that event. As to the part which the first consul took in it, the reader, perhaps, is sufficiently acquainted with his character, to account for it. He did not choose that a result so decisive should be attributed to any other cause than the combinations of his genius; and if I had not known his insiatiable thirst for glory, I should have been surprised at the sort of half satisfaction evinced at the cause of the success, amidst the joy manifested for the success itself. It must be confessed, that in this he was very unlike Jourdan, Hoche, Kleber and Moreau, who were ever ready to acknowledge the services of those who had fought under their orders.

Within two hours of the time when the divisions commanded by Desaix left San Giuliano, I was joyfully surprised by the triumphant return of the army, whose fate, since the morning, had caused me so much anxiety. Never did fortune, within so short a time, show herself under two such various faces. At two o'clock, all denoted the desolation of a defeat, with all its fatal consequences; at five, victory was again faithful to the flag of Arcole. Italy was reconquered by a single blow; and the crown of France appeared in the perspective.

At seven in the evening, when I returned with the first consul to head-quarters, he expressed to me his sincere regret for the loss of Desaix, and then he added, "Little Kellerman made a lucky charge. It was made just at the right moment. We are much indebted to him. You see what trifling circumstances decide these affairs."

These few words show that Bonaparte sufficiently appreciated the services of Kellerman. However, when that officer ap-

proached the table, at which were seated the first consuland a number of his generals, Bonaparte merely said, "You made a pretty good charge." By way of counterbalancing this cool compliment, he turned towards Bessières, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the guard, and said, "Bessières, the guard has covered itself with glory." Yet the fact is, that the guard took no part in the charge of Kellerman, who could assemble only five hundred heavy cavalry; and with this handful of brave men, he cut in two the Austrian column, which had overwhelmed Desaix's division, and had made six thousand prisoners. The guard did not charge at Marengo until nightfall.

Next day it was reported that Kellerman, in his first feeling of dissatisfaction at the dry congratulation he had received, said to the first consul, "I have placed the crown on your head." I did not hear this, and I cannot vouch for the truth of its having been said. I could only have ascertained that fact through Bonaparte, and of course I could not, with propriety, remind him of a thing which must have been very offensive to him. However, whether true or not, the observation was circulated about, verbally and in writing, and Bonaparte knew it. Hence the small degree of favour shown to Kellerman, who was not made a general of division on the field of battle, as a reward for his charge at Marengo.*

* It may here be mentioned that Savary, in his account of the battle, expressly states, that he carried the order from Bonaparte to Kellerman to make this charge. He also makes the following observations on the subject:

"After the fall of the Imperial government, some pretended friends of General Kellerman have presumed to claim for him the merit of originating the charge of cavalry. That general, whose share of glory is sufficiently brilliant to gratify his most sanguine wishes, can have no knowledge of so presumptuous a pretension. I the more readily acquit him, from the circumstance that, as we were conversing one day respecting that battle, I called to his mind my having brought to him the first consul's orders, and he appeared not to have forgotten that fact. I am far from suspecting his friends of the design of lessening the glory of either General Bonaparte or General Desaix: they know, as well as myself, that their's are names so respected that they can never be affected by such detractions; and that it would be as vain to dispute the praise due to the chief who planned the battle, as to attempt to depreciate the brilliant share which General Kellerman had in its successful result. I will add to the above a few reflections.

"From the position which he occupied, General Desaix could not see General Kellerman: he had even desired me to request the first consul to afford him the support of some cavalry. Neither could General Kellerman, from the point where he was stationed, perceive General Desaix's division: it is even probable that he was not aware of the arrival of that general, who had only joined the army two days before. Both were ignorant of each other's position, which the first consul was alone acquainted with; he alone could introduce harmony into their movements; he alone could make their efforts respectively conduce to the same object.

"The fate of the battle was decided by Kellerman's bold charge: had it, however, been made previously to General Desaix's attack, in all probability it would have had a quite different result. Kellerman appears to have been convinced of it, since he allowed the Austrian column to cross our field of battle, and extend its front beyond that of the troops we had still in line, without making the least attempt to impede its progress. The reason of Kellerman's not

M. Delaforest, the post-master-general, sometimes *transacted business* with the first consul. The nature of this secret business may easily be guessed at. On the occasion of one of their interviews, the first consul saw a letter from Kellerman to Lasalle, which contained the following passage: "Would you believe, my friend, that Bonaparte has not made me a general of division, though I have just placed the crown on his head?" The letter was sealed again, and sent to its address; but Bonaparte never forgot its contents.

Whether Kellerman did or did not give the crown of France to the first consul, it is very certain that, on the evening of the battle of Marengo, he gave him a supper, of which his famishing staff and the rest of us partook. This was no inconsiderable service in the destitute condition in which we were. We thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate in profiting by the precaution of Kellerman, who had procured provisions from one of those pious retreats which are always well supplied, and which soldiers are very glad to fall in with when campaigning. It was the Convent del Bosco which, on this occasion, was laid under contribution; and in return for the abundance of good provisions and wine with which they supplied the commander of the heavy cavalry, the holy fathers were allowed a guard to protect them against pillage and the other disastrous concomitants of war.

After supper, the first consul dictated to me the bulletin of the battle. When we were alone, I said to him, "General, here is a fine victory! You recollect what you said the other day about the pleasure with which you would return to France after striking a grand blow in Italy; surely you must be satisfied now?"—"Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied. But Desaix!....Ah, what a triumph would this have been, if I could have embraced him to-night on the field of battle!" As he uttered these words, I saw that Bonaparte was on the point of shedding tears, so sincere and profound was his grief for the death of Desaix. He certainly never loved, esteemed, or regretted any man so much.

The death of Desaix has been variously related, and I need not now state that the words attributed to him in the bulletin were imaginary. Neither did he die in the arms of his aide-de-camp, Lebrun, as I wrote from the dictation of the first consul. The following facts are more correct, or at all events, more probable:—The death of Desaix was not perceived at the moment it took place. He fell without saying a word, at a little distance from Lefebvre-Desnouettes. A battalion-sergeant of the ninth brigade of light infantry, commanded by Barrois, seeing him extended on the ground, asked permission to pick up his cloak. It was found to be perforated behind; and this circumstance leaves

charging it sooner was, that it was too serious a movement, and the consequences of failure would have been irretrievable; that charge, therefore, could only enter into a general combination of plans, to which he was necessarily a stranger."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.* (*Editor*).

it doubtful whether Desaix was killed by some unlucky inadvertency, while advancing at the head of his troops, or by the enemy, when turning towards his men to encourage them. However, the event was so instantaneous, the disorder so complete, and the change of fortune so sudden, that it is not surprising there should be no positive account of the circumstances which attended his death.*

Early next morning, the Prince of Lichtenstein came from General Melas with negotiations to the first consul. The propositions of the general did not suit Bonaparte, and he declared to the prince that the army shut up in Alessandria should evacuate freely, and with the honours of war; but on those conditions, which are well known, and by which Italy was to be fully restored to the French domination. That day were repaired the faults of Scherer, whose inertness and imbecility had paralyzed every thing, and who had fled, and been constantly beaten, from the Adriatic to Mount Cenis. The Prince of Lichtenstein begged to return to render an account of his mission to General Melas. He came back in the evening, and made many observations on the hard nature of the conditions. "Sir," replied the first consul, in a tone of marked impatience, "carry my final determination to your general, and return quickly. It is irrevocable! Know that I am as well acquainted with your position as you are yourselves. I did not begin to learn the art of war yesterday. You are blocked up in Alessandria: you have many sick and wounded: you are in want of provisions and medicines. I occupy the whole of your rear. Your finest troops are among the killed and wounded. I might insist on harder conditions: my position would warrant me in so doing; but I moderate my demands in consideration of the grey hairs of your general, whom I respect."

This reply was delivered with considerable dignity and energy. I showed the prince out, and he said to me, "These conditions are very hard, especially that of giving up Genoa, which surrendered to us only a fortnight ago, after so long a siege." It is a curious fact, that the Emperor of Austria received intelligence of the capitulation and restitution of Genoa at the same time.

When the first consul returned to Milan, he made Savary and Rapp his aides-de-camp. They had previously served in the same rank under Desaix. The first consul was at first not much

* Savary, though Desaix's aide-de-camp, throws no light on the cause of that general's death. He says—

"As soon as the Austrian column was dispersed, I quitted General Kellerman's cavalry, and was returning to meet General Desaix, whose troops were debouching in my view, when the colonel of the 9th regiment informed me that he had been killed. I was at the distance of only a hundred paces from the spot where I had left him. I hastened to it, and found the general stretched upon the ground completely stripped of his clothes, and surrounded by other naked bodies. I recognised him, notwithstanding the darkness, owing to the thickness of his hair, which still retained its tie."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.* (*Editor*).

Desaix.

Desaix

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disposed to take them, alleging that he had aides-de-camp enough. But his respect for the choice of Desaix, added to a little solicitation on my part, soon removed every obstacle. These two officers served him to the last hour of his political career with unfailing zeal and fidelity.*

* The following is Napoleon's own account of the battle of Marengo, as dictated at St. Helena to General Gourgaud:

"During the battle of the 11th, Desaix, who had returned from Egypt, and had been performing quarantine at Toulon, arrived at the head-quarters, at Montebello, with his aides-de-camp, Rapp and Savary. The whole night was spent in conferences between the first consul and Desaix, on all that had passed in Egypt since the former had quitted that country—the details of the campaign of Upper Egypt—of the negotiations of El-Arish, and the composition of the grand vizier's grand Turkish army—lastly, on the battle of Heliopolis, and the present situation of the French army, 'How,' said the first consul, 'could you, Desaix, put your name to the capitulation of El-Arish?'—'I did it,' replied Desaix, 'and I would do it again, because the commander-in-chief was not willing to remain in Egypt; and because, in an army at a distance from home, and beyond the influence of government, the inclinations of the commander-in-chief are equivalent to those of five-sixths of the army. I always had the greatest contempt for the grand vizier's army, which I have observed closely. I wrote to Kleber that I would undertake to repulse it with my division alone. If you had left me the command of the army in Egypt, and taken Kleber away with you, I would have preserved that fine province for you, and you should never have heard a word about capitulation; but, however, things turned out well; and Kleber made up at Heliopolis for the mistakes he had been committing for six months.'

"Desaix burned to signalize himself. He thirsted to avenge the ill-treatment he had received from Admiral Keith, at Leghorn; this lay at his heart. The first consul immediately gave him the command of the division of Boudet.

"Melas's head-quarters were at Alessandria: all his army had been two days assembled there: his position was critical, because he had lost his line of operation. The longer he delayed determining what to do, the worse his position became; for on one side, Suchet's corps was advancing upon his rear, and on the other, the first consul's army was daily increasing its fortifications and intrenchments in its position of Stradella.

"General Melas, however, made no movement. In the situation in which he was, he had three courses to choose: the first was, to cut his way through the first consul's army, the Austrian army being superior to it in number, to gain Piacenza, and resume his line of operations upon Mantua.

"The second plan was, to cross the Po at Turin, or between that city and the mouth of the Sesia, to advance afterwards, by forced marches, to the Ticino, to cross it, and reaching Milan before the first consul's army, to intersect his line, and force him back behind the Adda.

"The third course was, to fall back from Alessandria upon Novi, to rest upon Genoa, and upon Admiral Keith's English squadron; not to assume offensive operations until the arrival of the English army, already collected at Mahon. The Austrian army was certain not to want provisions or ammunition, or even reinforcement, since by its right it could have communicated with Florence and Bologna; in Tuscany it had a Neapolitan division, and besides, the communications by sea were in its power. From this position General Melas might regain Mantua when he pleased, transporting a great part of his heavy artillery into Tuscany by sea.

"General Lapoype, who was on the banks of the Po, was ordered to fall back upon the Ticino, in case the enemy should occupy the left bank; he would there be joined by five or six thousand men, which could be got together by General Moncey, who commanded at Milan. He would then have ten thousand men; more than sufficient to delay the passage, and give the first consul time to return by the two bridges behind the Ticino.

"On the 12th, in the afternoon, the first consul, surprised at the inaction of General Melas, became uneasy, and began to fear that the Austrian army had moved on Genoa, or upon the Ticino, or else had marched against Suchet to crush him, with the intention of afterwards returning against the first consul; the latter determined to quit Stradella, and advance upon Scrivia, in the form of a strong reconnoitring party, in order to be able to act according to the course adopted by the enemy. In the evening the French army* took up a position upon the Scrivia, Tortona was surrounded, the head-quarters were stationed at Voghera. During this movement no intelligence of the enemy was obtained; only some few cavalry scouts were perceived, which did not indicate the presence of an army in the plains of Marengo. The first consul no longer doubted that the Austrian army had escaped him.

"On the 13th, at daybreak, he passed the Scrivia, and marched to San Giuliano, in the midst of the immense plain of Marengo. The light cavalry discovered no enemy; there was no longer room to doubt that he was in full manœuvre, since, if he had thought proper to wait for the French army, he would not have neglected the fine field of battle presented to him by the plain of Marengo, advantageous as it was for the development of his immense cavalry: it appeared probable that the enemy was marching on Genoa.

"Under this impression, the first consul, with all expedition, despatched Desaix's corps in the form of a vanguard, upon his extreme left, with orders to observe the high-road leading from Novi to Alessandria; he ordered Victor's division to enter the village of Marengo, and to send scouts upon the Bormida, to ascertain whether

* French army, 12th and 13th of June.

Divisions Vatrin and Mainoni, Lannes; right wing at Castel-nuovo di Scrivia.

Divisions Boudet and Monnier. Desaix; centre. Ponte-Curone.

Division Lapoype; order to join Desaix.

The cavalry under Murat, between Ponte-Curone and Tortona, having a vanguard beyond Tortona, under Kellerman.

Divisions Gardanne and Chambarlhac. Victor; left wing in advance of Tortona, and supporting the vanguard under Kellerman.

the enemy had any bridge there. Victor arrived at Marengo; he there found a rear-guard of three or four thousand Austrians, attacked and routed them, and made himself master of the village. His scouts arrived upon the Bormida at nightfall; they gave information that the enemy had no bridge there, and that there was only an ordinary garrison in Alessandria; they gave no intelligence of the army of Melas.

"Lannes corps bivouacked diagonally in the rear of Marengo, upon the right.

"The first consul was very uneasy; during the night he determined to visit his head-quarters of the preceding day, in order to meet intelligence from General Moncey, General Lapoype, and the agents who had been sent towards Genoa, and who were to rendezvous upon those head-quarters; but the Scrivia had overflowed its banks. This stream swells considerably in the course of a few hours, and a few hours also are sufficient for its return to its usual state. This circumstance determined the first consul to fix his head-quarters at Torre-di-Garafola, between Tortona and Alessandria. In this situation was the night spent.

"Meanwhile the most dreadful confusion had prevailed in Alessandria, since the battle of Montebello. The Austrian council was agitated by the most sinister presentiments: they beheld the Austrian army cut off from its line of operation and depots, and placed between the army of the first consul and that of General Suchet, whose advanced posts had passed the mountains, and began to be felt upon the rear of the right flank of the Austrians. The greatest irresolution pervaded their minds.

"After much hesitation, Melas, on the 11th, resolved to send a strong detachment against Suchet, the remainder of the Austrian army continuing covered by the Bormida and the citadel of Alessandria; but, during the night of the 11th and 12th, Melas heard of the first consul's movement upon the Scrivia. On the 12th, he recalled his detachment, and passed the whole day and night of the 13th in deliberation: at last, after some sharp and stormy discussions, the council of Melas pronounced that the existence of the army of reserve had been unknown to him; that the orders and instructions of the Aulic Council had mentioned only the army of Massena; that the unfortunate position in which they found themselves ought, therefore, to be attributed to the ministry, and not to the general; that, in this unforeseen situation, brave soldiers ought to do their duty; that they were then called upon to cut their way through the army of the first consul, and thus reopen the communications with Vienna; that, in case of success, every thing was gained, since they were masters of Genoa, and, by returning promptly upon Nice, they could execute the plan of operations fixed at Vienna; and, lastly, that if they failed and lost the battle, their position would, no doubt, be dreadful; but that the whole responsibility of it would fall upon the ministry.

"This train of reasoning settled all opinions; there was but one cry—To arms! to arms! and every one began to make his dispositions for the next day's battle.

"The chances of victory were wholly in favour of the Austrian army, which was very numerous. It had, at least, three times as

many cavalry as the French army. The strength of the latter was not exactly known; but the Austrian army, notwithstanding its losses at the battle of Montebello, and those it had experienced in the neighbourhood of Genoa and Nice, after the retreat, was still very superior to the army of reserve.

"On the 14th, at break of day, the Austrians defiled by the three bridges of the Bormida, and made a furious attack on the village of Marengo. The resistance was obstinately kept up for a long time. The first consul, finding, from the briskness of the cannonade, that the Austrians had commenced the attack, immediately despatched orders to General Desaix to return with his troops upon San Giuliano; he was half a day's march off, to the left. The first consul arrived on the field of battle at ten o'clock in the morning, between San Giuliano and Marengo. The enemy had at length carried Marengo; and the division under Victor having been forced to give way after a firm resistance, was thrown into the utmost disorder. The plain on the left was covered with our fugitives, who spread alarm wherever they went, and many were even exclaiming in dismay, *All is lost!*

"The corps of General Lannes, a little in the rear of the right of Marengo, was engaged with the enemy, who, after taking that place, deployed upon its left, and formed its line opposite our right, beyond which it already extended. The first consul immediately despatched his battalion of the cavalry guard, consisting of eight hundred grenadiers, the best troops in the army, to station themselves at five hundred toises distance from Lannes, on the right, in a good position, in order to keep the enemy in check. Napoleon himself, with the seventy-second demi-brigade, hastened to the support of Lannes, and directed the division of reserve of Cara Saint-Cyr, upon the extreme right, to Castel-Ceriolo, to flank the entire left of the enemy.

"In the mean time the army perceived, in the middle of this immense plain, the first consul surrounded by his staff, and two hundred horse grenadiers with their fur caps: this sight proved sufficient to inspire the troops with hopes of victory; their confidence revived, and the fugitives rallied upon San Giuliano, in the rear of the left of General Lannes. The latter, though attacked by a large proportion of the enemy's army, was effecting his retreat through the midst of this vast plain with admirable order and coolness. This corps occupied three hours in retiring three-quarters of a league, entirely exposed to the grape-shot of eighty pieces of cannon; at the same time that by an inverse movement Cara Saint-Cyr advanced upon the extreme right, and turned the left of the enemy.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon the corps of Desaix arrived: the first consul made him take a position on the road in advance of San Giuliano. Melas, who believed the victory decided, being overcome with fatigue, repast the bridges, and entered Alessandria, leaving to General Zach, the head of his staff, the care of pursuing the French army. The latter, thinking that this army was effecting its retreat by the road from Tortona, endeavoured to reach this road behind San Giuliano; but the first consul had altered his line of retreat at the commencement of the action, and had directed it between Sala and Tortona, so that the high-road from Tortona was of no consequence to the French army.

"Lannes's corps in its retreat constantly refused its left, thus directing its course towards the new point of retreat; and Cara Saint-Cyr, who was at the extremity of the right, found himself almost upon the line of retreat, at the very time that General Zach imagined the two corps were intersected.

"The division of Victor had, in the mean time, rallied, and burned with impatience to recommence the contest. All the cavalry of the army was concentrated in the advance of San Giuliano, on the right of Desaix, and in the rear of the left of General Lannes. Balls and shells fell upon San Giuliano; its left was already gained by a column of 6000 of Zach's grenadiers. The first consul sent orders to General Desaix to charge with his fresh division this column of the enemy. Desaix immediately prepared to execute these orders accordingly: but, as he advanced at the head of two hundred troopers of the ninth light demi-brigade, he was shot through the heart by a ball, and fell dead at the very moment that he had given the word to charge: by this stroke the emperor was deprived of the man whom he esteemed most worthy of being his lieutenant.

"This misfortune by no means disconcerted the movement, and General Boudet easily inspired the soldiers with the same lively desire of instant revenge for so beloved a chief, which actuated his own breast. The ninth light demi-brigade, who did, indeed, on this occasion, deserve the title of *Incomparable*, covered themselves with glory. General Kellerman, with 800 heavy horse, at the same time charged intrepidly the middle of the left flank of the column; in less than half an hour these 6000 grenadiers were broken, overthrown, dispersed, and put to flight. General Zach and all his staff were made prisoners.

"General Lannes immediately charged forward. Cara Saint-Cyr, who was on our right, and *en potence* with the left flank of the enemy, was much nearer than the enemy to the bridges upon the Bormida. The Austrian army was thrown into the most dreadful confusion in a moment. From 8000 to 10,000 cavalry, which were spread over the field, fearing that Saint-Cyr's infantry might reach the bridge before them, retreated at full gallop, and overturned all they met with in their way. Victor's division made all imaginable haste to resume its former field of battle, at the village of Marengo. The enemy's army was in the most horrible disorder. No one thought of any thing but flight. The pressure and confusion became extreme on the bridges of the Bormida, where the masses of fugitives were obliged to crowd together: and at night, all who remained upon the left bank fell into the power of the republic.

"It would be difficult to describe the confusion and despair of the Austrian army. On one side the French army was on the bank of the Bormida, and was expected to pass it at daybreak. On the other, they had General Suchet with his army on their rear, in the direction of their right.

"Which way could they effect their retreat? Behind they would be driven to the Alps, and the frontiers of France; they might have moved towards Genoa on the right, before the battle; but they could not hope to do so after their defeat, and closely followed by the victorious army. In this desperate situation, General Melas resolved to give his troops the whole night to rally and repose themselves, availing himself

of the screen of the Bormida and the protection of the citadel of Alessandria for this purpose; and afterwards to repass the Tanaro, if necessary, and thus maintain himself in that position, and endeavour at any rate, by entering into negotiations, to save his army by capitulating. On the 15th, at daybreak, the Austrians sent a flag of truce with proposals for an armistice, which produced, the same day, the convention, by which Genoa and all the fortified places in Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations, were given up to the French army; and by which the Austrian army obtained leave to retire behind Mantua, without being made prisoners of war. Thus was the conquest of all Italy secured."—*Editor.*

NOTES

ON

NAPOLEON'S FIRST ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS.

The most brilliant part of the career of this extraordinary man was his first campaigns beyond the Alps, and his genius seems to have required the sun of Italy to develope all its inspiration and resources. He was then young, vigorous, and full of hope, and the undefined hopes of millions were fixed upon him, for he had not yet betrayed the secret of his enormous ambition, and men looked up to him as their liberator from old despotisms, and as the founder of a wiser and more liberal system of government. In spite of the evils this country suffered from being converted into one great battle-field, on which the French and Austrians tried their strength, a very large portion of the Italians hailed all Bonaparte's victories with enthusiastic joy. The rapidity—the suddenness with which these victories were achieved, seemed almost preternatural. All the young and ardent minds, from the foot of the Alps to the straits of Messina, absolutely worshipped the young republican general: and hosts of Italians of mature age and experience—literary, scientific, and professional men in particular—embraced his cause as their own. They looked upon Bonaparte, a native of Corsica, as their own countryman: they thought him destined to rescue their beautiful land from the grasp of Austria, and to unite it into one great and independent state, in alliance with, but not subjected to France. How these expectations were deluded in the event is well known, but they

were once most confidently entertained; and the disaffection to their old governments, and the political intrigues of the Italians, facilitated some of his victories in the field, and prepared the country for the dominion of Napoleon. It was therefore unfair in the fortunate general to style himself the conqueror of Italy —he was only the conqueror of the Austrians and Russians in Italy, seeing that the hearts and, in a short time, the arms of the Italian people went with him.

A few notes, selected from some of the best historians and memoir writers of the period, may be advantageously introduced here, to fill up a space which M. Bourrienne has left almost void.

It was in the twenty-seventh year of his age that Napoleon assumed the separate command of the army of Italy. He was confident of success, or at least determined (if we are to believe his own words) to conquer or perish. To one of the directors of the republic, who objected to the appointment on the score of his youth, he replied, "In a year I shall be either old or dead." To his soldiers he promised the immediate possession of the richest plains in the world, of fertile provinces, and opulent cities. They were miserably poor—nay, hungry and almost naked, but the spoils of the enemy in Italy would feed and clothe them, and pay the arrears which the impoverished republic could not. The army was indeed in a wretched condition. It consisted of about 50,000 men, but was very deficient in cavalry and stores of all kinds. The discipline was very bad, and many eyewitnesses assure us that the force seemed scarcely to merit the name of a regular army. But the courage of those ragged, reckless soldiers was indisputable—the men had soon a full confidence in their commander, and their most distinguished officers, as Augereau, Massena, Serrurier, Joubert, Lannes, did homage to the superior genius of Napoleon, obeying his orders without jealousy or any kind of discontent.

The plan of operations was simple and daring. It was to strike a blow somewhere and at once—to bring the whole of the French force against some detached portion of the allied armies in Italy, which collectively amounted to 70,000 men, and to beat that portion before it could concentrate with the left. This, like Nelson's tactics of breaking the line, was the system that Napoleon acted upon all through life; but on the present occasion, to make it effective, the utmost celerity of marching was indispensable. Accordingly, every thing that tended to impede their rapid progress was abandoned. Tents, baggage, and all the accommodations that had generally been considered essential even by hardy soldiers, were left on the French side of the Alps. Never, perhaps, was there a more lightly-equipped army! The soldiers carried nothing but the clothes on their backs, and their arms, and many of the superior officers had merely one change of linen with them. Even after

they had been for some time as conquerors in Italy, the troops presented a most motley appearance. Nearly every variety of uniform was seen in the same regiment, and many of the young republican soldiers had no uniform at all, but wore whatever dress they could pick up. "They had nothing bright or smart about them," says an old Italian, "but their arms, and these were generally taken from the enemy."

Turning the mighty shoulders of the Alps, instead of taking either of the usual passes across that chain, and keeping close to the shores of the Mediterranean, in the direction of Nice and Genoa, Bonaparte resolved to cut his way into Italy by the Col di Cadibona and Mount St. Jaques, which is the point where the Alps may be said to finish, and the much less formidable chain of the Apennines to begin. This route was equally good for marching on Turin, the head-quarters of the King of Sardinia's army, or for advancing on Milan against the Austrians, but Bonaparte's object was to throw himself between them so as to prevent the junction of these allies. As soon as he began to concentrate his troops, the Austrian commander-in-chief, Beaulieu, prepared to defend these passes, and to *protect* the weak and tottering republic of Genoa at the same time. The French minister in that city had demanded of the senate of Genoa the keys of their mountain fortress of Gavi, and a free passage by the Bocchetta, by which the invading army could penetrate to Novi and the very heart of the plains of Piedmont. The crippled republic, if left to itself, could not have resisted these demands, and though the brilliant series of his successes had yet to begin, Napoleon had even then his partisans or admirers in Genoa. In order to cover the city, Beaulieu marched on Voltri, where, within ten miles of Genoa, he encountered a part of the French army commanded by Cervoni, who was obliged to retreat. Simultaneously with his own movement, he despatched another Austrian column, under d'Argenteau, to hold a strong position at Montenotte, and Colli, with some Sardinian troops, posted himself at Ceva, thus leaving a dangerous distance between the centre and wings of the allies. This was playing into Bonaparte's hands. This was one of those mistakes on which he calculated to build his triumph.

Without caring for Colli on his right flank, or Beaulieu on the left, he kept his eye steadily fixed on the centre, under d'Argenteau, who boldly advanced to meet him, and on the 10th of April attacked three redoubts the French had thrown up at Montelegino in front of Montenotte. Colonel Rampon, who commanded in the redoubts, made an heroic defence, and succeeded in maintaining the works during two whole days. On the 11th, the columns of Cervoni and Laharpe, which had retreated before Beaulieu, came up with Napoleon's head-quarters, and were marched up to Montelegino during the night

to support Colonel Rampon, while other bodies of troops, under Augereau and Massena, and with Bonaparte at their head, proceeded with the same silence and secrecy to post themselves on the flanks and rear of the Austrians, which they skilfully effected by debouching by Cadibona and Castellazzo, behind Montenotte.

On the morning of the 12th, after a comfortable night's rest, d'Argenteau, fancying he was only going to attack Rampon, drew up his men once more in front of the three redoubts. But those redoubts were then crowded with fresh troops, battalions were drawn up in the rear of the works, and before the Austrians could recover from their astonishment, they saw the heads of French columns showing themselves on their rear, and on both their flanks. But though thus surprised and surrounded, the Austrian troops fought most obstinately, nor is it easily conceived what addition to their own fame the French contemplated in denying the gallantry of the enemy. There is little honour in beating cowards: the glory of victory is proportionate to the bravery of the party vanquished. That d'Argenteau was thoroughly beaten is quite certain. He left all his artillery, which was not considerable, some of his colours, and about 2000 prisoners behind him; nearly 1000 of his men were killed; and yet, in spite of all this, and of his being hemmed in on all sides, he fought his way to the loftier mountains in his rear. According to the notes dictated by Napoleon at St. Helena to Count Montholon, d'Argenteau's whole force at the fatal battle of Montenotte amounted to 18,000 men, of whom 5000, belonging to the King of Sardinia, were Piedmontese and Sardinians. The French force is not stated.

As the first of Bonaparte's fields—as the first affair in which he exercised a supreme command, the battle of Montenotte will always attract an extraordinary degree of attention. But in its immediate results it was a brilliant and great operation. To recover their communications with one another, the two wings of the allied army, which had now no centre, fell back, Beaulieu retreating upon Dego, and Colli upon Milesimo. These positions were strong, and if they could have maintained them, d'Argenteau would have brought up his troops, and reinforcements would have come in both from Lombardy and Piedmont. The least hesitation,—the delay of a few hours, might have been fatal to Bonaparte, but he had made his calculations, and allowed the allies no breathing-time. On the morning after the stern contest at Montenotte he dashed on to attack the whole line, a brigade of Piedmontese having taken up a position on the height of Biestro, and established to a certain degree the communications between Beaulieu and Colli. When the French deployed for this purpose they occupied four leagues of ground from their right to their left wing; but again acting on his confirmed plan, Bonaparte made one part of that line so strong that it outnumbered the division of the allies immediately opposed

to it. Augereau, whose troops had scarcely been engaged at Montenotte, was sent on the right to charge Colli at Milesimo, and to cut off the Austrian general, Provera, who supported Colli on the natural mamelon of Cossaria. The impetuosity of his charge soon left Augereau in possession of the gorges of Milesimo, and then a rapid movement sufficed to surround Provera, with his 2000 Austrians on the detached hill he had chosen. Provera threw himself into the old ruinous castle of Cossaria, resolved to defend himself there till Colli and Beaulieu should relieve him by a general engagement. Bonaparte, on seeing the successful disseverment of Provera, which was the advantage he had proposed to himself in ordering Augereau's charge, presently rode up to the spot, and did all that he could to make himself master of the old castle. But the repeated and obstinate attacks of the French were repelled with loss; the closing night left the Austrians in possession of the miserable old walls. On the following day, the 14th of April, the action became general all along the line. Massena and Laharpe drove Beaulieu from Dego after a sanguinary engagement, and Joubert and Menard carried the heights of Biestro, and put the Piedmontese brigade to flight. On the other wing, Colli, left almost to himself, could not decline the combat, and in trying to release Provera from his prison on the hill, he was beaten, broken, and pursued. All hope being thus lost, Provera came out of the old castle and surrendered with his 2000 men. According to Montholon the army of the king of Sardinia left 30 pieces of artillery, 60 caissons, 15 colours, and 6000 prisoners behind them at Milesimo. During this battle Bonaparte displayed the most enthusiastic courage, as well as masterly skill. The effect of the victory was to produce a marked separation between the Austrian and Sardinian forces. Beaulieu fell back to Aqui on the Milan road, and Colli hastened to Ceva to cover Turin, the now threatened capital of his royal master. By a want of concert, and a blundering that almost looks like a fatality, a splendid division of Austrian grenadiers, commanded by Wukassovich, arrived to support Beaulieu only a few hours after he and Colli had been defeated. Had they been there in time the defeat of the allies would have been prevented, but even as it was these grenadiers put Bonaparte's victory in jeopardy, and caused him a heavy loss. They arrived at Dego (Beaulieu's recent position) at three o'clock in the morning of the 15th of April, and there they drove in the outposts, and took the village which was occupied by some French battalions. On learning this most unexpected attack, the greatest alarm was felt at head-quarters, nor could the French conceive how the enemy they had driven before them on the route to Aqui could have fallen on their rear at Dego. Napoleon marched to the spot with an overpowering force, but so obstinately did the grenadiers defend themselves in the position they had surprised, that it took him more than two

hours to recover possession of the village of Dego. But at the end of that time more than half of the grenadiers lay killed or wounded on the spot, and nearly all the rest were taken prisoners. Among these brave soldiers some battalions of Hungarians particularly distinguished themselves.

Having detached Laharpe to keep Beaulieu in check, Bonaparte directed all his future operations against the unsupported Piedmontese or Sardinian army, and marched at once on Ceva, whither Colli had retired. "On this march," says Montholon, "the arrival of our army on the heights of Montezamoto was a sublime spectacle! From that point they discovered the immense and fertile plains of Piedmont; the Po, the Tanaro, and a multitude of other rivers, were seen in the distance; the girdle of the Alps, white with snow and ice, and of a prodigious elevation, hemmed in that rich basin of the *promised land*. Those gigantic barriers which looked like the limbs of another world, which nature had rendered so formidable and which the art of man had done so much to strengthen, seemed to be laid prostrate by enchantment. "Hannibal crossed the Alps," said Napoleon, fixing his eyes on those mountains; "we, my comrades, have turned them."

On the approach of the French, Colli abandoned Ceva, and withdrew towards Mondovi. On his way he surprised and defeated General Serrurier, who with an inferior force attempted to keep possession of San Michele. He succeeded in reaching Mondovi, a formidable position, where he began to throw up some redoubts, but the rapid movements of the enemy did not allow him time: on the 22d of April, three columns led by Bonaparte, Massena, and Serrurier fell upon him from three different quarters, and defeated him after a well disputed battle, in which Colli, according to the French accounts, lost 3000 men, eight cannons, ten colours, 1500 prisoners, and nearly all his provisions and ammunition. In following up the retreating enemy with too much confidence, the French, however, suffered a severe rebuff. Their cavalry was in a wretched state—the cavalry of the Piedmontese was in excellent condition and brave, and when the French horse followed the Italians to the plain, the latter wheeled suddenly round, attacked and drove back the enemy's squadrons, and from being pursued became the pursuers. Murat, who was then a colonel of dragoons restored the fortune of the field by bringing up three fresh regiments of horse, but the French suffered severely by this check, and lost their cavalry general Stengel, who was killed in a charge.

Beaulieu, on learning the critical position of Colli, broke up from Aqui and advanced with half of his army to make a diversion in his favour, but, as usual, the Austrians came too late, and when the news of the disasters at Mondovi reached them they were fain to retire to the Po.

The Piedmontese army had no longer an existence, and when

Bonaparte's victorious columns marched to Cerasco, within ten miles of his capital, the King of Sardinia (Vittorio Amadeo III.) had nothing better to do than to listen to the harsh terms of a humiliating treaty. Coni and Tortona, "the Keys of the Alps," Alessandria, and with the exception of Turin, nearly every fortress and place of importance were to be ceded to the French. The unfortunate sovereign could scarcely hold the pen to sign this treaty of Cerasco, and a few weeks afterwards he died broken-hearted. The joyous shouts of the victors drowned the grief of those who mourned his death, but in those days and countries it was not the fashion to grieve much for kings.

The brilliant military genius displayed by Bonaparte in this campaign is unquestionable. In less than a month he had laid a large portion of Upper Italy prostrate at his feet, had won three pitched battles, had caused a loss to the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of 25,000 men, and had taken fifty-five guns and twenty-one standards. This was glory and blood enough, but the French are never satisfied with the simple truth, and in his address to his army at Cerasco, Bonaparte diminished the time, and increased the number of his battles.

The few words already said may explain Napoleon's system of warfare, which, as he showed in after years to the companions of his exile at St. Helena, consisted mainly in the art of always attacking on one point with a force equal, if not superior, in number to that of the enemy. In this manner, though for a long time his army as a whole was very inferior in number to his enemy's he contrived to beat it in parts with divisions as strong as theirs. Of course this could not be done with such invariable success without the exercise of a wonderful foresight, calculation, and skill, but in proportion as we raise the genius of Bonaparte, we must deduct from the marvellous stories about the incomparable valour and the invincibility of his troops, who were brave, active, and enthusiastic, but still only men and not demigods.

The French found themselves in such good quarters at Piedmont, that they seemed very well disposed to make a long halt there. But this did not enter into Bonaparte's calculation, who, after receiving considerable reinforcements set out in pursuit of Beaulieu and the Austrians, now beyond the Po. Before starting he sternly lectured some of his troops who had committed horrid excesses among the defenceless peasantry and townspeople of Piedmont, and he swore he would shoot the first man among them that was detected in the commission of robbery or any other crime. He had announced to the people of Italy that the armies of the French republic came as their best friends, and as champions for the rights of man; it was highly necessary to keep them in good humour; but as yet Bonaparte's heart was not hardened, his fame was almost spotless, and apart from mere motives of policy, he was probably anxious to save the

Italians from the scourge of a licentious soldiery. Milan was the goal he aimed at. There were two roads, and two favourable points at which to cross the Po—the one at Valenza, the other, nearly fifty miles lower down the river at Piacenza. Having with admirable art made old Beaulieu firmly believe he had decided on crossing at Valenza, he made a forced march, and on the 7th of May, suddenly appeared at the Piacenza passage. At Valenza the Austrians had thrown up formidable works, and concentrated their forces; at Piacenza they had nothing but two weak squadrons of cavalry that fled on the approach of the French vanguard of 5000 grenadiers, and 15,000 horse. The rest of the French army soon came up, but it occupied all the 7th of May and the following night to ferry over the troops. But long, and most difficult as was this operation, and easily as it might have been interrupted, seeing that the French had to cross a broad and rapid river in small, crazy punts, and in small detachments at a time, nothing was seen or heard of the Austrians. At last, in the afternoon of the 8th, some six or eight hours after Bonaparte had established himself on the left bank, the division of Liptay, bewildered and numerically too weak to offer any valid resistance, showed itself a little above Piacenza, at Fombio, where the Austrians tried to fortify the dwelling-houses and the towers of the churches. They were almost instantly attacked in their centre, and both wings, by three columns simultaneously—by Lannes, Lanusse, and Dallemagne, who in one short hour carried the village of Fombio, and took 500 prisoners, with all the artillery collected there. Bonaparte then advanced to Codogno, where he arrived at nightfall. Beaulieu was by this time aware of his fatal mistake, and he now struck a blind, hap-hazard, but somewhat serious blow. Five thousand of his best troops marching out from Casal Pusterlengo, took the road to Codogno, where they fell upon the French in the dead of night. Bonaparte, it appears, had returned in the interval to Piacenza, and in his absence his over-confident and tired troops had let themselves be surprised. Many were killed before they could arm and form. General Laharpe, who ran to place himself at the head of a regiment, and check the disorder, was shot through the heart, and if Berthier had not arrived at this juncture to supply his place, Codogno would have become a melancholy name in the history of the wars of the republicans. When day began to dawn the Austrians lost heart at seeing that the French were so superior in number, and that Boileau had sent no fresh divisions to support them. They presently began to retire—the retreat soon became a flight, and but for some Neapolitan cavalry which protected their rear, they would have been all cut to pieces or made prisoners. No attempt was made by Beaulieu to renew the combat. His army was dispirited, and throwing himself into Pizzighettone, he retired there beyond the Adda, a considerable river of Lombardy, which rises in the

Rhætian Alps, above the town of Bormio, and after watering the Valteline, runs through the lake of Como, and passing by Cassano and the memorable Lodi, falls into the Po a little below Pizzighettone. It was behind the Adda that the Austrians once more concentrated their forces to resist that Corsican boy, whom they had at first laughed at, but whose name now struck terror to their hearts.

For once Beaulieu was right: Bonaparte *did* march for the Lodi passage across the Adda. The town of Lodi, a large straggling place, famous for its manufacture of Parmesan cheese, is on the right bank of the river, and there Beaulieu left his rear-guard, under the command of his relative, Colonel Melcalm, who was to keep the French in check as long as possible, while the main body of the Austrians on the left bank fortified the end of the bridge. The rear-guard was attacked by a superior force, and soon driven out of the town, the old walls and houses of which then served as a shelter to the French from the artillery that played upon them from the left bank. It now remained to cross the river, but 30 pieces of cannon placed in battery, some at the further end of the old bridge, and some a little above, and others a little below it, on the left bank, in order to produce a cross-fire, seemed to render such an enterprise next to impossible. More than one brave republican general recommended a pause, which must have ended in a retreat, but Bonaparte, keeping his eyes fixed, and his hand pointing at the bridge, said, "That is the way to Milan—to Rome—to the possession of all Italy,—we must cross, let it cost what it may. It must not be said that the tributary Adda stopped those heroes of the republic who have forced the Po!" On this occasion the French were pretty well supplied with artillery, and their first operation was to open a heavy fire across the river on the enemy's guns. General Beaumont, who commanded their cavalry, was sent to pass the Adda at a ford about a league above the bridge, and he took with him some flying artillery, with which he was to cannonade the right flank of the Austrians. By an inconceivable imbecility, the ford was not sufficiently guarded, and Beaumont, though not without difficulty, passed through it with his horses and guns. As soon as Bonaparte saw that the heads of the French cavalry were forming on the left bank of the Adda, and that this manœuvre gave great uneasiness to the Austrians, he pointed his sword at the bridge and sounded the charge. It was on the 10th of May, and about six o'clock in the evening, when 4000 picked men, shouting "Vive la République," advanced on the bridge, which was literally swept by the enemy's guns. The first effect was tremendous; the French were involved in a murderous hail-storm of cannon-balls, grape-shot, and musket-balls;—they stopped—for a moment they wavered. Then Bonaparte, and Lannes, and Berthier, and Massena, and Cervoni, and Dallemagne, and Dupas, threw themselves at the head of the

columns, which dashed across the bridge, and up to the mouths of the enemy's guns. Lannes was the first to reach the left bank of the Adda, Napoleon the second. The Austrian artillerymen were bayoneted at their guns before Beaulieu could get to their rescue, for this doomed old general had kept his infantry too far in the rear of the bridge. By this means also the French infantry was allowed time to debouch from the *tête-du-pont*, and form in pretty good order. The battle, however, was not over. Though stupid, Beaulieu was brave, and the Austrian troops had not yet lost their dogged obstinacy. They concentrated a little behind the river—they put their remaining artillery in battery, and for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether they would not drive their foes back to the blood-covered bridge, or into the waters of the Adda. But, in addition to Beaumont, who acted with his cavalry on their right flank, Augereau now came up from Borghetto to the opportune assistance of his comrades. Then Beaulieu retreated, but in such good order that the French made few prisoners. The shades of night closed over a scene of horror;—between the town and the bridge of Lodi, and the scene of the prolonged action on the left bank, 2500 men and 400 horses on the part of the Austrians lay dead or wounded, and the French could not have left fewer than 2000 men in the same condition, although Bonaparte owned only to the loss of 400.

This battle, which he used to call "the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," carried his fame to the highest pitch, while the great personal bravery he displayed in it endeared him to the troops. The men, who cannot always appreciate military genius and science, know perfectly well how to estimate courage, and they soon idolize the commander that shows himself ready to share in their greatest dangers. It was on this occasion that the soldiers gave Bonaparte the honorary and affectionate nickname of "The little Corporal." He was then slight in figure, and had almost an effeminate appearance. "It was a strange sight," says a French veteran, "to see him on that day on foot on the bridge, under a *feu-d'enfer*, and mixed up with our tall grenadiers—he looked like a little boy!" Those men of routine and prescription, the Austrian officers, who adhered to the old system of warfare, could not comprehend his new conceptions and innovations. "This beardless youth ought to have been beaten over and over again," said poor Beaulieu,—"for who ever saw such tactics!" A day or two after the battle of Lodi, an old Hungarian officer, who did not know his person, was brought prisoner to the French commander-in-chief. "Well," said Bonaparte, "What do you think of the state of the war now?"—"Nothing can be worse on your side," replied the old martinet, "Here you have a youth who absolutely knows nothing of the rules of war; to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow

on our flank, next day again in our front. Such gross violations of the principles of the art of war are not to be supported!"

Having lost the two lines of the Po and Adda, Beaulieu retreated behind the Mincio, while Bonaparte marched on triumphantly to Milan, where, on the 14th of May, he was received with honours, and welcomed by a large part of the inhabitants, who had already mounted the tri-coloured cockade of the republic. He only allowed himself a rest of five days in the luxurious capital of Lombardy, and then began to look after Beaulieu, who had taken up another formidable position, having Mantua, the best citadel in Italy, on his left, the fortress of Peschiera on his right, and the Mincio before him. But he had learned nothing from former misfortune: thinking that the French *must* attempt the passage *there*, he disposed his army at Peschiera, while Bonaparte darted down to Borghetto, and there forced his way over a badly defended bridge. Broken and confounded, Beaulieu again retreated, and took up a line behind the Adige, on the edge of the Tyrol. By this time the Emperor of Austria had scarcely any thing in the plains of Italy he could call his own, save only Mantua. Leaving Serrurier to blockade that mighty fortress, Bonaparte returned to Milan, to republicanize the Lombard states, and despatch other political matters that were almost as important as the winning of battles. At the news of the astonishingly rapid victories of the French, the King of Naples and the Pope sent to beg a peace, which they obtained on hard conditions. The pontiff was obliged to give up the cities of Ancona, Ferrara, and Bologna, to supply military stores, to pay a sum of money nearly equivalent to a million sterling, and to send a hundred of his finest pictures and statues to decorate the galleries of his enemies at Paris;—for on arriving at Piacenza, Bonaparte had adopted this novel species of military contribution, and begun to ransack Italy of her works of art. Success and impunity had produced their usual effects. The Italians might have perceived by this time that "Liberator" was not the proper style and title for the republican general, who had done worse things than pillage them of their statues and pictures; but they were divided into factions, and the Austrian government had rendered itself so odious that many of them thought any dominion would be preferable to theirs, and not a few of the Lombards dreamed on to the last, that their ephemeral, puny republics would be respected by their great and ambitious type on the other side of the Alps.

The comparatively well-governed and happy country of Tuscany lay between Lombardy and the states of the Pope and the King of Naples. The Grand Duke had not joined the coalition against the French, but he was brother to the Emperor of Austria—he was defenceless. Bonaparte, therefore, seized his great seaport of Leghorn, and confiscated all the British *goods found* there to his own use. A few days after he proposed

to the Directory at Paris, that they should instruct or authorize him to take possession of all Tuscany—because, the reigning prince was of the hateful house of Austria; and he hinted at the same time that they ought to be very quiet, and not say a word to excite suspicion, until the moment was arrived in which to drive out the Grand Duke Ferdinand.

But at the end of July, the approach from the valleys and mountains of the Tyrol, of a new Austrian army, commanded by the veteran Wurmser, called the attention of Bonaparte to a different and much more dangerous quarter. This army, when it reached head-quarters at Trent, on the threshold of Lombardy, amounted altogether to nearly 70,000 men. The disposable force of Bonaparte did not exceed 35,000, and as their armies on the Rhine had been very unsuccessful, the Directors could not forward him the reinforcements he eagerly requested. The Austrians, who were about to resume the offensive, came on full of hope, and their partisans began to say that before the end of August, they would be driven out of Milan, that they would never reach the Alps, and that the old French proverb, "Italy is the tomb of the French," would be again verified in the course of the year.

Bonaparte, however, calculated that old Wurmser might make the same mistakes Beaulieu had done; nor was he deceived. Instead of pouring from the pass of Trent in one compact body, which the French could not have resisted, the Austrians divided themselves into three separate columns, which took different routes, and positively lost their communications with one another. From this moment the confidence of Napoleon revived, "We will beat these blunderers in detail," and so saying, he gave up, for the time, the blockade of Mantua, buried the artillery he had there in the trenches, and marched with his usual rapidity against the right column of the enemy, which was commanded by Quasdonowich, and had reached the lower end of the Lago di Garda. But even this column was subdivided, and when the French met two of its weak divisions at Lonato they easily overwhelmed them. In consequence of this check, and the skilful marches of Augereau and Massena, who had nearly taken him in flank, Quasdonowich ran back into the Tyrol, and thus one of the three columns was disposed of. In attempting to renew, at the point of the bayonet, his communication with the shattered column of Quasdonowich, Wurmser, after obtaining some success, was led into a desperate fight at Lonato, and defeated, because he extended his line too much—a fault which allowed Bonaparte to cut his army in two.

After this battle, the conqueror had a narrow escape from being made prisoner by a body of Austrians he had defeated three days before, and who were then fugitives, bewildered and lost from not knowing where the columns of their active foe were stationed. Bonaparte had just ridden into the town of Lonato,

where there were only some 1200 French soldiers, when about 4000 Austrians, instructed by the peasantry, marched up, in the hopes of opening their way through the town, if not of making every man there a prisoner. An officer presented himself to demand the surrender, but Bonaparte, guessing the real state of the unexpected body of Austrians, ordered his numerous staff to mount their horses, and when the bearer of the flag of truce was introduced, and had the bandage removed from his eyes, the poor fellow saw himself in the midst of the life and splendour of what he thought must be the head-quarters of the enemy. "Go, and tell your general," said Bonaparte, "that I allow him eight minutes to lay down his arms; he has stumbled into the very heart of the French army: if he lets that time pass, he can have nothing to hope." The simple Austrians, believing they had been betrayed and brought into a trap by the Italian peasants, laid down their arms instantly. Bonaparte had more than one strange escape during the campaign, but this was the strangest of all.

Though broken and beaten, Wurmser contrived to collect the whole of his remaining forces, with which he advanced again on Lonato to give the French battle. Bonaparte, who was now numerically as strong as his opponent, had no motive for declining the combat, although this time the Austrians marched in one compact body. They met between Lonato and Castiglione, and there Wurmser was totally defeated. In this campaign, in which nothing was done for his cause beyond the reinforcing and revictualling of Mantua, the Emperor of Austria lost 40,000 men.

The campaign only lasted thirteen days, or from the 29th of July to the 12th of August; and when it was over, the French returned to invest Mantua, where they soon began to lose a good many of their men by malaria fevers. It is said, that during seven days of this extraordinary campaign, Bonaparte never took off his boots, nor lay down on a bed.

Austria sent on more sheep for the slaughter. By the end of August Wurmser again found himself at the head of a powerful army, but he again divided it, and the quick eye of Bonaparte again took happy advantage of the division. Leaving the old general to march towards Mantua with his 30,000 men, the French, by a few almost incredible marches, fell upon Davidowich, whom Wurmser had left in his rear, at Roveredo, with 20,000 men, to guard the entrance into the Tyrol.

The important battle of Roveredo was fought on the 4th of September, and ended in the entire defeat of the Austrians, who were forced to leave some of the chief defiles of the Tyrolese Alps in the hands of the French, who could thus prevent any supplies or communications with Germany from reaching Wurmser. Leaving Massena at Trent, which had recently been Wurmser's head-quarters, and Vaubois at Levisa, Bonaparte,

marching sixty miles in two days, surprised and destroyed Wurmser's vanguard at Primolano. The next day (September 8th), he fell upon the main body of the army at Bassano, and with his usual success. Six thousand Austrians surrendered: one division of 4000 escaped into the Friuli, and the old marshal, retreating to Vicenza, could only collect 16,000 disheartened soldiers. After several hard marches and countermarches, and some bloody skirmishes, in one of which the Austrians nearly took Bonaparte, Wurmser succeeded in throwing himself and his skeleton of an army into Mantua, where he hoped to hold out till Austria could succour him. The emperor was preparing to do so, and to make another tremendous effort for the recovery of Lombardy, at the very moment Wurmser shut himself up in that fortress. By the end of September a fourth army was set in motion for Italy, the supreme command of which was given to Marshal Alvinzi, an excellent officer of artillery, a brave and experienced soldier, but as usual rather too old and punctilious. It should be mentioned, however, in alleviation of the faults of the Austrian commanders-in-chief generally, that their plans of campaign were laid down for them at Vienna, and that in the face of an enemy flushed with success, and ever active, they had frequently to wait for their instructions from the Aulic Council sitting at Vienna.

Alvinzi advanced himself by the mountains of Carniola and the Friuli, and having passed the river Tagliamento, came, at the end of October, to the banks of the Piave, with about 30,000 men. Davidowich, his second in command, had to cross the Tyrol, and to drive Vaubois and Massena from the strong passes leading into Italy, which those two generals occupied. Among the 20,000 men, led on by Davidowich, were some thousands of the hardy mountaineers of the Tyrol, whose feelings and prejudices the French soldiery had much outraged. In some places even the women and children fought for the Austrians. The beginning of this part of the campaign was very successful. The French were severely beaten at Segonzano; they were driven down towards Lombardy at all points, and on the 4th of November, Davidowich entered Trent. Vaubois fell back to a formidable position, with redoubts and intrenchments at Calliano, where, for the first time for many months, the French cry of "*sauve qui peut*," was heard, and the men, after some slaughter, ran away in a panic. Massena, who had retired down the valley of the Adige, was obliged even to abandon the position of Bassano. Bonaparte, dreading the junction of Davidowich with Alvinzi, hurried to sustain Massena, and to put one of the two Austrian armies, *hors de combat*, before the other should be able to assist it. In conjunction with Massena he attacked Davidowich at Vicenza, but this time Bonaparte himself was beaten, and obliged to retreat to Verona. Had Davidowich gone on as well as he had begun, his junction with Alvinzi, and

mouth, revived the spirits of the troops, and brought them over to an opposite way of thinking. Those who before talked of retreating, were now eager to advance. "Shall the soldiers of Italy," they said, "patiently endure the taunts and provocations of these slaves?" When it became known at Brescia, Bergamo, Milan, Cremona, Lodi, Pavia, and Bologna, that the army had sustained a check, the wounded and sick left the hospitals before they were well cured to place themselves in their ranks: the wounds of many of these brave men were still bleeding.

On the 14th of November, at nightfall, he broke up from Verona with all the demonstrations of a hasty retreat; but, after a short march, which deceived every body, he turned suddenly back again, in the darkness of night, and following the course of the Adige, arrived, before daylight, at Ronco, where Andreossy speedily laid down a wooden bridge, already prepared and carried with the train. Ronco is on the right side of the then swollen mountain torrent, the Alpone, and about half a mile from its junction with the Adige. When the officers and men, who knew the country from having pursued Wurmser through it, saw the bridge at Ronco, as the day broke, they understood for the first time the plan their general had adopted. "The little corporal is going to turn Caldiero, and lead us to certain victory," cried the men, as they hurried over the temporary bridge which shook and creaked beneath their feet and the weight of the artillery and waggons.

Three roads branched off from the bridge of Ronco; the first, on the left hand, led up the Adige towards Verona, passing the village of Porcile, where it opened on a plain, on which Alvinzi's cavalry was quartered; the second road led to the village of Arcole, in front of which was a small stone bridge (the memorable bridge of Arcole!) over the Alpone, which torrent the French had again to cross; the third road, to the right, led down the Adige to Albaredo. These three roads, in nearly their whole extent, are narrow causeways, having deep bogs and swamps on either side of them. A flanking fire would have mowed the men down, but there was nothing of the sort, and only the heads of the attacking columns could be exposed. We shall chiefly take our account of the battle from that dictated to Count Montholon by Bonaparte himself, adding, however, some information gathered from other quarters.

Three columns entered upon these three roads; the left one marched up the Adige as far as the extremity of the marshes at the village of Porcile, whence the soldiers saw plainly the steeples of Verona: it was thenceforth impossible for the Austrians to march upon that city. The centre column proceeded direct to Arcole, where the French skirmishers got as far as the bridge unperceived. Two battalions of Croats, with two pieces of cannon, had bivouacs there for the purpose of guarding the rear of the army, and watching any parties which might be sent in that direction. The ground between Arcole and the Adige

was not guarded, Alvinzi having contented himself with ordering out patroles of hussars, who visited the causeways thrice every day. The Croats were stationed on the opposite bank of the little river Alpone, along which the French had to pass before reaching the bridge, which turns at right angles into Arcole. By firing in front, they therefore at that particular point, took the column which was advancing on Arcole in flank: the French soldiers fell back precipitately as far as the point in the road, where they ceased to be exposed to this dangerous fire. Augereau, indignant at this retrograde movement of his troops, rushed towards the bridge at the head of two battalions of grenadiers, but was received by a brisk flank fire, and driven back on his division. Alvinzi being informed of this attack, could not at first comprehend it; but he was soon after enabled to observe the movements of the French from the neighbouring steeples: he then plainly saw that they had passed the Adige, and were in his rear. But he still believed it impossible that a whole army could have been thus thrown into impassable marshes, whence, in case of a defeat, there was no escaping; and he continued to think, that it could be only some light troops which had been sent in this direction to alarm him, and to mask a real attack on the Verona side. His reconnoitring parties, however, having brought him word that all was quiet towards Verona, he thought it important to drive these light troops from the marshes. He therefore ordered a division commanded by Metrouski on the dyke of Arcole, and another commanded by Provera on the left dyke. Towards nine o'clock in the morning, they attacked with impetuosity. Massena, who was intrusted with the defence of the left dyke, having allowed the enemy to get fairly upon it, made a desperate charge, broke his columns, repulsed him with great loss, and took a number of prisoners. The same thing happened on the dyke of Arcole. As soon as the enemy had passed the elbow of the road, he was charged and routed by Augereau, leaving prisoners and cannon in the victor's hands: the marsh was covered with dead. It became of the utmost importance to gain possession of Arcole; for by debouching thence in the enemy's rear, the French would be able to seize the bridge of Villa-Nuova over the Alpone, which was his only retreat. But Arcole withstood several attacks. Napoleon resolved to try a last effort in person: he seized a flag, rushed on the bridge, and there planted it: the column he commanded had reached the middle of the bridge, when the flanking fire, and the arrival of a division of the enemy, frustrated the attack. The grenadiers at the head of the columns, finding themselves abandoned by the rear, hesitated at first; but being hurried away in the confusion, they still persisted in keeping possession of their general. They seized him by his arms and clothes, and dragged him along with them amidst the dead, the dying, and the smoke; he was precipitated into a morass, into which he sunk

up to the middle, surrounded by the enemy. The grenadiers perceiving the danger of their general, a cry was raised, "*Forward, soldiers, to save the general!*" They immediately turned back, rushed upon the enemy, drove them beyond the bridge, and Napoleon was rescued.

The soldier who carefully marked where Bonaparte had fallen, and who was the first to drag him from the bog, was a poor Venetian, who had volunteered into the French service, and who thus, as Botta remarks, saved the life of the man who a few months later destroyed Venice.

The loss sustained by the French was frightful! With the exception of Bonaparte there was scarcely an officer of distinction escaped wounds or death; for on all such occasions it is in the nature of the French troops to require their superiors' presence in their front. Lannes, who had already two uncured wounds, received a third at the bridge of Arcole, as he covered Bonaparte with his own body; Generals Vignolles, Belliard, and Robert were all killed in the act of rallying their troops; Muiron, one of the commander-in-chief's favourite aides-de-camp, with whom he had lived like a brother ever since the siege of Toulon, seeing a shell about to burst, threw himself between it and his chief, and fell a horrid corpse almost at Bonaparte's feet. There were other examples of the like devotedness and heroic friendship, which ought to have kept alive in the breast of Napoleon a better opinion of human nature than he entertained in later years.

At last, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Bonaparte did what he ought to have done at first: he sent General Guyeux with 2000 to cross at the ferry of Alberedo, lower down, and advance by the opposite bank of the Alpone to the bridge and village of Arcole. This manœuvre was ably executed, and the Croats, Hungarians, and Tyrolese, who had made an heroic defence of the bridge, with a very weak force, were obliged to retire both from the bridge and village, which were taken possession of by the French from either side of the Alpone. This possession, however, was of short duration, for during the evening Alvinzi poured down such a force that the village was retaken, and Bonaparte forced across the bridge. This was on the 15th of November, and the French soldiery had to pass a cold, rainy night among the morasses in front of Arcole. On the next day Alvinzi changed his positions, and the battle became general. The bridge and village, where the dead already lay in heaps, were again the centre of the terrific contest. The French again attempted to carry the bridge, and were repulsed as they had been the day before, over and over again. At each attempt some officer of distinction and crowds of men were swept away by the Austrian artillery, or picked out by the Tyrolese riflemen. Alvinzi had prudently covered the ford, where Guyeux had crossed the Alpone the preceding

day, with a strong body of cavalry, and he had thrown out his excellent riflemen all along the bank of that river; so that when General Vial attempted to ford the stream with a battalion of grenadiers, he was driven back with dreadful loss. This attempt was astonishing even for the French at Arcole. The water reached to the very necks of the grenadiers, who could only resist the force of the rapid current by locking arm within arm, and moving in one mass. The Austrians lost a vast number of men by deploying in an unfavourable position, but they kept possession of Arcole for that night. On the morning of the 17th, Bonaparte, who had thrown a bridge over the Alpone, just above its confluence with the Adige, during the night, sent Augereau with a strong column to cross that bridge and march on the reverse of Arcole, while another column should advance in front by the same causeway on which so many unsuccessful experiments had been tried on the bridge of Arcole. The latter column was repulsed as before, but Augereau succeeding in crossing the temporary bridge, and advancing along the opposite bank, carried the village after a sanguinary struggle. Bonaparte then rushed into Arcole, for which he had sacrificed many thousands of lives, and then Alvinzi retreated upon Montebello and Vicenza. The loss on both sides was immense, but the French gained every advantage proposed by their wonderful leader, who remained for two months the undisturbed possessor of Lombardy; while he had struck the Austrians with an idea of his invincibility that they could not recover from for years. This was the hardest fought battle in all the war, and the one in which Bonaparte showed most personal courage. Lodi was nothing to Arcole!

On January 7th of the following year (1797) the Marshal Alvinzi found himself on the confines of the Tyrol with another army of 60,000 men. This fifth Austrian army was almost annihilated, within a week, at the battle of Rivoli, where Bonaparte had three horses killed under him. Old Wurmser, almost starved out of Mantua, surrendered on the 2d of February, when the fortunate Corsican remained absolute master of all upper, and a dictator to all lower Italy. But a sixth Austrian army was sent across the Tyrolese frontier and the hills of Friuli, under the supreme command of the famed Archduke Charles. This was beaten and utterly disorganized on the banks of the Tagliamento, on the 12th of March, and *then*, only eleven months after his first entrance into Italy, Bonaparte could almost call the whole of that beautiful peninsula his own.

TREATY OF CAMPO FORMIO.

M. DE BOURRIENNE having, in the foregoing pages, often called the attention of his readers to this celebrated treaty, the present editor has determined to subjoin it as a valuable illustration to the narrative of Bonaparte's First Italian Campaign.

Definitive Treaty of Peace, concluded between the French Republic and the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia.

His Majesty the Emperor of the Romans, king of Hungary and Bohemia, and the French Republic, being desirous to consolidate the peace, the basis of which has been laid down by the preliminaries signed at the Chateau of Eckenwald, near Leoben, in Styria, on the 18th of April, 1797, (29th Germinal, fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible), have named for their plenipotentiaries the following persons: his Majesty the Emperor and King, the Sieur D. Martius Mastrilly, noble Neapolitan Patrician; Marquis of Gallo, knight of the royal order of St. Januarius, gentleman of the chamber to his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies, and his ambassador extraordinary at the court of Vienna; the Sieur Louis, Cobentzel, count of the holy Roman Empire, grand cross of the royal order of St. Stephen, chamberlain and actual privy councillor of state to his said imperial, royal and apostolic Majesty, and his ambassador extraordinary to his imperial Majesty of all the Russias; the Sieur Maximilian, Count of Merveldt, knight of the Teutonic and military order of Maria Theresa, chamberlain and major-general of cavalry in the armies of his said Majesty the Emperor and King; and the Sieur Ignatius, Baron Degelmann, minister plenipotentiary of his said Majesty to the Helvetic Republic; and the French Republic has named Bonaparte, general-in-chief of the French army in Italy; which persons, after the exchange of their respective powers, have resolved upon he following articles:

Art. 1. There shall be in future, and for ever, a solid and inviolable peace between his Majesty the Emperor of the Romans, King of Hungary and Bohemia, his heirs and successors, and the French Republic. The contracting parties shall give the greatest attention to the maintenance of a perfect intelligence between themselves and their states, without permitting, for the future, any sort of hostilities on either side, for whatever cause, or under whatsoever pretext, and shall carefully avoid whatever may hereafter affect the union thus happily established. No assistance shall be given, either directly or indirectly, to those who would attempt any thing to the prejudice of one or other of the contracting parties.

2. Soon after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, the contracting parties shall remove all sequestrations imposed upon the effects, rights and revenues of individuals residing in their respective territories, and the countries re-united to them, as well as upon the public establishments; they shall be bound to pay all debts for funds supplied to them by the said individuals or public establishments, and to repay all rents settled for their profit.

The present article is declared common to the Cisalpine republic.

3. His Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, renounces for himself and his successors, in favour of the French republic, all his rights and titles to the ci-devant Belgic provinces, known by the name of the Austrian Pays Bas. The French republic shall possess these countries in perpetuity, in entire sovereignty and property, and with all the territorial effects which belong to them.

4. All the debts for which the soil of the said countries shall have been mortgaged before the war, and the contracts for which shall subsist in the customary forms, shall be adopted by the French republic. The plenipotentiaries of his Majesty the Emperor shall give an account of them as soon as possible, and before the exchange of the ratifications, in order that, previous to the exchange, the plenipotentiaries of the two powers may agree upon the additional articles explanatory of the present, and may sign them.

5. His Majesty the Emperor and King consents that the French republic shall possess, in entire sovereignty, the ci-devant Venetian isles in the Levant, called Corfou, Zante, Cephalonia, St. Maure, Cerigo, and the other isles depending

upon them, as well as Batrinto, Larta, Vonizza, and in general all the ci-devant Venetian establishments in Albany, which are situated lower than the Gulf of Lodrino.

6. The French republic consents that his Majesty the Emperor and King shall possess, in entire sovereignty and property, the countries hereafter mentioned: Istria, Dalmatia, the ci-devant Venetian isles in the Adriatic, the mouths of Cattaro, the city of Venice, the channels and the countries comprised between the hereditary states of his Majesty the Emperor and King, the Adriatic Sea, and a line which, issuing from the Tyrol, shall follow the torrent in front of Gardola, and traverse the lake of Garda, as far as Lacise, whence a military line, offering equal advantages to both parties, shall be marked out by officers of engineers, named on both sides, before the exchange of the ratification of the present treaty. The line of limitation shall afterwards pass the Adige at Langiacomo, and follow the left bank of that river to the mouth of the Canal-Blanc, comprising that part of Porto-Legnago which is on the left bank of the Adige, with a circular district of three thousand toises diameter. The line shall proceed by the left bank of the Canal-Blanc, by the left bank of the Tartaro, by the left bank of the canal called Polisella, as far as its entrance into the Po, and by the left bank of the Great Po, as far as the sea.

7. His Majesty the Emperor and King renounces fer ever, with respect to himself and his successors, all the rights, and titles arising out of those rights, which his said Majesty might assert over the countries possessed by him before the war, that now make part of the Cisalpine republic, which republic shall possess them in entire sovereignty, with all the territorial effects belonging to them.

8. His Majesty the Emperor and King acknowledges the Cisalpine republic as an independent power. This republic comprehends the ci-devant Austrian Lombardy, the Bergamasque, the Bressan, the Cremasque, the city and fortress of Mantua, Peschiera, that part of the ci-devant Venetian states which is to the west and south of the line pointed out in article 6, for the frontier of the states of his Majesty the Emperor in Italy; the Modenois, the principality of Massa and Carara, and the three legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna.

9. In all the countries ceded, acquired, or exchanged by the present treaty, there shall be granted to all the inhabitants and proprietors of every sort a removal of the sequestrations laid upon their property, effects, and revenues, on account of the war between his Imperial and Royal Majesty and the French republic, and they shall not be disturbed, with respect to it, in their effects or persons. Those who may wish to quit, for the future, the said countries, shall be obliged to make a declaration to that effect three months after the publication of the said treaty. They shall then have the term of three years to sell their effects, moveable or immoveable, or to dispose of them at their pleasure.

10. Debts for which the soil of the countries ceded, acquired, or exchanged by this treaty shall be mortgaged, are the debts of those to whom the countries remain.

11. The navigation of those parts of the rivers and canals which serve as limits between the territories of his Majesty and those of the Cisalpine republic shall be free, so that neither party can establish any toll, or maintain any vessel armed for war; but this article does not exclude the precautions necessary to the safety of the fortress of Porto-Legnago.

12. All sales and alienations made, and all engagements contracted, either by the cities or by the government, or by the civil and administrative authorities, of the ci-devant Venetian countries, for the maintenance of the German and French armies, up to the date of the signing of the present treaty, shall be confirmed and regarded as valid.

13. The titles and archives of the different countries ceded and exchanged by the present treaty, shall be delivered within three months from the exchange of the ratifications, to the powers which have acquired the property of them. The plans and charts of the fortresses, cities, and countries, which the contracting parties acquire by the present treaty, shall be also faithfully delivered to them. The military papers and registers taken in the present war, shall be delivered to the etat-majors of the respective armies.

14. The two contracting parties equally animated with the desire of removing whatsoever might injure the good intelligence happily established between

them, engage themselves, in the most solemn manner, to contribute every thing in their power to maintain the interior tranquillity of their respective states.

15. A treaty of commerce shall be speedily concluded upon an equitable basis, and such as shall assure to his Majesty and the French republic, advantages equal to those enjoyed in their respective states by the most favoured nations. In the mean time all the communications and commercial relations shall be re-established upon the footing on which they were before the war.

16. No inhabitant of the countries occupied by the Austrian or French armies can be prosecuted, either in his person or his property, for his opinions, or his civil, military, or commercial actions, during the war between the two powers.

17. His Majesty the Emperor and King cannot, consistently with the principles of neutrality, receive in any of his ports, during the present war, more than six vessels of war belonging to either of the belligerent powers.

18. His Majesty the Emperor and King obliges himself to cede to the Duke of Modena, as an indemnity for the countries hitherto belonging to that prince and his heirs in Italy, the Brisgaw, which he shall possess under the same conditions as those in virtue of which he possessed the Modenois.

19. The landed and personal property of their royal highnesses the Archduke Charles and the Archduchess Christina, not previously alienated, and which are situate in the territory ceded to the Republic, shall be restored to them, on the condition that they shall be sold within three years.

The same terms shall be observed with respect to the landed and personal property of his royal highnesss the Archduke Ferdinand, in the territory of the Cisalpine republic.

20. A congress shall be held at Rastadt, composed solely of the plenipotentiaries of the Germanic empire, and of the French republic, to conclude a pacification between those powers. This congress shall be opened within one month after the conclusion of the present treaty, or sooner, if possible.

21. All the prisoners of war made on either side, and the hostages taken or given during the war, and which have not yet been restored, shall be given up within forty days from the signature of the present treaty.

22. The contributions, deliveries, furnishments, and seizures of every hostile description, which have taken place in the respective states of the contracting powers, shall cease from the day the ratifications of the present treaty shall be exchanged.

23. His Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, and the French republic, shall preserve between them the same ceremonial, as to rank and other etiquettes, as was constantly observed before the war. His aforesaid Majesty, and the Cisalpine republic, shall observe the same ceremonial as prevailed between his Majesty aforesaid and the republic of Venice.

24. The present treaty of peace is declared to be in common with, and to be extended to the Batavian republic.

25. The present treaty shall be ratified by his Majesty the Emperor and the French republic, within the space of thirty days from the present day, or sooner, if possible, and the acts of ratification, in due form, shall be exchanged at Rastadt.

Concluded and signed at Campo Formio, near Udina, on the 17th of October, 1797, (the 26th Vendemiaire) in the sixth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

(Signed) BONAPARTE, The Marquis DI GALLO, LOUIS Compte GOBENZEL, the Compte DE MERVELDT, General Major; and the Baron DE DEGELMANN.

The Executive Directory decrees and signs the present treaty of peace made with his Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, negotiated in the name of the French Republic by the Citizen Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, provided with powers by the Executive Directory, and charged with their instructions for this purpose.

END OF VOL. I.

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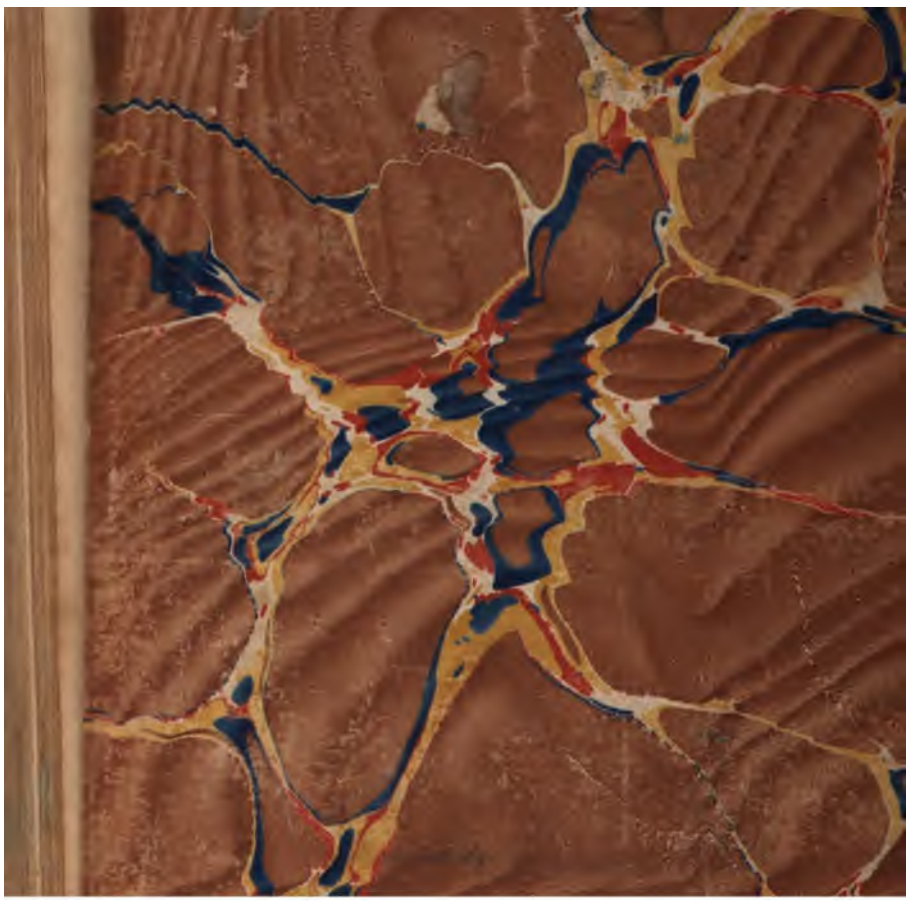

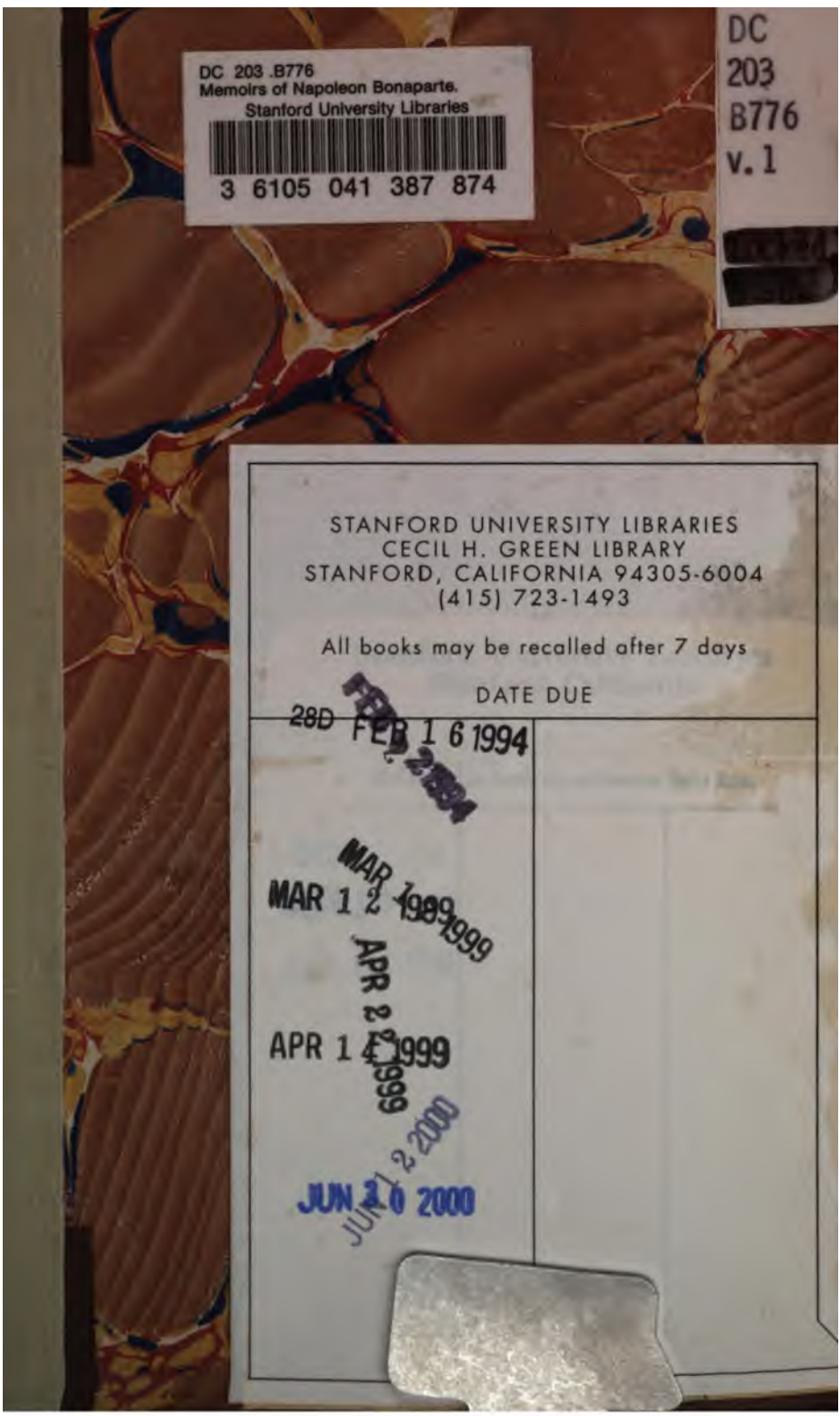
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